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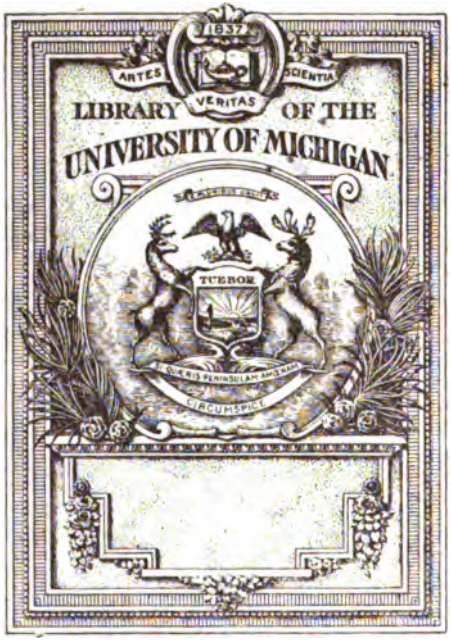
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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

THIRD SERIES.

VOLUME III.

PARTS XIII. TO XVIII. JANUARY—JUNE, 1882

LONDON:

WALTER SMITH (LATE MOZLEY),

34, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1882.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C.

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The Monthly Packet.

JANUARY, 1882.

GREEK TESTAMENT FOR LADIES.

AMONG the various so-called reforms for which the nineteenth century will hereafter be renowned, there are those who desire that the abolition of Greek from our universities as an indispensable subject of study should find a place. A movement in furtherance of this object was set on foot some months since, and several persons interested in education, and holding positions of considerable influence, were found to support it. But the general feeling was against the proposal. It was urged, with irresistible force, that if such an innovation should unhappily take place, a new kind of degree ought to be invented for those who availed themselves of the exemption from Greek. At present a Bachelor of Arts, or Bachelor *in* Arts (as Oxford B.A.'s appear to be styled), means a student who has passed certain examinations, among the subjects of which some knowledge of the Greek language holds an important place. It would, therefore, be obviously unfair that the value of this virtual certificate should be distinctly lowered, by the admission to the title of B.A. of men who are utterly ignorant of the *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma* of Greek.

Whether some knowledge of the language in which the New Testament was written should be expected from all candidates for Holy Orders, has also been a question which has been discussed in Church newspapers. A growing need has been felt of a large increase of Church workers, and the revival of the Diaconate as a permanent order has been proposed with great urgency in some quarters, with the understanding that deacons who intend to be *always* deacons, should maintain themselves by secular work. And in their case it has been thought that the Greek qualification might be dispensed with, an examination in Greek being declared necessary for Priests' Orders only.

The present writer is one of those who would deplore a lowering of the standard at present necessary for candidates for Ordination. Independently of the influence which the clergy have, from the sense that they can give a satisfactory answer, which sectarian preachers cannot,

to the question, By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority? the *prestige* which they enjoy everywhere on account of their vastly superior learning, as compared with average Nonconformist ministers, is incalculably great. That this should be largely diminished by the avowed relaxation of one of the most stringent marks of difference between them and their rivals, would be a sad downfall indeed for the Church. As yet it can be said with some truth that the clergy *can* read that Gospel which they preach. Never may it be said of them, as of many self-appointed ministers, that they do not understand a syllable of the original word of God!

Now, so far from a fair knowledge of Greek being beyond the reach of persons in the educated classes, we believe that many who have studied any one foreign language, even French, so as to acquire a fairly accurate notion of grammar, would find no insuperable difficulty in acquiring a most valuable knowledge of the Greek Testament. One hour devoted each day, under suitable direction, to the Greek Testament would, we feel persuaded, result in a very few months' time in sufficient knowledge of the original to enable the student to have a better understanding of many of those passages of the Inspired Word, which can only be obscurely apprehended through the medium of a translation.

Persons, who have as yet learned no Greek, may take encouragement from the following considerations:—

1. That, in general, Greek constructions are not very different from English, being, indeed, far nearer to English than Latin is.

2. That, of all Greek literature, the New Testament is *easiest*, as far as language and grammatical constructions are concerned.

3. That Greek is a remarkably *rich* language, having such a variety of words and inflexions of all kinds, that it cannot but lose most materially in a written translation; whereas the student, referring to the original, discerns fine shades of meaning which he may *understand*, without giving them actual expression in words.

The object of the present paper is to encourage ladies who have time to spare, and are desirous to give their minds to the study of the Word, to set to work boldly, under such competent instruction as they can obtain, to study Greek with a special view to understanding the New Testament as it was originally written. Assuming that they have already an intelligent acquaintance with grammar, so that they know the various parts of speech, and can parse English or French verbs, and assuming also that they set a high value on any aids towards understanding the Holy Scriptures, we will endeavour to indicate, in the case of a few passages, selected as examples, *what sort of light* even a slight acquaintance with the original Greek will throw on the Authorised Version.

1. Let us begin with the *definite article*. The Latin language has

none, and therefore, in this respect alone, how much richer and fuller is Greek, and how much better adapted to convey the significant and weighty words of inspiration! The Greek article is full of importance, and can never be safely neglected by students. A well-known example of its force occurs in Acts ii. 42, where the conduct of the infant Church is briefly described. The Authorised Version runs thus: 'And they continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.' But the merest beginner in Greek may perceive that in the original the definite article is used before each of these substantives, so that the literal translation is, 'In *the* doctrine of the Apostles, and in *the* fellowship, and in *the* breaking of *the* bread, and in *the* prayers.' Does not this imply greater definiteness in the early teaching and ritual of the Church than we should gather from the English translation alone? '*The* breaking of *the* bread' brings before us the right and due celebration of the Lord's Supper, far more forcibly than the mere phrase 'breaking of bread.' And 'the prayers' points to the use of a regular Liturgy, whereas 'prayers' might mean mere *extempore*, informal prayer, independent of stated time or place.

Another place where the translators ignored the Greek article is Ephesians i. 7, where the Authorised Version is, 'In Whom' (*i.e.* Christ 'the Beloved') 'we have redemption through His Blood.' The original has the article before 'redemption,' so that the passage means, 'In whom we have *the* Redemption, through His Blood';—*the Redemption* in which we all believe, and which was prefigured by the law and foretold by the prophets. The English version seems simply to state the doctrine that there is such a fact as redemption; one of the first of 'the principles of the doctrine of Christ,' which, in such advanced teaching as that contained in this chapter, would be more likely to appear as an axiom, an admitted dogma, than as a proposition. But a mere glance at the Greek suffices to show that the Apostle is not teaching the bare doctrine of the atonement here, but rather pointing out that the atonement, the redemption, in which the Ephesian Church has already learned to believe, is 'in Christ,' just as he had said in verse 3, that God has blessed us in the heavenly places 'in Christ,' the Head of the Church.

The instances where fresh light is thus given by the use of the article are perpetually occurring; but we will adduce only one more, viz. 1 Timothy iv. 13: 'Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine.' Each of these three last substantives has the article; 'the reading, the exhortation, the doctrine;' 'the reading,' as to which Timothy knows what the Apostle means so well that he needs no further explanation; the reading of Scripture, privately for his own good, and publicly for that of his diocese at Ephesus; the 'exhortation,' or practical application of the Scripture read, with a view to holiness of life and conduct; 'the doctrine,' or the teaching of religious truth.

The use of the article gives a vividness and reality to the Apostle's words which the English reader misses; it gives a hint of the stated public services of the Church at Ephesus, which we should hardly gather without it.

2. Let us now pass on to instances where the *tenses of verbs* are inadequately rendered in our English Bibles. These are exceedingly numerous, and one hardly knows which to select as typical examples. We do not mean to blame the translators when we say this, for the chief cause is undoubtedly the comparative poverty of the English language, which often cannot, without circuitous and awkward phrases, express exactly the fine shades of meaning implied by the various Greek tenses.

Thus in Colossians ii. 6, 7, the translation runs: 'As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him: rooted and built up in Him and stablished in the faith,' &c. Now, an English reader would see no distinction here, with respect to tense, between the three participles, 'rooted,' 'built-up,' and 'stablished'; and might at first suppose that they were all *past* participles, 'having been rooted and built up and stablished.' But the scholar who has mastered the inflexions of *tupto* sees at once, from the original, that the first of these three participles is in the *perfect* tense, while the other two are in the *present;* and that therefore the full, though somewhat inelegant, translation would be, 'having been lately rooted, and now being (continually and gradually) built up in Him, and being (continually and gradually) stablished.' The rooting is complete. The foundation has been laid already, in holy baptism; but the building-up and the stablishing are incomplete, imperfect as yet, still proceeding. How much more fully and readily does the Greek express all this than the English!

Two of the Greek *past tenses*, viz. the perfect and the aorist, are perpetually translated alike in the Authorised Version, though there is generally a difference between them, the perfect being used for the recent past, and the aorist (*i.e.* 'unlimited') for the more remote past.

The *proper* use of the aorist was to express action where the *time* of the action was of no consequence, *e.g.* in proverbs. Where we say 'A stitch in time saves nine,' using the *present* for universal facts, the Romans used the perfect, and the Greeks the aorist. But in the Greek Testament the aorist chiefly denotes action which is past but not very recent, the perfect expressing the immediate past. Thus the perfect is generally equivalent to our perfect indefinite, and requires the auxiliary, 'have' or 'has,' to express it. But we often use this auxiliary somewhat loosely when we mean the *remote* past; and our translators frequently made use of it when rendering the aorist into English. The sense of the original has thus not infrequently been slightly obscured.

An example of this occurs in verse 13 of this same first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians, where we read: 'And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath He' (*i.e.* God) 'quickened together with Him,' (*i.e.* Christ). 'Quickened' is in the aorist tense, and would be more correctly translated, 'He quickened,' than 'He hath quickened.' The *time* of this quickening was that of our Baptism, 'the new birth unto righteousness'; God having then, as the passage goes on to say, 'forgiven us all our trespasses.' This, by the way, is one of those many passages where our translators have adopted an obviously incorrect 'reading'; all the older MSS. having 'us,' and only one, declared by Tischendorf to be less than a thousand years old, containing 'you,' an evident mistake in copying, the two pronouns in Greek, *hemin* and *humin*, being very much alike.

In Ephesians i. all the following English verbs are translations of the Greek *aorist*: verse 3, 'hath blessed'; 4, 'hath chosen'; 5, 'having predestinated.' (The distinction, however, between *participles*, which are perfect and aorist, cannot be maintained unless we supply adverbs; as 'lately' for the perfect, and 'once' for the aorist); 6, 'hath made' us 'accepted'; 8, 'hath abounded'; 9, 'having made known,' 'hath purposed'; 11, 'we have obtained an inheritance,' 'being predestinated'; 22, 'hath put.'

Since writing the preceding paragraph, we have referred to Dean Alford's proposed revision of the Authorised Version, to see whether he recommends more accurate renderings of the above aorists. His renderings are as follows: verse 3, 'who blessed us'; 4, 'he chose us'; 5, 'having foreordained us'; 6, 'grace, which he freely bestowed upon us'; 8, 'which he made to abound toward us'; 9, 'having made known'; 'which he purposed'; 11, 'in whom we were also made his inheritance,' 'having been foreordained'; 22, 'and put all things in subjection.'

This part of the Dean's work, he tells us in the preface, is, 'with the exception of a very few passages in which his own view differed from that of the majority,' the result of the labours of five clergymen, of whom he was one, and the present Bishop of Salisbury another. It is interesting to find that they were apparently of opinion that the distinction between the Greek aorist and perfect should be more strongly marked than James I.'s translators seem to have deemed necessary. In any case, however, an accurate knowledge of the Greek inflexions will enable a student, without any deep scholarship, to understand many such passages better than would be possible from the English alone.

At the beginning of Colossians iii. the baptismal doctrine is more conspicuous when we turn to the original. 'If ye then be risen,' is *If then ye were raised up.* 'The allusion,' as even Dean Alford admits, 'is to a definite time, your baptism.' And again, in the third verse, 'Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God,' should

be *Ye died*, &c. In both these cases the aorist indicative is used, as quite young schoolboys would know at a glance.

We will close this part of our subject with the well-known mistranslation in Acts ii. 47, where the Calvinistic element among our translators would seem to have gained a triumph. They rendered the passage, 'The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.' Here 'to the Church' is a wrong reading, or rather an interpolation, not found in the Sinaitic, Vatican, or Alexandrine manuscripts, though it occurs in the Codex Bezæ at Cambridge. But this is a most pardonable 'gloss' compared with the mistranslation 'such as should be saved.' The Greek participle used is that of the *present* tense; and therefore it should be rendered 'those that were being saved,' *i.e.* 'those who were being placed in a state of salvation.' Alford translates the passage thus: 'And the Lord added to their number day by day them that were in the way of salvation.' The tense of 'added,' moreover, is the imperfect; 'kept adding,' or 'used to add.' How much more does the flexible Greek convey here than our bald English translation!

3. Another class of words which generally suffer in the English version are the *prepositions*, in which the Greek language is peculiarly rich. So fine are the distinctions between some of these, that they can be discerned only by advanced scholars; but there are several cases where the more common prepositions can be well expressed in English by what may be called prepositional phrases. For instance, the preposition *dia* is generally translated 'through'; but when it governs the genitive case it has a different force from that which it has when governing the accusative case; with the former it means 'by means of'; with the latter, 'on account of.' So also one preposition with the dative means 'with'; and another with the genitive means 'with'; but there is a difference between the two. The former 'with' is 'in harmony with,' the latter, 'in company with.' The former (from which the first syllable of 'sympathy' is derived) denotes a closer and more internal agreement than the latter. For instance, in 'Only Luke is with me,' the Apostle is speaking of external companionship; but when he says, 'though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit,' he means spiritual communion, and uses the preposition which means 'in harmony with.'

The student of the Greek Testament will find that trouble expended on those little words, the prepositions, will be well rewarded by the additional force which they give to the meaning, in countless instances.

4. There is one other class of words to which we will now draw attention, and which urgently need, for their right understanding, an acquaintance with the original Greek; viz. words which Archbishop Trench calls synonyms, *i.e.* words which have been rendered into the same English as other words, but have not really the same meaning.

A striking instance occurs in St. John xxi., where the English reader misses much that is implied by the Greek. It would seem from the English that Jesus said three times to Peter, 'Lovest thou Me?' and that Peter replied with the same verb, 'I love Thee.' But *two* verbs are used in the Greek, one of which means a closer affection than the other. St. Peter, in all three answers, used the stronger term, but our Lord, in His two first questions, used the weaker, and only in the third would use the word which Peter had used. It is almost as if the two first questions had been '*Likest* thou Me?' though 'likest' is certainly too weak to express the original.

In this passage, moreover, two different words are used for 'feed,' and two different words for 'sheep.'

Similarly, in the accounts of the two similar miracles of Feeding the Multitude, the same English word 'baskets' is used; but from the original it is evident that the kind of basket used in the one case was something quite different from that in the other. It is not improbable that the 'seven baskets full' represents a much larger quantity of fragments than the 'twelve baskets full.'

Again, our adverb 'once' is made to do duty in two very dissimilar cases. The Greek adverb used in Romans vii. 9, 'I was alive without the law once,' is wholly different from that used in Jude 3, 'That ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.' The former 'once' means 'once upon a time,' the latter, 'once for all.'

Such instances might be largely multiplied; but enough, it is hoped, has been already said to show the great importance of a fair knowledge of the language in which the New Testament was actually written. We will therefore conclude with a few hints to those ladies who wish to pursue the study.

First, there is no need to learn the *technical* names, so to say, of the letters of the Greek alphabet. They will only confuse the beginner who is learning to read. A long experience in teaching enables us to say that, if the Greek letters be called by the names of their English equivalents, the student may learn to read Greek words fairly in a few hours. Several of the characters are like the English, though not nearly so much so as the German characters are. And when they are known apart, the (conventional) pronunciation of the words will be a very easy matter. *E.g.* we shall have G, A, R, *Gar*, P, R, O, S, *Pros*, instead of *gamma*, *alpha*, *rho*, *Gar*, and *pi*, *rho*, *omicron*, *sigma*, *Pros*. The Greek names of the Greek characters are of no practical use at all.

An intelligent adult might learn to read Greek words with scarcely any assistance; and with Bishop C. Wordsworth's English translation of his Greek Grammar (written originally in Latin), a considerable quantity of accidence might be learned, with only the occasional help of some Greek scholar. But the art of teaching is by no means

always possessed by the best scholars, and it may often happen that a third classman will teach far more in a given time than a first classman. No rules of course can be given as to selection of a teacher; but it would be safer, if possible, to secure one who has taken honours in classics. There is a wide gulf between pass and class, more especially at Cambridge, where a classical pass does not necessarily imply at all a high standard, though far more of mathematics is required than at Oxford.

The student should not be contented with anything less than a perfect familiarity with all the inflexions of the regular Greek verbs, *i.e.* of *τυπτω*. The various moods and tenses of each voice should be written out from memory, over and over again, until every ending is recognised at once. And the verbs occurring in the Greek Testament should be accurately 'parsed' by the dozen.

As in French, so in Greek, there are several irregular verbs, which are very common indeed. The beginner need not be alarmed at them, or, after a little perseverance, they will soon become familiar.

Professor Scholefield's Cambridge Greek and English Testament will be found very convenient, as the Greek and English texts are arranged in it in parallel columns. But his 'readings' are those of the *textus receptus*, which are very frequently incorrect. Dean Alford's *Proposed Revision* (Strahan, price 3*s.* 6*d.*), and Tischendorf's edition of the Authorised English Version (Tauchnitz's thousandth volume, price 2*s.* 6*d.*), will be most useful in pointing out the best readings. And the student will find much that is most valuable and interesting in the fourth volume of Horne's *Introduction*, which volume was written entirely by that eminent authority on manuscripts and readings, the late Dr. S. P. Tregelles.

A. M. W.

P.S.—We may as well mention that the above was written before the recent publication of the 'Revised Version,' and that we have not thought it necessary to consult the readings given in that work.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXXIII.

THE HUGUENOT KING.

1589—1591.

THE scale had decidedly turned in Western Europe, though the League and the King of Spain could not be expected to recognise it, and the crisis of the struggle in France was brought on by the dagger of Jacques Clément, which led to an issue the question, whether a Huguenot should reign in France?

At the first moment, after the last breath of Henri III. had been drawn, while Henri of Navarre still stood at the foot of the bed, some of the *mignons* invoked imprecations on themselves if they should acknowledge a heretic king, but Epernon hastily silenced them, saying, 'Hold your peace! you chatter like women!' and Marshal de Biron bent the knee, and saluted the new King loyally. Henri took his arm, and left the chamber.

'M. de Biron,' said he, 'now is the time to proclaim yourself the support of my crown. No speeches. Let us act. Go and receive the oaths of the Swiss troops, then return and help me to overcome your enemies and my own.'

This first work was however already done by M. de Givry, who came in exclaiming 'Sire, our gallant cavaliers say they will mourn the King when they have avenged him. You are King of the brave; only cowards will forsake your cause.'

Other officers flocked in, and in a short time one of the violet velvet mourning suits of poor Henri III. had been brought, in which to array his successor, instead of the old grey *pourpoint*. The same stores supplied mourning hangings for his apartments in the Hotel de Tillet. There he gave audience to all who would come and offer him their homage, but these were all too few. The great nobles had met at the lodgings of the Count of Luxemburg to consult upon their measures. The *mignons* disliked the rough and ready Béarnais. Some had been personally insolent to him, especially the young Count of Auvergne, son of Charles IX., and the haughty Duke of Epernon; but, on the other hand, they had too much personal dislike to the Duke of Mayenne, and contempt and hatred for the Parisians, their King's murderers, to coalesce with them; and the Spanish Infanta, the other choice, would have brought in a foreign yoke. No other existing Bourbon prince was capable of being a leader, and there seemed no alternative if France were to continue a nation. Some protested that anarchy was better than a heretic prince; but finally it was

agreed to consent to the proclamation of Henri, provided he would bind himself, within six months' time, to receive instruction in the Roman Catholic faith, and permit them to send an embassy to Rome to explain their reasons for accepting him. 'If he was to be called the Most Christian King, it behoved him to show himself a Christian,' was the message put into the mouth of M. d'O., who, whatever his faith might be, had little of the Christian in his life.

Henri received the deputation gratefully, promising to study the subject and submit to the decision of the Council of the Gallican Church. Every one was pleased with his winning manners, only as he had never cared for any special honour to be paid to his empty title of King of Navarre, and had lived on the freest possible terms with his old Huguenot followers, they had to learn, what they were slow to understand, that there was a vast difference between a King of France and a King of Navarre, so that their familiarity might not disgust the proud French nobles.

Meantime Paris had hailed the news of the murder with unseemly rapture. Madame de Montpensier kissed the scavenger who first brought the tidings. All mourning for the Duke of Guise was cast off, and Clément's portrait was hung up beside those of the two brothers whom his dagger had avenged. The Duchess of Montpensier and her mother made one of their triumphal progresses through Paris in a car drawn by six horses, much blasphemous exultation was uttered by the Leaguer clergy, and there were illuminations and wild carouses all night. Still the councils of the Leaguers were divided. The male posterity of the house of Valois was extinct, and the heretic heir was not acknowledged. The Infanta Isabel of Spain was the child of the elder daughter of Henri II., but no fanaticism could make Frenchmen in general willing to accept a Spanish sovereign. Duke Henri of Lorraine was son to the second sister, Claude, and he likewise inherited the blood of the Karling race; but Spain would give no support to his pretensions, and even in Paris itself a third section existed, who hoped to bring the rightful heir back to the Church.

Meantime the powerful and only half-persuaded nobles, like Epernon and the *mignons*, were retiring, on different pretexts, from Henri's camp, so that he was forced to abandon the siege of Paris and retire into Normandy, breaking his army into three divisions. His uncle and prisoner, the old Cardinal, was at the same time proclaimed King at Paris as Charles X., the two parties of Leaguers believing that during the short remainder of his life they should be able to decide whether Isabel or Henri of Lorraine should have the mastery.

The Duke of Mayenne, as the eldest effective member of the house of Guise, was declared Lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Nature had made him a fat, easy-tempered man, by no means inclined to the extreme politics of his eldest brother or of his sister, though he was obliged to go on with the family measures and principles, yet with

such moderation that the first thing he did was to liberate 300 Huguenots who had been shut up in the Bastille to serve as hostages for the life of Jacques Clément. He then led his army outside the walls, and was joined by forces from all quarters, till it amounted to 28,000 men, whom the Parisians regarded as so certain of victory that they actually let the windows of the houses in the Rue St. Antoine at high prices to those who were resolved to witness the triumph of Mayenne, with Henri of Béarn led in chains behind him. On St. Bartholomew's Day, eighteen persons set off by boat to St. Cloud, carrying baskets or jars in which to bring home earth from the spot where the body of Clément had been consumed, so as to obtain some of the ashes of their 'saintly martyr;' but these strange relics did not preserve them when, on their return, the boat sank, and many were drowned. A huge procession, half clad, went through the streets, some singing dirges and litanies, some blasphemous songs, and all joining in the *Dies Iræ* whenever they passed a picture of the murder of the late King. Madame de Montpensier was there, with her feet, head, and shoulders bare, and her hair streaming loosely on the wind.

Her stepson, faithful to the head of the Bourbons, was among the truest supporters of Henri IV.; but the new King's danger was great, penned up, with only 6,000 infantry and 1,400 horse, into the Pays de Caux in Normandy, with the sea behind him and Mayenne's huge army before him; but he showed himself frank, fearless, and joyous, keeping up the spirits of his men by his gaiety, but taking all measures for their security. Chinon was so near the scene of action, and the governor was so old and feeble, that it was thought safer to send the wise and brave Philippe Du Plessis Mornay to take the Cardinal, the King of the Leaguers, to Fontenoy, where the castellane was the Sieur du Boulaye. The old man wept bitterly, and his valet observed, 'His Eminence would have been wiser to have had no dealings with the Leaguers.'

'Do you not believe that they would not have made war on my house even had I not joined them?' answered the Cardinal. 'While I live they are at least acknowledging a Bourbon. My nephew the King will prevail. I am only guarding his crown for the time.'

Henri likewise sent off a messenger to Queen Elizabeth, entreating her aid, and another to Sixtus V., begging to be relieved from the Papal censure, and declaring his desire to reconsider the points at issue between the Reformed and the Church. In effect, he knew that his conformity was but a matter of time, and was only deferring it to give it some air of sincerity. He did not love Calvinism and its strictness, though he trusted his Calvinist friends far more than any Romanist; but he had no true regard for religion of any sort, and the French Church was showing herself tolerant of a vicious life, while the honest Calvinists abhorred it, and testified against it constantly even in him, their only hope and defender.

He was encamped at Arques, a place that had once been the scene of the victory that established the power of William, our future Conqueror, in Normandy, after his stormy minority. It is a small town four miles to the south of Dieppe, which had a strong castle and was well protected. The country was rough and uneven, covered with low thickets of brushwood, dipping between two steep wooded ridges, and with the little river Béthune running in the bottom. High tides made it overflow, and cut off the approach to Dieppe from Arques through the valley; but there was a longer road, winding round the head of the valley. Arques itself still had its old Norman castle, high on the ridge to the left, with the village clustering beneath it; and beyond lay a plain, with a large village called Martinéglise, containing a leper-house, which the peasants called *la Maladrerie*. The King established his head-quarters in the castle, and surrounded it and the village with a *fosse* eight feet wide, at which he set the example of labouring, and which was worked at by the soldiers and peasants; while Biron made another great entrenchment shutting in *la Maladrerie*.

They expected that Mayenne would come by the straight road to Dieppe, and that Arques, standing full in his road, would be the place of the battle; but Mayenne showed some strategy in reaching Dieppe by another road and seizing the suburb which commanded the harbour, so as to prevent Henri from receiving succours from England. Henri had to change his whole plans, to prevent himself from being blockaded in his entrenchment. He decided on crossing the valley, and leaving the enemy no exit but the way by which he had come in. Three days passed, during which he was constantly riding from post to post, while Mayenne seemed to be in a lethargic state, and for forty-eight hours was not seen outside his quarters. A few skirmishes took place among the outposts, but nothing of importance happened till the night of the 20th of September, a very dark one, which Henri spent on the alert. He thought he beheld in the valley a long line of lighted matches, but not a sound was heard, and some doubted whether the lights were not those of glow-worms. At five o'clock, Henri sent orders to prepare for action. He was sitting in a great trench eating his breakfast with some of his officers, when a prisoner was brought to him, a Leaguer gentleman, who had advanced too far when reconnoitring.

'Good morning, Bélin,' he called out. 'Embrace me for your welcome.'

Bélin accepted the embrace, and told him that he would immediately have upon him 30,000 foot and 10,000 horse, adding, 'Where are your forces?' and looking about for them.

'Oh, you do not see them all, M. de Bélin,' said Henri. 'You are not reckoning my good God and my good right.'

The battle did not begin till ten o'clock, and even then the fog was so thick that the two parties could scarcely see one another. The

German mercenaries in Mayenne's army advanced on the Maladrerie, making gestures as if they wished to go over to the King's party. The Swiss within were deceived. They helped the Germans to mount the parapet, and were instantly assailed, not only by them, but by a large body of Leaguers who had been waiting in ambush. The Swiss fled, and Biron, in trying to rally them, was wounded and dismounted. The general attack now began by an advance on Aumale's part upon the plain, where the battle raged hotly for three hours. The League began to prevail by force of numbers, pushing back the division of Montpensier, and leaving the King almost unsupported. He rode up to the retreating troops, and cried—

"Courage, messieurs! Are there not among you fifty cavaliers who will die with their King?'

Shouts of 'Le Béarnais!' broke out, the line advanced again, the struggle was renewed. Aumale sent a message to call on Mayenne to bring up the reserve, but Mayenne answered that Le Béarnais was driven from the field, and they had only to bury him in his own fortifications. To bring about this consummation, Mayenne had just set forth in a leisurely manner, when the fog suddenly rolled off, and made the whole valley visible to young Coligny and the garrison of the castle of Arques.

Perceiving that not a moment was to be lost, Coligny sallied out with two fresh regiments of Huguenot troops, singing their battle psalm, and burst upon Aumale's wearied troops. This decided the battle. The Leaguers broke, Mayenne could not rally them, and in the meantime Biron, with much hard fighting, had recovered the Maladrerie. Scattered and defeated, Mayenne's army retreated upon Martinéglise at dusk, having lost 600 men, while the King had only lost 400. Henri himself was amazed at his own victory, and said, gaily—

'Either M. de Mayenne is not the soldier he is supposed to be, or he respects his King, and reserves his prowess for a better occasion.'

Sixtus V., however, was not surprised, since, as he said, 'the Duke spent more time at table than the King did in bed.' Henri was too wise as yet to relax his vigilance, or even to prevent any rejoicings while the enemy was still so near. He had gained the battle just in time to open the way for the English succours which were announced by Walter Devereux, brother to the Earl of Essex. There was such enthusiasm in England for the gallant Henri that the succour was far more free and ready than ever had come to the Dutch. There were 8,000*l.* sterling, 70,000 pounds of powder, 3,000 cannon balls, 700 sacks of flour, as well as wine, beer, cloth, shoes, and other stores, with fifty gallant volunteers, and a promise of further aid. This arrival dismayed the Leaguers, and there was dissension in the camp. The heir of Lorraine questioned Mayenne's right to command, and the heir of Aumale flatly disobeyed him, while all Madame de Montpensier could do at Paris, where she went about dressed as Minerva,

and promising the return of her brother with Le Béarnais dragged at his chariot wheels, was insufficient to retrieve the defeat of Arques, or to prevent the Spanish party from preparing to call in the power of Philip.

Mayenne was defeated in more than one skirmish, and at length marched off to Amiens, the very day before the arrival at Dieppe of 4,000 English and 1,000 Scots, commanded by Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby, that son of the Duchess of Suffolk who had been born on her flight to Holland in Queen Mary's time. The other two divisions of the royal army now joined him, and he actually resolved on passing by the army of Mayenne and renewing his attack on Paris.

There the consternation was extreme; but Madame de Montpensier did her utmost to keep up the fierce resolution of the citizens. The attack was made on All Saints' Day in the faubourgs, where there was desperate fighting until dusk. Eight thousand Leaguers were slain, and had Henri stormed the city that night he would probably have captured it; but the afternoon was advancing, and he paused, intending to renew the assault next day, letting his troops plunder, and himself repairing to a convent, where the coadjutress abbess had sent to ask for a guard. This lady, Marie de Beauvilliers, had been a Court beauty, and was still young; Henri was received by her with the graces she had learnt in Queen Catherine's squadron; and while he was amusing himself thus, the Duke de Nemours had brought a division of the army safely into Paris over a bridge across the Oise, which the royalists had neglected to destroy. Mayenne himself followed by the morning, having been for once roused out of his indolence. Henri's chance of mastering Paris by a *coup de main* was thus lost, and he could not lay siege to the city, because strong garrisons were needed in Normandy in case of an invasion by the Duke of Parma from the Netherlands. He waited for a day in case Mayenne should come out and give him battle, and then drew off to Tours, carrying with him, to the terrible scandal of both parties, the young Abbess of Montmartre. He also took away, as a prisoner, Bourgoing, the Dominican Prior who was said to have encouraged Clément, and who was taken in armour. He was tried, and confessed so far as to say, 'I have done all I could, but not all I wished.' He was put to a barbarous death—a martyrdom in the eyes of one party; in those of the other, the fate of the Amalekite who had slain Saul.

Henri entered Tours in triumph, with a torchlight procession, on the 20th of November, 1589.

Meantime his envoys, and those of the League, were on their way to Rome. Mayenne's was the Dean of Rheims, who found Sixtus V. distressed and uncertain, though he consented to send a legate to France to demand the liberation of Cardinal de Bourbon; but there was no recognition of the old man as Charles X., and the embassy seemed chiefly intended to inquire into the condition of France. The

legate was Cardinal Enrico Gaetano, a Neapolitan, and thus a Spanish subject, and he was assisted by some of the ablest men of the papal court, in especial by Roberto Bellarmino, a Jesuit, whose works have become text-books of the Roman Church. Before the departure of the legate, the ambassador of Henri, the Duke of Luxembourg, Piney arrived. When the Pope announced that he was at hand, Baduer, the Venetian ambassador, whispered, 'We must pray Heaven to inspire the King of Navarre! The day he embraces your Holiness there will be peace for France, but not till then. Humanly speaking, it is the only chance of amendment for that realm.'

Sixtus only answered that God would order all things for the best, and that he should wait. Indeed, Spain was so powerful at Rome, that he was scarcely a free agent, and when the Duke of Luxembourg arrived with twenty-two carriages filled with French gentlemen, he found the Vatican closed, and double sentries at all the doors. He was indeed admitted, but all his suite were made to lay aside their swords. Some whispers passed of treachery, and he himself was not only indignant but alarmed; and he was greatly amazed, for when he reached the presence chamber he was most affectionately greeted, made to take a seat—an honour but rarely granted—told that the Pope would have wished to lodge him in his own palace, and treated with all courtesy.

This reception represented the real mind of Sixtus, who had charged Gaetano to be strictly neutral; but he was not obeyed, for the Cardinal's heart was Spanish. On the 6th of January, 1590, all Paris turned out to welcome the legate. The Prevost des Marchants and 10,000 citizens awaited him in the Faubourg S. Jacques, and escorted him to his hotel with salvoes of musquetry which alarmed him much; but all the signs he made for their cessation were taken for approval, and he reached his abode almost deafened and quite exhausted.

He and the Sorbonne were of one mind in setting forth decrees against Henri and all his supporters, but Paris were unanimous in nothing else. The Seize were all for Spain; Mayenne declared himself lieutenant for Charles X., and would take no directions from them; and the Duchess of Guise began to head a party who hoped to marry her son, the young Duke, to the Spanish Infanta, and this much abated the ardour of the elder branch of the family. The Duke of Lorraine and his son Mayenne made appeals to Parma for help, and obtained from him the support of some Spanish and Walloon regiments, led by the young Count Egmont, who was now entirely on the Spanish side. French instinct was all against Spaniards on the soil of the kingdom, and many hitherto lukewarm partisans of the rightful heir now joined him heartily. He laid siege to Dreux early in the year, and the artillery, Rosny's special charge, played on the city for five days. It was on the point of surrendering when Mayenne marched to its relief with 19,000 men. Henri had only 10,000, but

he resolved to open battle, and drew his troops to the village of St. André, between two other villages called Nonancourt and Ivry. He drew up the plan of the battle with his own hand, and laid it before Biron, Montpensier, and d'Aumont, who all approved it. Schomburg, the colonel of the German horse, came in the name of his men to demand pay; but Henri answered sharply, 'One does not bargain for money on the eve of battle.'

Mayenne had in the meantime advanced to Ivry. His army was arrayed under a white banner, embroidered with black *fleurs-de-lys*, and was gay with bright scarfs and gilded helmets; while Henri's men, beneath the white flag of Bourbon, were gravely clad, displaying no scarfs, as befitted stern soldiers; but Henri himself wore a tall white plume and a suit of bright chain armour. The army was drawn up in three divisions, and he rode along the ranks at daybreak on the 12th of March. To Schomburg he said, 'Colonel, I offended you. This may be the last day of my life. I would not take away with me the honour of a brave and honest gentleman like you. Pardon and embrace me.' 'Sire,' said the Colonel, 'you wounded me before, now you kill me.'

'The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high:
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing
Down all our line a deafening shout, "God save our lord the king."
. . . . . .
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Pass where ye see my white plume shine among the ranks of war;
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!'"

These were the words of Henri, ere—after a psalm and prayer—the fight began, with a discharge of his artillery upon the German troops of the League. These, under Bassompierre, tried to charge, but were driven back on the main body under Mayenne, and he instantly fell on them, so that, attacked on both sides, they fled from the field in disarray. Then Tavannes charged d'Aumont, and the struggle was very hot, so that Henri himself came to the rescue, and on this Mayenne ordered a general charge, and the heat of the conflict came on, a terrible hand to hand fight, in which for a moment the standard sank, but the white plume was still visible, and by and by the tide of battle bore away the Leaguers. Egmont was slain; Mayenne fled across the Eure.

'The field is heaped with bleeding steeds and flags and cloven mail,
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
But out spoke gentle Henri, "No Frenchman is my foe—

Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go!''
O was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henri, the soldier of Navarre!'

Colonel Schomberg was among the slain; Rosny was wounded in five places in the two first charges and fell, having twice had his horse killed under him. He lay insensible for some minutes and then saw a lance coming to attack him, but getting into a tree he managed to parry the attack till the man quitted him. With armour broken and helmet lost, Rosny bought a horse that had been captured on the field and was wearily riding away when a party of seven horsemen appeared with the black and white standard of the League, and he thought himself lost; but to his amazement four of them surrendered to him their standard and their swords, telling him that they were defeated, and giving themselves up as prisoners. The other three, being better mounted, fled from the field, but Rosny could carry his master the best of the trophies. Biron had been obliged to remain with the reserve all day, and was greatly disappointed at having carried off no honours. 'Sire,' he said to Henri after the battle, 'you have done the part I ought to have done to-day, and I have done the part befitting a king of France.'

Mayenne fled to Mantes, where he found the gates shut, and entered by a wicket, while one of his officers took upon him to swear that he had seen Le Béarnais dead upon the field. Henri followed him as far as Rosny, and there supped merrily in a wretched little inn. He sent forward the Vidame de Chartres to Mantes, where the citizens surrendered to him, but did not hinder Mayenne from carrying off the remnant of the Leaguers to Paris before the arrival of the royal army. Mayenne halted at S. Denis, unwilling to face either his sister or the Spanish ambassador. His wife and sister come out and brought him back into Paris, while Henri loitered at Mantes, having fallen in love with another lady, the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, the betrothed of the Marquis de Bellegarde. Meantime supplies of corn and wine were thrown into Paris, so that the city was able to venture on closing its gates against the King, in the hope of holding out till the Duke of Parma should bring his forces to annihilate Le Béarnais.

On the 14th of May the siege began, and on that same day died in his captivity the old Cardinal de Bourbon, the so-called Charles X. The Duke de Nevers had recently visited him by permission, and had been strongly advised by him to be reconciled to Henri. On the other hand, Philip urged the proclamation of the young Duke of Guise, to whom he intended to marry his daughter; but Guise was a prisoner, and Paris was blockaded, so that nothing but defence could be thought of for the present. Nemours was the governor of the city; Mayenne moved about outside and went to the frontier as far as Condé to consult with the Duke of Parma.

Within the city fanaticism raged as much as ever. The priests and

monks offered themselves as warriors, 1,500 in number, and marched through the streets with secular weapons in one hand and sacred emblems in the other, occasionally, in their enthusiasm, discharging their arquebuses. Cardinal Gaetano came out in his coach to witness the procession, and this so stimulated their ardour that there was a general discharge of fire-arms. A ball from the piece of one of this awkward squad actually killed the secretary by the side of the legate in his carriage. Everything was done to stimulate the ardour of the citizens, but hunger soon began to press them heavily. We have seen like scenes in our own generation—fanaticism pushed to the point of absurdity, only differing in that it was the fanaticism of irreligion instead of superstition, and then rage, hunger, misery.

Soup-kitchens were set up, money was distributed, Gaetano sold all his plate and kept only a single silver spoon, but multitudes perished in the streets and on dunghills. There was an inspection of the granaries, and some of the convents were found to have large stores. A soup of dog's flesh, peas, and barley-meal was then served out, but so scantily that cries of 'Bread or Peace!' pursued the authorities whenever they went out of doors, and the great ladies themselves had to live on the smallest rations that would support life.

Henri meanwhile trusted entirely to the blockade. He took all the lesser places adjacent, and watched the roads, but did not attack the walls, being probably unwilling to give the city up to the fury of an assaulting soldiery, and leave memories that would for ever destroy his chance of being regarded with friendly eyes. Philip II. was very anxious for the success of the League, and wrote to Parma to lead his army into France, and give up the Low Countries rather than Paris, where the Infanta was to be placed on the throne and the Salic Law repealed. Parma had little hope of entire success, and did not like to leave his original charge in the Netherlands to fall into the hands of Maurice; but he lent Mayenne 500 horses, and while skirmishing with the King about Laon the Duke contrived to get a convoy of provisions safely into Paris early in June.

This however only lasted for a very short time. Gaunt spectres wasted with misery fought in the streets for scraps of the vilest offal. No less than 200 corpses were sometimes picked up in the streets in the morning. The soldiers, especially the Germans, watched at the corners of the streets, caught all the dogs that passed with a noose, and devoured them. A gentleman of rank having fallen sick, his physician prescribed for him the brains of a dog, but the only dog known to exist was a pet of Madame de Montpensier, of the same breed as the favourites of Henry III. The sick man's cousin visited the Duchess and besought her to give up her dog to save the patient's life, but she politely refused, saying that the famine would soon slay them altogether; the dog was her private solace, and she might soon need him herself as much as monsieur did.

On the 23rd of July, the distress came to such a pitch that several persons leapt down from the walls 'and were taken up insensible. They were taken to the King as soon as they were in a state to speak, and they described the horrible famine within the walls, saying that they had come to implore the King to allow some of the innocent and peaceful inhabitants to leave these scenes of misery. The tender-hearted King shed tears as he heard the terrible story, and he protested that he was not the cause of their suffering, but that it was the work of the faction who wanted to give Paris to the Spaniards. ' He ordered that they should have a good meal, and calling his council, decided on drawing up a pass empowering 3,000 souls to quit Paris. They were to be women, children, peasants, students, and clerks not belonging to the Seize. The poor creatures flocked out, and were fed and assisted by the King. A second troop followed, many bringing clothes, valuables, and jewels wherewith to purchase food from the soldiers. Henri longed to let them pass, but his officers thought this would be too imprudent. The troop was therefore forced to return into the city, but they carried with them bags of corn and flour and loaves of bread, and they told their fellow-citizens of the kindness they had received, thus turning their hearts towards their King.

However, Henri caused an attack to be made on the faubourg S. Martin, S. Honoré, and S. Denis, and seized them all. The people clamoured for surrender, and the Archbishops of Paris and Lyons were commissioned to confer with Henri at the Abbey of S. Antoine, on the 5th of August, 1590.

He came as a King, with his collar of the S. Esprit, his plume clasped with diamonds, and a rich dress of purple velvet, and he sat under a canopy with his nobles surrounding him in a grandeur of state which he seldom assumed. Within the city the Quarante and the Seize were raging against what they called treachery, and taking oaths never to acknowledge the Béarnese heretic, while crowds of starving people were kneeling before the shrines of the saints imploring that the negotiations might succeed and end their miseries, and some actually dropping down dead from exhaustion as they knelt. Madame de Montpensier and the other ladies, in green scarfs worked with the black *fleur-de-lys*, stood on the battlements to watch the reception of the envoys, as of course there was an armistice.

Gondi, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, publicly offered to assist in arranging a peace with the Duke of Mayenne. He had also a private conference with the King, in which he showed himself not unwilling to make a reconciliation provided the King returned to the bosom of the Church. Passports were to be given to them to visit the Duke of Mayenne and confer with him, and they parted from the King, as he told them that his heart wept for his people, and that he sorrowed for every house, garden, and orchard desolated in the struggle.

The famished people were thronging together, expecting them to return with promises of peace and a great convoy of provisions, and a great outcry of lamentation and rage greeted their return; indeed the populace were so desperate that it was necessary to post guards at the doors of the ladies of the house of Guise who had lately been the popular idols. Among those who were enduring this siege, most unwilling victims, were the surgeon Ambroise Paré, and the potter Bernard Palissy, both eighty years old, and greatly respected. Paré could even remonstrate with the Archbishop of Lyons.

'Monseigneur,' he said, 'this unhappy people is dying of disease, raging with hunger, and asking mercy of you. For God's sake, give to them what you need from Him!'

Mayenne would come to no terms, for he knew that the Duke of Parma was at last in motion: but to gain time he wrote to Henri of his willingness to be at peace, while to his brother of Nemours he sent orders to hold out to the last. On the 22nd of August, Farnese was actually at Meaux in person, his army of 16,000 men following. They did not equal in number the 19,000 who had perished under the miseries of the blockade of Paris. Truly, retribution had been complete, not only on Henri of Valois and Henri of Guise, but on the miserable city which had obeyed their wicked will.

Henri IV. would not expose them to the frightful chances of an assault, nor endanger his own army before marching off to offer battle to the Duke of Parma. His Huguenots might have remembered S. Bartholomew's Eve in the fury of victory, and have blotted his name for ever. So on the 30th of August, he broke up his camp and marched to Challes, where he began a series of attempts to persuade Farnese to give battle, but the wary Italian had no mind to risk his master's troops and his own reputation in a combat with the high-spirited, dashing French King, and kept safe within his entrenchments.

Henri's army was in want of provisions and pay. The French nobles who had unwillingly joined him wanted to keep him as low as possible, lest the Huguenot spirit should triumph. His own table and wardrobe were ill provided. Once in presence of M. d'O, the master of his wardrobe, he asked his valet if he had a dozen shirts?

'Yes, sire, but half are too ragged to put on.'

"And how many pocket-hankerchiefs? Did you say eight?'

"Only five, sire.'

M. d'O said he had just ordered 6,000 crowns worth of fine Flanders cambric for his Majesty's use.

'I shall have my shirts when I get into the Louvre.'

Henri's unfailing good humour bore him through much at this time. He would not see affronts, and his real dignity rose above taking umbrage at what would have fretted a meaner spirit; but his difficulties were great. His Catholic nobles were disappointed, and angry

that he had not accepted their faith, and he durst not as yet do what might alienate the Huguenots. Besides, the death of the Pope had just added to his difficulties. Sixtus V. was a man of high mark, and had begun with large-minded feelings which, had they been entertained by his predecessors, might have brought back peace and unity, but he was bound hand and foot by Spain and by his own Court, and could carry out nothing he wished. He had caused an Italian translation of the Bible to be published. It was from the Vulgate, but the Cardinals thought it dangerous, and requested Philip to cause his ambassador to remonstrate, but Sixtus only answered—

'We do it for the benefit of you who do not understand Latin.'

Whereupon the Cardinal of Toledo exclaimed—

'How has Heaven abandoned the Church! When will He deliver us from this wicked Pope?'

Philip talked about convening a council and deposing the Pope; and though he durst not attempt such a daring measure, he contrived to harass the Pope at every turn, both by his power over Italy and his influence over the Cardinals. Those regulations which he had made for putting down robbery were interfered with; the good order he had at first maintained was overthrown; the embassy he had sent to France to attempt to mediate between the contending parties openly espoused the cause of the League, and the oppression under which he lived forced him into the measures his clear judgment saw to be worst for the Church and for religion. He was obliged to proscribe and alienate the two sovereigns whom he considered as the ablest in Europe, and he had no consolation save the occasional utterance of caustic sayings that were repeated to Philip, and increased the distrust felt for him.

A terrible famine made him publish an edict against the vanity and luxury that prevailed at Rome. He also set to work to drain the fens and marshes of Terracina. When he went to visit the works, with a strong guard to keep away the banditti, he was suspected of intending to attack the kingdom of Naples, and 4,000 Spanish troops were immediately ordered to the frontier. He thereupon returned to Rome, and soon after died suddenly, in his 69th year, on the 27th of August, 1590, without having accomplished what he had looked forward to as the crowning honour of his pontificate, the reconciliation of Henri IV.

There was an extraordinarily rapid succession of Popes after him. Urban VII. only reigned thirteen days, and did not live to put on the tiara; and Gregory XIII. died on the 20th of December, so that Rome saw three Popes in the year 1590. Ippolito Aldobrandini, a distinguished Cardinal, was then elected, and reigned under the name of Clément VIII.

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XIII.

MADEMOISELLE'S TOILETTE.

We were to go to Madame de Choisy's assembly. She was the wife of the Chancellor of the Duke of Orleans, and gave a *fête* every year, to which all the court went; and by way of disarming suspicion, all the cavaliers who were in the great world were to attend in order that their plans might not be suspected.

Our kind Queen Henrietta would inspect Nan and me before we went. She was delighted with the way in which my mother had dressed our hair, made her show how it was done, and declared it was exactly what was suited to her niece, none of whose women had the least notion of hair-dressing. She was going herself to put the finishing touches, and Nan and I must come with her. I privately thought my mother would have been more to the purpose, but the Queen wanted to show the effect of the handiwork. However, Nan disliked the notion very much, and showed it so plainly in her face that the Queen exclaimed, 'You are no courtier, Mademoiselle de Ribaumont. Why did you not marry her to her Roundhead cousin and leave her in England, madame? Come, my god-daughter, you at least have learnt the art of commanding your looks.'

Poor Annora must have had a sad time of it with my mother when we were gone. She was a good girl, but she had grown up in rough times, and had a proud, independent nature that chafed and checked at trifles, and could not brook being treated like a hair-dresser's block, even by queens and princesses. She was likewise very young, and she would have been angered instead of amused at the scene which followed, which makes me laugh whenever I think of it.

The Queen sent messages to know whether the Prince of Wales were ready, and presently he came down, in a black velvet suit slashed with white, and carnation ribbons, and a little enamelled jewel on his gold chain, representing a goose of these three colours. His mother turned him all round, smoothed his hair, fresh buckled his plume, and admonished him with earnest entreaties to do himself credit.

'I will, madame,' he said. 'I will do my very utmost to be worthy of my badge.'

'Now, Charles, if you act the fool, and lose her, I will never forgive you!'

I understood it soon. The Queen was bent on winning for her son the hand of Mademoiselle, a grand-daughter of France, and the greatest heiress there. If all were indeed lost in England, he would thus be far from a landless prince, and her wealth might become a great assistance to the royal cause in England. But Mademoiselle was several years older than the Prince, and was besides stiff, haughty, conceited, and not much to his taste, so he answered rather sullenly that he could not speak French.

'So much the better,' said his mother, 'you would only be uttering follies. When I am not there, Rupert must speak for you.'

'Rupert is too high Dutch to be much of a courtier,' said the Prince.

'Rupert is old enough to know what is for your good, and not sacrifice all to a jest,' returned his mother.

By this time the carriage had reached the Palais Royal. Mademoiselle was still at her toilette we heard, and to my surprise, up we all went, through ranks of Swiss and lackeys, to her apartments, to a splendid dressing-room, where the Princess sat in a carnation dress, richly ornamented with black and white, all complete except the fastening the feather in her hair. The *friseur* was engaged in this critical operation, and whole ranks of ladies stood round, one of them reading aloud one of Plutarch's Lives, I think. The Queen came forward with the most perfect grace, crying, 'Oh it is ravishing! What a coincidence!' and pointing to her son as if the similarity in colours had been a mere chance instead of a contrivance of hers.

Then, with the most gracious deference in the world, so as not to hurt the hair-dresser's feelings, she showed my head, and begged permission to touch up her niece's, kissing her as she did so. Then she signed to the Prince to hold her little hand mirror, which he did, kneeling on one knee before Mademoiselle, while the Queen, with hands that really were more dexterous than those of any one I ever saw, excepting my mother, dealt with her niece's hair, paying compliments in her son's name all the time, and keeping him in check with her eye. She contrived to work in some of her own jewels, rubies and diamonds, to match the scarlet, black, and white. I have since found the scene mentioned in Mademoiselle's own memoirs, but she did not see a quarter of the humour of it. She was serene in the certainty that her aunt was paying court to her, and the assurance that her cousin was doing the same, though she explains that, having hopes of the Emperor, and thinking him a mere landless exile, she only pitied him. Little did she guess how he laughed at her, his mother and himself, but at her airs most of all, and how his mother, even while scolding him, joined in the laugh, though she always maintained that Mademoiselle, in spite of her overweening conceit

and vanity, would make an excellent and faithful wife, making her husband's interests her own.

'Rather too much so,' said the Prince, shrugging his shoulders; 'we know what the Margaret of Anjou style of wife can do for a King of England.'

However, as he always did what any one told him, if it were not too unpleasant, and as he was passionately fond of his mother, and was amused by playing on the vanity of *la grande mademoiselle*, he acted his part capitally in dumb show, for he really could not speak French at that time, though he could understand what was said to him. He, with a good many other Englishmen, held that the less they assimilated themselves to their French hosts, the more they showed their hopes of returning home, and it was not till after his expedition to Scotland that he set himself to learn the language.

Queen Henrietta's skill in the toilette was famous. She laughingly said that if everything else failed her she should go into business as a hair-dresser, and she had hardly completed her work before a message was brought from Queen Anne to desire to see Mademoiselle in her full dress.

I do not know what would have become of me if my good-natured royal godmother, who never forgot anybody, had not packed me into a carriage with some of the ladies who were accompanying Mademoiselle. She had a suite of her own, and went about quite independently of her father and her stepmother, who, though a Princess of Lorraine, was greatly contemned and slighted by the proud heiress.

I was put *au courant* with all this by the chatter of the ladies in the coach. I did not know them, and in the dark they hardly knew who was there. Men with flambeaux ran by the side of the carriage, and now and then the glare fell across a smiling face, glanced on a satin dress, or gleamed back from some jewels; and then we had a long halt in the court of the Tuileries while Mademoiselle went to the Queen Regent to be inspected. We waited a long time, and I heard a great deal of gossip before we were again set in motion, and when once off we soon found ourselves in the court of the Hotel de Choisy, where we mounted the stairs in the rear of Mademoiselle, pausing on the way through the ante-room; for before a large mirror she stood, giving a final adjustment to her head-dress, the Prince of Wales standing obediently beside her, waiting to hand her into the room, so that the two black, white and carnation figures were reflected side by side, which was, I verily believe, the true reason of her stopping there, for Queen Henrietta's handiwork was too skilful to require retouching. Prince Rupert stood close by to act as interpreter, his tall, powerful figure towering above them both, and his dark eyes looking as if his thoughts were far off, yet keeping in control the young prince's great inclination to grimace and otherwise make game of Mademoiselle's magnificent affectations and condescensions.

I was rather at a loss, for the grand saloon was one sea of feathers, bright satins and velvets and curled heads, and though I tried to come in with Mademoiselle's suite I did not properly belong to it, and my own party were entirely lost to me. I knew hardly any one, and was quite unaccustomed to the great world, so that, though the Princess's *dame de compagnie* was very kind, I seemed to belong to no one in that great room, where the ladies were sitting in long rows and the gentlemen parading before them, paying their court to one after another, while the space in the middle was left free for some distinguished pair to dance the *minuet de la cour*.

The first person I saw whom I knew was the Duchess de Longueville, more beautiful than when I had met her before as Mademoiselle de Bourbon, perfectly dazzling, indeed, with her majestic bearing and exquisite complexion, but the face had entirely lost that innocent, wistful bloom that had so much enchanted me before. Half a dozen gentlemen were buzzing round her, and though I once caught her eye she did not know me, and no wonder, for I was much more changed than she was. However, there I stood forlorn, in an access of English shyness, not daring to take a chair near any of the strangers, and looking in vain for my mother or one of my brothers.

'Will not Madame take a seat beside me?' said a kind voice; 'I think I have had the honour of making her acquaintance,' she added, as our eyes met; 'it is the Gildippe of happier times.'

Then I knew her for Mademoiselle d'Argennes, now Duchess of Montausier, the same who had been so kind to me at the Hotel de Rambouillet on my first arrival at Paris. Most gladly did I take my seat by her as an old friend, and I learnt from her that her mother was not present, and she engaged me to go and see her at the Hotel de Rambouillet the next morning, telling me that M. de Solivet had spoken of me, and that Madame de Rambouillet much wished to see me. Then she kindly told me the names of many of the persons present, among whom were more *gens de la robe* than it was usual for us of the old nobility to meet. They were indeed ennobled, and thus had no imposts to pay, but that did not put them on a level with the children of crusaders. So said my mother and her friends, but I could not but be struck with the fine countenance and grave collected air of the President Matthieu de Molé, who was making his bow to the hostess.

Presently, in the violet robes of a bishop, for which he looked much too young, there strolled up a keen-faced man with satirical eyes, whom Madame de Montausier presented as 'M. le Coadjuteur de Gondi,' being, as you know, Coadjutor Bishop of Paris. I think he was the most amusing talker I ever heard, only there was a great spice of malice in all that he said—or did not say; and Madame de Montausier kept him in check, as she well knew how to do.

At last, to my great joy, I saw my brother walking with a young man

in the black dress of an advocate. He came up to me, and the Duchess bade me present him, declaring herself delighted to make the acquaintance of a brave English cavalier, and at the same time greeting his companion as Monsieur Darpent. Eustace presently said that my mother had sent him in quest of me, and he conducted me through the *salon* to another apartment, where the ladies, as before, sat with their backs to the wall, excepting those who were at card-tables, a party having been made up for *Monsieur*. On my way I was struck both with the good mien and good sense of M. Darpent, who stood conversing with my brother after I had been restored to my mother, and the cloud cleared up from Annora's face as she listened, making her look as lovely and as animated as when she was in English company. The conversation was not by any means so pleasing to my mother, who, on the first opportunity, broke in with, 'My son,' and sent Eustace off in search of some distinguished person to whom she wished to speak, and she most expressingly frowned off the young gentleman when he would have continued his conversation with my sister and me, whereupon Nan's face, which was always far too like a window, became once more gloomy.

When we went home, it appeared that my mother was well satisfied that I should be invited to the Hotel de Rambouillet. It was a distinguished thing to have the *entrés* there, though for her part, she thought it very wearisome to have to listen to declamations about she knew not what; and there was no proper distinction of ranks kept up, any more than at the Hotel de Choisy, where one expected it. And, after all, neither Monsieur nor Madame de Rambouillet were of the old *noblesse*. The Argennes, like the Rambouillets, only dated from the time of the League, when they had in private confirmed the sentence of death on the Duke of Guise, which had been carried out by his assassination. Strange to look at the beautiful and gentle Julie, and know her to be sprung from such a stem!

Then my mother censured Eustace for bad taste in talking over his case with his advocate in public. He laughed, and assured her that he had never even thought of his suit, but had been discussing one of the pictures on the walls, a fine Veronese—appealing to me if it were not so; but she was not satisfied; she said he should not have encouraged the presumption of that little advocate by presenting him to his sisters.

Eustace never attempted argument with her, but went his own way; and when Annora broke out with something about Mr. Hyde and other lawyers, such as Harry Merrycourt, being company for any one in London, she was instantly silenced for presuming to argue with her elders.

I had a happy morning with Mesdames de Rambouillet and de Montausier, who showed the perfect union of mother and daughter.

In the little cabinet where Madame de Rambouillet read and

studied so much to be able to fill her eminent position, she drew out from me all my story and all my perplexities, giving me advice as a wise woman of my own Church alone could do, and showing me how much I might still do in my life at Paris. She advised me, as I had been put under Father Vincent's guidance, to seek him at the Church of S. Sulpice, where, on certain days of the week, he was accessible to ladies wishing to undertake pious works. For the rest, she said that a little resolution on my part would enable me to reserve the early part of the day for study and the education of my son—and she fully approved of my giving the evenings to society, and gave me at once the *entrée* to her circle. She insisted that I should remain on that day, and dine with her, and Madame de Montausier indited two charming billets, which were sent to invite our family to join us there in the evening.

'It will not be a full circle,' she said; 'but I think your brother treats as a friend a young man who is there to make his first *essai*.'

'M. Darpent?' I asked; and I was told that I was right, and that the young advocate had been writing a discourse upon Cicero which he was to read aloud to the fair critics and their friends. Madame de Montausier added that his father was a counsellor in the Parliament, who had originally been a Huguenot, but had converted himself with all his family, and had since held several good appointments. She thought the young man, Clement Darpent, likely to become a man of mark, and she did not like him the less for having retained something of the Huguenot gravity.

The dinner was extremely pleasant; we followed it up by a walk in the beautifully laid-out gardens; and after we had rested, the reception began, but only in the little green cabinet, as it was merely a select few who were to be admitted to hear the young aspirant. I watched anxiously for the appearance of my family, and presently in came Eustace and Annora. My mother had the *migraine*, and my brother had taken upon him, without asking leave, to carry off my sister!

I had never seen her look so well as she did with that little spirit of mischief upon her, lighting her beautiful eyes and colouring her cheeks. Madame de Rambouillet whispered to me that she was a perfect nymph, with her look of health and freshness. Then M. Darpent came in, and his grave face blushed with satisfaction as he saw his friend my Lord Walwyn present.

His was a fine face, though too serious for so young a man. It was a complete oval, the hair growing back on the forehead, and the beard being dark and pointed, the complexion a clear, pale brown, the eyes with something of Italian softness in them rather than of French vivacity, the brows almost as if drawn with a pencil, the mouth very grave and thoughtful, except when lighted by a smile of unusual

sweetness. As a lawyer, his dress was of plain black with a little white collar fastened by two silken tassels (such as I remember my Lord Falkland used to wear). It became him better than the gay coats of some of our nobles.

The circle being complete by this time, the young orator was placed in the midst, and began to read aloud his manuscript, or rather to recite it, for after the fire of his subject began to animate him, he seldom looked at the paper.

It was altogether a grand and eloquent discourse upon the loyalty and nobility of holding with unswerving faith to the old laws and constitutions of one's country against all fraud, oppression, and wrong, tracing how Cicero's weak and vain character grew stronger at the call of patriotism, and how eagerly and bravely the once timid man finally held out his throat for the knife. It might be taken as the very highest witness to the manner in which he had used his divinely gifted tongue, that Fulvia's first thought was to show her bitter hatred by piercing his eloquent tongue! 'Yes, my friends,' he concluded, with his eyes glancing round, 'that insult to the dead was the tribute of tyranny to virtue!'

Annora's hands were clasped, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glanced with the dew of admiration, and there were others who were carried along by the charm of the young orator's voice and enthusiasm; but there were also anxious glances passing, especially between the divine Arthenice and her son-in-law, M. de Montausier, and when there had been time for the compliments the discourse merited to be freely given, Madame de Rambouillet said, 'My dear friend, the tribute may be indeed the highest, but it can scarcely be the most appreciable either by the fortunate individual or his friends. I therefore entreat that the most eloquent discourse of our youthful Cicero may remain a valued secret among the sincere circle of admirers who have listened to it.'

Everybody bowed assent, but the young man himself began, with some impetuosity, 'Madame will believe me that I had not the slightest political intention. I spoke simply as a matter of history.'

'I am perfectly aware of it, monsieur,' returned the Marquise, 'but all the world does not understand as well as I do how one may be carried away by the fervour of imagination to identify oneself and one's surroundings with those of which one speaks.'

'Madame is very severe on the absent,' said M. Darpent.

'Monsieur thinks I have inferred more treason than he has spoken,' said Madame de Rambouillet gaily. 'Well, be it so, I am an old woman, and you, my friend, have your career yet to come, and I would have you remember that though the great Cæsar be dead, yet the bodkin was not in his time.'

'I understand, madame, after the lion comes the fox. I thank you for your warning until the time—'

'Come, come, we do not intend to be all undone, in the meantime,' exclaimed Madame de Rambouillet. 'Come, who will give us a *vaudeville* or something joyous to put out the grand serious, and send us home gay. My dear countess,' and she turned to a bright looking young lady, 'relate to us, I entreat of you, one of your charming fairy tales.'

And the Countess d'Aulnoy, at her request, seated herself in a large arm-chair, and told us with infinite grace the story I have so often told you, my grandchildren, of the white cat and the three princes.

(To be continued.)

THE SIEGE OF YORK.

BY HOLME LEE.

XIII.

AUTUMN, 1642.

'TWAS on the 12th of August that King Charles left York, and on the 22nd his Majesty raised his royal standard at Nottingham Castle. The same night 'twas blown down in a violent storm of wind. We were not yet so far advanced in the broad road of destruction but we could stand a while and consider this disastrous omen, whether it was not a sign from Heaven. And once more the King, on the unanimous advice of his councillors, despatched ambassadors to London with fresh offers of a treaty. My dear Roger, who had been commanded for his Majesty's service, went in their escort, followed by all our prayers for their good success.

About York the people were busy clearing the fields, gathering and garnering the crops, and making as sure as they could; for we were warned that the Parliament would wreak its vengeance on our city, and the citizens were summoned already by the Lord Mayor to put it in order of defence. There was great abundance of fruit everywhere that year; never so much before in any season at our pretty little garden-house in Nunnery Lane, and Madget made double store of preserves. 'Come a siege, as folk threaten, and where will our trees be next year, tell me that, Mistress Anne?' she said, and mournfully wagged her head to my question, Why? She set Job to work also, drying apples as they ripened, and pressing them in the French manner to keep. 'Let nothing be lost, let nothing be wasted; we shall live to want it; and if not *us*, *others*, come a siege,' she said; and my dear mother assented with a grave nod.

Aunt Cecily at Acomb was making the like provision. 'Twas a prudent foresight, as I found after, but I could not bring myself to look so far forward—perhaps because Jaffray saved me the need. In these last days she had begun to sort over the linen and chamber furniture, and to see to the armories and chests, that they were whole and sound, and the locks in good order. Roger's mother had been no traveller. She never stirred out of Yorkshire after her son was born, and the great arks had lain in dust and decay these many years up in the loft. 'Twas not much precious wealth we possessed in gold or silver for service of the table, nor were my jewels many; but of these also Jaffray required a new inventory, and to put them away in the secret cupboard that lies behind the panel at the head of my bed; all

but the silver-gilt goblets for Roger and me, and Boy's caudle-cup that he would take in his plump little hand each time he had dined, to cast it on the floor. 'Twas sadly battered and dinted; for Jaffray said his father had the same masterful trick, and the same rapturous chuckle at the ringing of the metal on the boards. Sure, if his father did so, so must he!

In my dear husband's absence I went and came often between the Pavement and Fulford, and always found labourers working hard at the intrenchments in Long Close, S. George's Fields, and without Walmgate Bar, towards the Hull Road. One day, as I remember, my father was gone to Guildhall, to a meeting of the citizens in respect of the preparations against siege. Sir Thomas Glenham was lately appointed governor of the city, and Henry, Earl of Cumberland, was constituted commander of the King's forces. 'Twas said that the Earl was of too peaceable a disposition for the Yorkshire gentlemen, but indeed I think there were many amongst themselves also of a cautious, peaceable disposition. When his Majesty left York he left his artillery behind for lack of horses to transport it; but there were horses enough in Yorkshire if their owners had been hot on the war. But they were backward, and no shame to them—civil war is, sure, the last and worst curse that can fall upon a country. They would fight if they must, and no fear but they would fight and die hard, but to say they had their hearts in it was another thing. There be wild-bloods who love fighting for fighting's sake, and such was young Hotham, Sir John's son, whose report was not to his honour; but it would have been out of reason and nature that my dear brave Roger should burn to level his piece against the ranks where Myles Staplyton and Frank Lister, his life-long friends and comrades, stood—for they ranged with the Parliament party, with the Fairfaxes, Farrers, Mauleverers, Stockdales, and the rest.

The treaty to maintain peace came to nothing. The Parliament would admit of no parley with the King's envoys unless he took down his standard, and recalled his proclamation that named the leaders among them traitors. It seemed now as if the last word were spoken; and both sides stood at guard, each waiting for the other to strike the first blow.

'Twas pleasanter those quiet October days, as I by and by discovered, to row up the Ouse to York than to go by the fields and Castle Mills; for not alone were intrenchments digging, which made great mire, but there was a press of building forward. The new square bulwark, that was begun to be added to the castle when the Scots threatened York two years before, was near finished, and over the gateway was carved in stone the royal escutcheon, and the Clifford arms and motto, '*Désormais.*' Also Clifford's Tower was being strengthened, and a platform raised to mount ordnance. The moat was deepened, and a

drawbridge and pallisadoes added, and another drawbridge over the Foss Water by the Castle Mills. The walls and ramparts on all sides the city were undergoing brisk repair; and every night at eight o'clock the massy iron chain was drawn across the Barbican at Micklegate, and the portcullis was lowered, and as well the double wooden doors within were shut. For the siege was begun. Sir Thomas Fairfax had fortified Tadcaster and Wetherby, and lay about ten miles off with a considerable force, menacing the city from the south.

Our garden-house in Nunnery Lane, as it stood without the walls, was stripped and left to bide its chance. I had been there with my dear mother for a leave-taking—'twas on a Monday in the afternoon, as I remember, and Trinity Church bells were ringing tunably—when we were overtaken by a disorderly rout of soldiers, some bare-headed, some with their coats off, and all looking weary, jaded, and out of humour. Sir Thomas Glenham had made a sally at daybreak, and these were his men that Fairfax had repulsed. They poured down towards the bridge, and we hung back till most had passed; but as we loitered there came by several that were wounded, and a few carried in carts. At the mercer's shop next Bridge-end one stopped to set down a young lad,—not over nineteen from his fair, smooth face, poor fellow! but there was the death sweat on it. It was his father's door they stopped at, and his father coming to help him in never spoke, but *he* said, 'I've got enough, father'—no moan, nor complaint, and almost a smile about his mouth—then, 'Where's mother?' She was standing, poor soul, with eyes shut and hands clasped, seeking a moment's strength where it is never denied, before she took him into her arms for his last sleep. This was my first sight of what war is, and the memory of it hath stayed by me like a very mournful, sad picture, and clearer, I think, than any that came after.

Roger was come home again now, and one morning when he rowed up the river to York, behold the chain was drawn across from Skeldergate Postern to the east tower of the ramparts at Castle gate. My dear mother would fain have had us all go live in the Pavement, but the fresh country air was better for Boy, and already the city was full with the billeting troops. There was a word said of sending him, and me with him, to his father's kinsfolk in Richmondshire, away from the confusion and misery that were increasing on us at York; but it stopped at the first word, for I refused to listen to it. Only I promised, when the cold weather set in, to consider of going back to the old house in the shadow of All Hallows steeple, if Roger's duty with the soldiers restrained him from coming out to me at Fulford. I knew not then, nor could I guess, how thankful I might be of that dear refuge. Our neighbour over the river at Bishopthorpe commended my steadfastness—a man *he* fitter for a musket than a crozier, to which advice presently he came, and went to hold for the King his

castle at Conway. 'Twas better quarters than York when the siege was pressed, and we heard that he had also some relations with Mr. Cromwell. Indeed the fiery Welshman was not without wisdom in his generation, but made the best of both sides.

It seemed a droll presumption in the Republicans to name the Earl of Essex, who was chief in command of their army, 'Lord General for KING *and* PARLIAMENT,' but they did so nevertheless. The Earl of Bedford was appointed their General of Horse, and their plain country gentlemen, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Cromwell, and others, were drilling men into soldiers with the same determination and activity they showed aforetime in peaceful resistance to illegal taxation. Persons of sanguine disposition expected that one battle would end the quarrel, but not such was my father, and not such was my dear husband. Till now, though the agitation was extreme, there had appeared no violent animosities; but there were signs that as the buzz of strife waxed louder, hatred and envyings would surely arise. The common people seldom have knowledge to discriminate justly between parties, but they have passions to be fired, and traditions of Popish persecution survived in their remembrance—household words of abhorrence and terror amongst them. The high monarchical doctrines inculcated by the clergy never did the King good at any time, and were likely to do him harm now. The Puritan sort recognise no divine right in kings to do wrong. The nobility and ancient gentry were attached to the Church and Crown, but the wise majority of these were as generous lovers of liberty as they were loyal attendants on his Majesty's person in his distresses. Of this witness yet another advance they prevailed on him to make, even at this crisis, in proposals of accommodation to the Parliament. To have a limited and legal Government was their hearty desire—they were not offering to spend life and fortune to set up again the cruel, arbitrary Courts of High Commission and Star Chamber, with other Straffords and other Lauds at the head of the Executive. But the still small voice of reason and persuasion had little chance of a hearing amidst the volleying clamours of pride and ambition; and this treaty also came to nothing.

The King's military strength was feeble yet; his cavalry only eight hundred, and ill provided with arms, and his foot not so many, unless the trained bands that Sir John Digby raised for him at Nottingham be reckoned. The Parliamentary forces lay at Northampton, only two or three days' march from the Royal quarters—six thousand of them, and much better equipped. They had the City of London at their back. Also they were in good spirits, because through the negligence of the governor they had got possession of Portsmouth, the best fortified town in the kingdom, and the Earl of Bedford had compelled the Earl of Hertford, who had raised a power for the King in Somersetshire, to retire into Wales.

XIV.

THE CIVIL WAR IS BEGUN.

As October waned, every day there was reported in York some fresh stir and movement of troops. Now the King was retiring to Derby, then he was marching to Shropshire to join the Earl of Hertford and meet Prince Rupert, his sister's son, a prompt and valorous soldier, inured to war in the Low Countries and the Palatinate. At the same time the Earl of Essex was heard of as drawing the Parliamentarians from all quarters towards Northampton and Warwick, evidently on the look-out to intercept the Royal forces gathering to the main army. We held our breath then, waiting for the next news—news that the two armies had met.

It came too soon. Sunday, the 28th of October, was the memorable day of the first battle in the Civil War—the day of Edge Hill Battle—some call it Keinton Fight—a drawn battle; no sort of conclusion. Prince Rupert had the honour of the first brush with the rebel cavalry hard by Worcester, and sent a troop of them flying.

At Wellington, a day's march from Shrewsbury, the King had reviewed his army, which mustered near ten thousand altogether, regular soldiers, yeomanry, and gentlemen with their tenants and servants; and here again, and for the last time before coming to blows, his Majesty, in the presence of the whole force assembled to support him, renewed his solemn declaration that he had made to the Yorkshire freeholders, to maintain the Protestant religion, to observe the laws, and respect the liberties of Parliament; and a sore perplexity, I think, it must have sounded to some of them why then they were asked to fight; for these were the very same glories of England the Republicans professed they had taken up arms to defend against the Royal disregards and oppressions. However, there they were, come together to live or die for the King, in some cause that their lords and squires understood if not they; and led by the brave Earl of Lindsay, Commander-in-Chief of the loyal army, they took the field against Essex's army that Sunday afternoon, and fought desperately both sides, being Englishmen both, and only drew off at dark, when, dead and wounded, there lay over a thousand between them. They rested on their arms all night in sight of each other, but had no stomach to renew the battle when Monday morning showed them their yesterday's work. The Earl of Lindsay was mortally wounded, and a prisoner besides—a great loss to the King, who returned to his former quarters; while Essex retired to Warwick.

To keep to sheltered ways in stormy weather is excellent good advice for them that can follow it; but though we were deep in November, the trees bare, winds blowing high, and sleet thick in the air, our soldiers did not betake themselves to winter quarters. Nor could they; for Sir Thomas Fairfax had given them another repulse, and lay fast at Tadcaster and Wetherby still. 'Twas

at Wetherby, on the 3rd of December, that the Yorkshiremen had their first stand-up fight. Sir Edward Osborne, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and other gentlemen of the King's party, who desired a commander of more vigour than the Earl of Cumberland, were mighty glad to see the Earl of Newcastle come into York on the 30th of November, at the head of six thousand horse and foot; and three days after the King's forces took the road to Wetherby, to dislodge Fairfax if they could. But the rebels fought well. The battle was fierce, but nothing decisive. Frank Lester's father died there, but none else of note. The slain were counted up to six hundred—SIX HUNDRED. Mothers' sons they, women's husbands, brothers, lovers, though *not* of note, God pity them!

I yielded now to my dear mother's intreaty, and came into York. 'Twas hard on Roger to baste the road to Fulford twice and thrice in the week, which he would not deny us. Jaffray was left to take care of the house and gear, and Joan Bray, a young lass from Lamel Mills, went with me to the Pavement, to be a nurse to Boy.

The King was got into Oxford by this time. Oxford was ever a loyal city to him, and there he made his head-quarters through the winter, which was occupied with more fruitless negotiations. His Majesty's affairs were looking up, we hoped. The Republican army outnumbered his, but their governor and garrison at Reading had made a clean flight of it before his march that way after Edge Hill Battle; and at Brentford he gave three of their regiments quartered there a beating, drove some of them out of the place, and took the rest prisoners. The country gentlemen, their tenants and servants, were soldiers half-made to start with, and these were the staple of the Royal army; but with the Parliament were many town 'prentices, porters, and tradesfolk who were drubbed and drilled into good fighting after, but were not ready framed to it. Mr. Cromwell was reported to have said to his neighbour, Mr. Hampden, that to stand against men of honour they must have men of religion. "But prythee, what sort of religion, Mr. Cromwell?" some of us asked. The Parliament Commissioners at Oxford were requiring of the King to abolish Episcopacy, which he would never consent to. Roger doubted of their sincerity in treating for peace. Men of both parties were got into paths where sincerity shines seldom to show the way.

'They will amuse themselves with speeches while the cold weather lasts, and at the first gale of spring they'll take the field again, that's my belief,' Roger said. I asked him where were those four thousand freeholders of Buckinghamshire that came up to Westminster that time Mr. Hampden was threatened with impeachment. 'I know not where they be, Nan, but if the war go on we shall meet them again, and it will not be under the King's colours we shall meet them,' was his answer; 'more like among Mr. Cromwell's men of religion.'

(*To be continued.*)

KEEPING THE VOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOINED TO AN IDOL,' &c., &c.

PART II.

HOW THE VOW WAS KEPT.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE room into which Marjory entered was small and low, with the pretentious poverty of second-rate lodging-houses in general; the smallness and the tawdry discomfort had never struck the child so greatly as they did now that she had just come from Sir Stuart Hepburn's large airy rooms, thoroughly comfortable in all their arrangements, and filled, not crowded, with curious and beautiful objects of nature and art; but the lady in the arm-chair, to whose side she went with loving eagerness, had nothing pretentious or tawdry in her appearance. It would be unwise to describe her dress, for we are all aware that dress was never more tasteless or comfortless than it was at that particular era; and Lady Ericson, of course, could not attire herself differently from other people, if indeed she had any desire to do so, which may fairly be doubted, for probably her eye had grown so accustomed to the prevalent mode of dressing that she saw in it nothing ugly or unsuitable. She wore black; some heavy material that clung tightly about her tall thin figure. But much of the gloom of the black, and of the ugliness of the make, was hidden by the Indian cashmere scarf shawl of brilliant crimson, richly embroidered in white silk, which she wore over her shoulders, and had fastened at her throat with a brooch, the miniature of her late grandfather, the exiled and proscribed Jacobite, Lord Hepburn, who had now been dead more than seventy years, but whose pictured face smiled as brightly as ever from out its pearl setting, and was so wonderfully like the living face above it that the veriest stranger could not have looked on the one and on the other, and not have known that the pictured man and the living lady must have been nearly related the one to the other.

Such a cap as was then in use amongst widowed ladies was not worn by Lady Ericson; she had laid that aside more than a year before, as also all crape trimming. But she wore some sort of white muslin cap adorned with lace and lavender ribbons, a cap modelled upon that which she remembered her grandmother to have worn, and which was certainly not unbecoming, for it did not hide the perfect oval contour of face nor the hair which nature (now that fashion would no longer have done it) had powdered with soft, silvery whiteness, forming a

delightful and artistic contrast to the well-defined and arched eyebrows and heavy eyelashes, so black indeed as to cast a dark shadow, often mistaken for their own natural hue, over the violet eyes below them. Although this face preserved so many of its youthful beauties, it had that chastened, stilled look which no very young face can show, the heart in early youth not having been subjected to the influences which can alone create those looks—the influences of much sorrow and care; of experience of the good and of the evil things of human life; and of severe outward and inward discipline received in a submissive, loving, and all-trusting spirit. All these influences had been at work upon Lady Ericson's heart and life for many years, and although the furnace-heat had sorely tried her bodily strength, crushing out much of her physical energy and dimming her natural cheerfulness of thought and manner, they had really strengthened her inner nature; and, whilst strengthening, had purified, refined, and exalted it into what her friends might well be excused for believing the perfection of womanly virtue and Christian excellence. Her youth had not justified the promise of her childhood; it seemed as if during the early years of her womanhood her real nature had lain dormant beneath a mask that was commonplace enough. But with the passing away of her first youth, and the entrance into mature womanhood, the rare promise of her childhood had been verified; and under the pressure of sorrow and discipline she had risen to the full heights of that noble goodness and almost heroic excellence to which one of her race (that had for long ages been a name in the land for all noble and heroic qualities) might justly have been expected to attain. Her trials had been of a nature which too often embitter, rather than purify: distrust, suspicion, and systematic unkindness from the one who should have been her natural protector and best friend, were trials heavy to be borne. But after the first shocked surprise and youthful uncertainty as to what her own conduct ought to be, she bore them nobly and bravely, concealing, as far as possible, from the world, that they ever existed, and never complaining to those persons who knew of them only too well. Distrust and dislike of his wife had at last grown into a perfect mania with Sir Ralph Ericson; and indeed, Marjory consoled herself somewhat by the belief that he was mentally deranged upon this matter, although the world in general considered him sane enough, and a remarkably shrewd man of business, a capable magistrate and skilled politician; but those who after his death heard the terms of his will were as much shocked, though not as sorely wounded by them, as was his inoffensive widow. He had left her nothing beyond what he had settled upon her at the time of their marriage; and, with still greater unkindness, desired that her boys should not remain with her after they were seven years old. At the time of his father's death, Ralph, the elder son, was nearly twelve, and had been for more than a year at school; Philip, the younger, was only

four; and so, for three years after her husband's death, poor Lady Ericson had lived, with the shadow of separation from her delicate feeble youngest continually drawing nearer and nearer. The sum of money which her husband settled on her at her marriage had not been large, for he had been then but a younger son; and about a year before her coming to Exmouth, she had lost nearly the whole of her own fortune, inherited from her father, in the breaking of an Indian bank; and she was now, for a woman of her rank and habits, really poor, and compelled to exercise strict and somewhat painful economy. Her father after the death of his mother, the Lady Marjory Hepburn, had sold 'Gowanbraes,' and 'The Dens' to his brother the Judge, thinking that a landed estate might be more trouble than comfort to his only daughter; and the money paid for them had formed the chief part of her very fair fortune, nearly the whole of which was now lost to her, as we have already said. She had not been trained to manage well, or to contrive wonders upon small means, as her grandmother had been, and it was as much as she could do merely to avoid serious debt, although she was as self-denying as it was possible for one in her weak health to be, much more so than her kindly-hearted, faithful maid, who had been the children's nurse, approved of her being.

Lady Ericson looked away from the window directly her daughter entered the room, and with one of the smiles in which there was always a happy mixture of brightness and sweetness, said—

'You have been rather a long time, May. I suppose nurse couldn't leave off gossipping with her sister when once she had begun?'

'No, mamma, it wasn't that. Her poor sister is ill, very ill, and nurse didn't know what to do between her and me, because there was no doctor or any one to take care of her; so she settled to stay until somebody should come, and she sent me down to the beach to play.'

'What is the matter with poor Mrs. Finch?'

'I don't know quite; some sort of fit, I think; but she was better, nurse said, before we came away.'

'Ah! I am glad of that; but we must try and spare nurse to be with her all day to-morrow. And how did you like being on the beach? What did you do to amuse yourself?'

'I picked up shells and seaweed, and part of the time I made a sand-castle, like Ralph used to make at Weymouth—do you remember? But then after a while I went up amongst the rocks, and, do you know, I very nearly had a bad tumble; and some weed was twisted round my leg, and I didn't know what to do.'

'Poor wee wifie! and how did you manage then?'

'Oh, mamma! it was *so* nice! quite like a story-book. Such a nice tall, old gentleman came and helped me, and was so good to me!'

'An old gentleman! How kind of him! I hope you thanked him properly.'

'Yes, I think so. And then, oh, mamma! only think what he did;

he made me sit down on a rock, and he dried my bonnet in the sun, for it had fallen into a pool and got quite wet; and he gave me biscuits and raisins out of a funny-shaped box all lined with tin.'

'Why, you have had quite an adventure, little woman!' laughed Lady Ericson. 'Was he a clergyman, this particularly nice, kind old gentleman?'

'Oh no; he has been a soldier.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because he told me so. He has been a long, long time in India, and he lost his arm out there in a fight; and he is very tall and very like that picture of Mr. Lindsay which you are so fond of, and which your godmother gave you.'

Lady Ericson's pale face grew a shade paler, and she tried to raise herself in her chair with an eager, nervous motion that her little girl seemed to understand perfectly well, for she began stroking and patting her in a soothing, caressing way, saying—

'Now, don't you get frightened, mammie, dear, and wonder who it was, for it was just Sir Stuart Hepburn, who used to be the Stuart, you know, of whom you would tell us stories; and he's coming to see you; and he's sent you a note, and oh! such lovely flowers, which his black servant made up so cleverly; at least, he isn't black, but only very very brown.'

'A note, and flowers, for me! And where are they, Margie?' said Lady Ericson, with a little gasp as if for breath.

'In the other room, mamma. I will bring them in one minute, if you will only be quite quiet and good, and not put yourself into no fuss, as nurse always says to you. There! now lean back in your chair, and be only very glad to think that you will see him, for he *is* such a nice, dear old gentleman, and you needn't be one bit afraid of him; I am not.'

'I am quite quiet now, May. Bring me my things; quick, dear!'

Marjory did not think that her mother was quiet enough, and she shook her thoughtful little head as she went to fetch the note and the flowers, which Lady Ericson seized eagerly; but the next instant she laid the nosegay down in her lap, and held the note in her hand, looking at it as if she did not dare to open it. Marjory was certainly 'a wise-like bairn'; she went away, and stood in front of the chiffonière, examining a small oil-painting, cabinet-sized and massively framed, the likeness of Mr. Lindsay, and thus allowed her mother to read her note unobserved and in peace. The few kindly, simple sentences brought peace along with them; they vividly recalled the writer to Lady Ericson's mind, and she felt already somewhat of the comfort and sense of supporting strength that she knew well his presence would afford. Before long she was able to call her little daughter, read the note to her, admire the flowers, and ask numerous questions about Sir Stuart's appearance, his health, and his

house, finding Marjory willing enough to tell all she knew. Mother and daughter agreed that there could not have been a more delightful adventure than this one of Marjory's, and that it would indeed be a great happiness to have Sir Stuart Hepburn for their friend during the time of their stay in Exmouth. And when all this had been said many times over, Lady Ericson wrote her answering note—a short one, but long enough to gladden the General's heart; for it gave him full and hearty permission to call early in the afternoon of the next day. How often he read that note, and how delightedly he looked forward to the promised meeting, no human being besides himself ever knew; but his joy was somewhat damped by discovering in how comparatively poor and out-of-the-way quarter of the town, and in what a second-rate and probably comfortless lodging in that town, she—Lady Ericson—had taken up her abode.

Happening to meet one of the physicians of the town whilst out walking that same afternoon, he turned to accompany him a little way, for it had just occurred to him that Dr. Madely might perhaps be attending Lady Ericson, and that he could contrive to learn from him of anything that might be good and desirable for her health and comfort, and which she could not seemingly procure for herself. His conjecture proved to be right; Dr. Madely had been attending her ever since her arrival, and he did not fail to express himself surprised that a person of her rank should be so poor, as he supposed she must be, from her being content with such a lodging, and from her gentle turning aside from his suggestions of daily drives and other little pleasant luxuries.

The General listened attentively, and then made his plans accordingly, wiling away that evening and the next morning in making various arrangements which had but one end and object, that of promoting Lady Ericson's comfort, without, if possible, running any risk of burdening her with a sense of obligation.

Little Marjory thought a great deal about the coming meeting, and expected quite a wonderful and exciting scene; for, with the ready intuition of an exceptionally clever and observant child, she had divined that her mother had a deep, reverent affection for Sir Stuart Hepburn, and that Sir Stuart had a deep and tender feeling of friendship for her mother, and she pictured over to herself the scene of their meeting, which turned out unlike all her anticipations. She saw nothing but a rather formal curtsey, a low bow, and a handshake, and heard nothing but a quietly uttered greeting such as it seemed to her might have passed well enough between people who had parted only the day before, but which was scarcely eager enough for friends who had not met for many years. Presently, she heard Sir Stuart saying—

'I am sorry I do not see you in better health;' and her mother quietly replying—

'I thank you very much. I have not been strong for some time, but we are hoping great things from Exmouth air.'

Then Marjory thought she had heard enough, and slipped away out of the room, a little disappointed, a little chilled; but the elderly people whom she left behind her were neither disappointed nor chilled. In Sir Stuart's eyes, this, the one beloved lady of his youth and early manhood, seemed lovelier than ever; the chastened calm of expression, like that of a great sea now at rest, but over which wild storms had swept, and the silvered hair only made her more beautiful, more dear to his faithful heart. And Lady Ericson sat resting in the sense of being cared for, and of strong, thoughtful guardianship—the feeling which had always come to her in Stuart's presence, from the time, long ago, when he had defended her from the 'big bubblejock and the black dog' in the dear old Scotch home; and little she cared, if indeed she even knew, that the face was parchment-coloured, and that many a wrinkle and many a pucker sat round the kindly blue eyes and the large smiling mouth. All she knew, and knew that to her heart's great content, was that the eyes were kindly, and the mouth wearing that large sunny smile which few persons could look at without feeling impelled thereby to smile in return—the smile that gave the great, rugged face its wonderful charm and beauty, and its marked resemblance to the more classically-moulded face of Mr. Lindsay, the old Scottish clergyman whose name was an abiding memory in the hearts of all who had ever seen him—who had ever come even for a short time within the magic of his influence, who had ever felt the singular charm of his presence.

It was somewhat strange that just as Lady Ericson was thinking of the striking resemblance between these two men, Sir Stuart's eye was attracted by the small oil-painting on the chiffonière; in another moment he was in front of it; the next it was in his hands, and with emotion which he neither could, nor cared to conceal, he walked away with it to the window, and stood there gazing intently and lovingly at the artistically executed and lifelike portrait.

'What a treasure you have in this,' he said at last after several minutes, in which Lady Ericson had considerately spoken no word, but had suffered him to feel himself, as it were, once more alone with his oldest and dearest friend. 'What would I not have given many a time for such a treasure as this. When and where did you obtain it, dear madam, for I do not think that you had it with you in India?"

"No, I had not; it was accidentally left behind in a box with many other treasures bequeathed to me by my godmother, Mrs. Angus. I was in Bath when she died, and I did not return to Scotland before leaving Europe for India; I had written directions to the maid who packed my belongings for me to be sure and send me that picture. But she mistook my orders, and placed it with a number of things

which I did not wish to take out with me, in a great cedar-lined chest of my dear grandmother's, and which was never unfastened until I returned from India after my marriage.'

'Ah! I could wish that you had had this with you in India!'

'So do I, most heartily,' replied Lady Ericson, with slightly agitated look and manner; adding, 'if you will allow me to trouble you with a rather long story, I will tell you why I so earnestly wish it.'

'Pray tell me, dear madam; there is nothing that I should like better than to hear your long story.'

'You know then that Mrs. Angus was my godmother, and that she was Mr. Lindsay's niece?'

'I know that she was Mr. Lindsay's niece, and I have heard both you and Mr. Lindsay himself say that she was your godmother; but I confess that that has somewhat puzzled me, for were you not, dear madam, born in India? and surely Mrs. Angus was never there.'

'I was born in India about a year after the arrival there of my father and mother, who had been married in France, my mother's native land. There were then very few European ladies in India, almost none unmarried, and, as you doubtless know, there was not then a chaplain or any clergyman of our own Church provided for English people. My father asked one of the good and holy Danish missionaries to baptize me, with the intention that I should be received into the congregation whenever I should arrive in Scotland, which was my destined home from the hour of my birth. But my going there was a little delayed by my poor young mother's ill health and her reluctance to part with me. When I was nearly two years old she died, and shortly after I was sent to Edinburgh, to dear Grannie, and she lost no time in taking me to the dear, quaint old chapel—you mind of it, of course, in Carrubber's Close?—and having me properly received into the congregation; Mrs. Angus, and Lady Esslemont, and Lord Sinclair standing as sponsors for me. I often believed that I could remember it all, but the vision has grown faint with later years. Well, Mrs. Angus wrote an account of her small foreign godchild to her uncle, Mr. Lindsay, who was kind enough to take a great interest in me, and he not only wrote a long letter to Mrs. Angus with much about me in it, but also a still longer one addressed to myself, and which he begged that my godmother would give me on the day of my Confirmation. Now I really cannot tell you, for I have no means of knowing, whether or not Mrs. Angus forgot all about these two letters, and even where she had placed them; but, at any rate, I had never heard of them, nor had I had any idea of their existence until shortly after my return from India. I was in very low spirits one afternoon, and everything seemed to be going against me; and in order to divert my thoughts and feelings I set about unpacking the large cedar chest which had arrived at Beechwood, my father-in-law's seat, from Scotland two or three days before. I was

delighted to see this picture, because—well, because it reminded me of old times, and brought back many pleasant memories of how you used to take care of me and help me when I was a little girl, and also of the kind, good advice you had given me before you went away back to the camp; for, of course, you know that you are very like Mr Lindsay.'

Lady Ericson's voice faltered, and she paused as if for breath; her colour too a little heightened. Sir Stuart took her hand and said, gently—

'Yes, dear madam, it is a great pleasure to me to think that there is a likeness in me to that dear, good man, and I am also glad that it pleased you to see it. I can quite understand that you liked to be reminded of old friends—and I was a very old friend, you know.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied Lady Ericson, looking greatly relieved; 'an old friend, and always a kind and helpful one.'

'It is very good of you to think so, dear madam. I hope you will allow me to merit such kind words more than I have ever yet done; but, please, will you not tell me the remainder of your story about the finding of this picture and of the letters?'

'Yes, the letters, that is the only curious and interesting part of the matter. Please turn the picture round to the back. Do you see those little gilt pins? they open all that back part; and there, folded away between the picture and that sort of door, as it were, I found two letters—the one to Mrs. Angus, and mine. I do not think I can make you understand how strange it felt to see upon the outside of the folded paper the words, "To Mistress Marjorie Hepburn, from her father's old friend and kinsman, Alexander Lindsay." It was a long time before I ventured to open this message from the dead; but when once I had read it, I never again thought of the writer as of one dead, but always as one who is alive for evermore. Somehow, I have never so thoroughly realised the truth that the Christian never dies as I realise it in thinking of him. Sometimes I have even fancied that I felt his presence around me like a palpable, almost a visible, presence.'

'Oh, my dear madam, I have felt it often and often,' cried Sir Stuart, with deep emotion in voice and look. 'I felt the sense of his being, as you say, *alive* the day that I knelt beside his dead body, even then, seeing that once eager, energetic man lying still and motionless, with the wonderful eyes closed, and the busy hands folded and stiffening into marble hardness—I *realised*, as you well describe it, that it was only the body that was dead, that the soul was more eager, more active, more loving than it had ever been; and that happy, comfort-giving realisation has returned to me over and over again, at times when I have most needed it.'

'There must have been something wonderful in that man—some rare spirit of strength and goodness—that even his mere memory

should be an abiding and powerful influence,' said Lady Ericson, musingly.

'Yes,' replied Sir Stuart, 'the strength and the goodness that were in him were chiefly known and understood by the influence that they exercised upon others. He was born a ruler and leader of men, and I think we must notice that all great leaders and rulers, in whatever line or profession, gain their chief honour and renown, not so much from their own comparatively few grand and noble deeds, as from the many good actions, smaller in themselves than their own, but infinitely more numerous, which they influence their followers to perform: I mean that a truly great leader always shows forth the greatness of those whom he rules and leads, rather than his own greatness; *he shines in them.* His is not a single isolated light, but the bright blaze of many lights gathered into one focus, centred in one purpose.'

'I quite see what you mean,' replied Lady Ericson, in a tone of one much interested; adding reverently, 'Isn't it like what the greatest of all Leaders did with His first, His eldest followers?'

'Yes, truly, dear madam; and what He does with His followers now. He says now, as then, "I am glorified in them."'

There was a pause of a few minutes, a happy silence, broken at last by Lady Ericson saying:

'It was you who first showed me in what the reality of life consists, its only worthy aim and purpose; but still it was that letter that guided me into the way to find the reality and make that aim and purpose mine. I can never tell the comfort and the help that it gave me; and what seems so wonderful to me about it is that it actually touched upon the very troubles and difficulties which were trying me; his words seemed to suit my own particular state and circumstances in a manner that I have often been inclined to think was miraculous, and yet I can also see that to any one else, any other woman, the advice and help would have been just as great. Would you like to read this letter from your old friend, whom you had the privilege of knowing personally, which I had not?'

'Like it? indeed I should, dear madam, if it would not be doing me too great a kindness.'

'I do not think that it would be possible for me to do that to you, my dear sir,' said Lady Ericson, unlocking a small desk which stood on the table beside her, adding, as she handed the letter to the General: 'but you are the first person to whom I have ever shown it, although I have read bits of it to my children.'

The General took, and opened the time-worn letter with what might be called a reverent gesture, and turning a little aside from Lady Ericson, entered, as it seemed to him, into a renewal of intercourse with the long-departed friend of his youth, who, he almost believed, stood before him as he read, for the written words were, as all his had been, thoroughly part of himself—the free, full, spontaneous, and

glad giving out of his own best self—that they seemed to speak with his voice, and not as if they were being read, but as if they were being heard. The sermons and theological treatises which he left as a rich legacy to the Church have all this peculiar charm of being living words, so that truly can it be said of him that he 'being dead, yet speaketh.' When Sir Stuart Hepburn had finished reading the letter he no longer felt that wonder which had been in his mind since the commencement of the interview with Lady Ericson; the pleased wonder at the marked improvement in her whole nature, the great superiority of her middle age to her youth;—dear as the girl had been, he felt that the woman could be dearer still, because more honoured, more worthy of reverent admiration; and as he recognised that this increased worthiness was due to the wise and kindly guidance which had come to her just when most needed, he once again inwardly thanked God, as he had often done before, for the great gift of human influence and the value of holy human example.

No comments upon such a letter could either be needed or given; the 'Thank you' with which Sir Stuart handed it back to Lady Ericson was sufficient for each of the friends, and then their conversation diverged into the channel of Lady Ericson's health.

'This is not exactly the best or healthiest part of the town, dear madam; I confess that I should like to see you somewhere else.'

'Thank you very much, General, but I do not think that I can manage any other part of the town—in the fashionable parts the rents are higher than I should like to give, or indeed than I could give.'

'I do not advise your moving to a more fashionable part, I should like you to be more out of the town; I know of a delightful cottage kept by a widow in whom I am interested, close to the sea, and yet in a retired, flowery lane, quite in the country, and with a pretty garden.'

'I *should* like that—I love a garden; but have you any idea what the rent would be?' asked Lady Ericson, with a little flush of anxiety and proper pride.

'Yes, I do happen to know what Mrs. Martin, who has never let lodgings before, wishes to have,' and Sir Stuart named the sum.

'That is no more than I give here!' cried Lady Ericson. 'I could move next week, it would be delightful. Will you be so very kind as to make arrangements for me?'

'Yes, with the greatest pleasure. I will settle it all for you;' and Sir Stuart smiled to himself, for part of his yesterday's work had been the hiring for a year this furnished cottage, and offering the charge and the profits to be gained from so letting it to Mrs. Martin, one of his many pensioners who had been only too thankful for his kindness, and who had really named the very terms which he had told Lady Ericson, as those which she wished to receive, and he had said to

her that he would do his best to procure lodgers for her, adding that it was not improbable that he would at once be able to do so. He had made another little arrangement that morning, and it remained for him to bring that forward as cleverly and delicately as he had managed the other. He had hired at the best livery stables as pretty and easy a little open carriage as was to be found at that date, and a pair of quiet, perfectly trained Exmoor ponies, and had ordered them up for the whole summer season to his own coach-house and stable; so he said:

'And now, dear madam, I must ask you to do me a great favour. I have a little carriage and a pair of ponies; they will not have enough to do if you will not be so kind as to use them. If you will allow David to take them to you every fine day and to drive you out, you will do me and the ponies and David a real service.'

Lady Ericson smiled. 'And myself a great kindness! but I am not so foolish, I hope, as to refuse myself such a pleasure and benefit because I can see how much greater a favour it will be to me than to you or your ponies, my dear General.'

The General laughed. 'My dear lady, I am sure you know that horses must be properly exercised.'

'Yes, of course I do; and it will give me great satisfaction to be of so much use in the world. But this once, you must just let me forget my exceeding usefulness, and say thank you very much for your true kindness.'

Sir Stuart bent over the hand which Lady Ericson held out, and said very gently—

'There would be no kindness too great, or rather none great enough, for me to offer to your father's daughter. You know what I owe to him, and it will only increase my happy obligations to him if you will allow me to help you in any way that is within my poor power.'

'Nay, it isn't a case of allowing, my dear sir; I rather think that I have often asked you for kindness and help from the day when I used to run to you for protection from the big bubble-jock and the black dog.'

CONCLUSION.

An almost perfectly happy summer was that for Stuart Hepburn, although he spent it in Devonshire and not in Scotland where he generally passed the warm months of every year. What chiefly made it a happy time to him was that he was enabled to give much pleasure to Lady Ericson; and to make other people happy had ever been his chief happiness. During a necessary business visit to London he sought, and formed the acquaintance of the guardians of the young Ericsons, and made so favourable an impression upon them that they willingly consented to his request that the boys might spend their summer

vacation with him in his house at Exmouth. How much joy he gave to mother and sons by that kindly scheme let mothers and sons judge for themselves. Little Philip learnt to love the General with a devoted love which never cooled or faded, but which lives in him to this day, although its object has long been taken out of his earthly sight.

One day, at dinner, towards the close of those wonderfully delightful holidays—which long after served as an era in the boys' lives from which to date events—Philip said to the General, who had just promised him some much-desired treat, 'How I wish we could live with you always! If you were our father, how famous it would be! and——' but there the boy suddenly stopped, receiving a kick under the table and a frown from his elder brother, who was old enough to think such a remark highly improper, and yet not old enough to have the sense to refrain from saying, 'Don't make an ass of yourself, Phil! Don't you see that that's as good as asking him to marry mother!'

Philip swallowed his wrath and the pain of the kick together with a piece of pine-apple which Sir Stuart, with ready tact, put upon his plate, and said no more on the forbidden subject; but it had not needed his remark to put into Sir Stuart's mind the thought of the possibility of marrying Lady Ericson, or at least, of asking her to marry him. All through his life he had, as it were, been guided what to do; where many roads had met and diverged, the one road in which he was intended to walk had, he believed, been pointed out to him by no uncertain or doubtful intimation; and he thought that in this new episode of life the way was made clear for him; most certainly he had not sought Lady Ericson, nor had she sought him; they had been brought together without contrivance or arrangement of their own, and he was inclined to take this, and the fact that her children loved him greatly, as indications that this one other deep and beautiful joy—almost the only joy that had hitherto been denied to him—might fairly and rightfully be his; that he might stretch out his hand and strive to obtain that happiness, for that it would be happiness, every thrill of his heart, as he thought of it, assured him.

During these months (for it was now the end of September) in which he had held constant intercourse with Lady Ericson, he had learnt more and more to love and esteem her; the beauty of her character, and the excellence of her life, had grown upon him day by day, and he could scarcely bear the thought that the fair and lovely picture might be withdrawn from his gaze if he did not strive to make and keep it his own; but he had his fears. Was he not presuming far beyond his merits in even imagining that Lady Ericson would bestow upon him this happiness? Once, indeed, when honour and manly love itself had rendered it impossible to seek her love, the thought that in a happier hour his affection might have been returned had forced itself into his mind; but, now, he felt that though the

happier hour was come, the hour when there was no barrier of God's or of man's creating between them, he had no reason to believe that his love would be returned in the measure in which it was given. There had been nothing in Lady Ericson's manner or words to give him reason to think that she could be induced to entertain the idea of a second marriage, either with himself or any one else; indeed, he could not but tell himself that there was that in her manner and bearing which, were he an uninterested bystander, would lead him to declare that it was her intention and desire to continue a widow. With this conviction strong within him, he asked himself whether it would not be unkind and selfish to put her to the pain of refusing one to whom she showed marked friendship and kindliness of feeling. Whilst he was in this state of hesitation, another seemingly little matter decided him as to what course he should take. Meeting Marjory one day on the sands, he noticed that her face was not so bright as usual, and after some questioning he drew from her, her fear that mamma was thinking of leaving Exmouth, and going back to the neighbourhood of London, where they had lived previous to their coming into Devonshire. His own grief and sudden heartsinking on hearing of the possibility of Lady Ericson's removal decided him that he must at least tell her the truth as regarded his feelings concerning her; and then, if her decision should be adverse to his wishes, bear the pain that would ensue, as best he could. He went immediately to visit her, requesting Marjory to go and play with David—a treat of which she was particularly fond—until he should come back to her; but before the General set forth on his mission he went to his desk, and took from one of its innermost recesses a thin, folded paper, which he placed in the pocket-book that he habitually carried about with him,

After a few words of ordinary talk with Lady Ericson, Sir Stuart said—

'May has given me a great start and disappointment by telling me that you have some thoughts of leaving Exmouth. I hope that she has made some mistake as to your intentions.'

'I did not mean to tell you just yet, General; but I certainly have decided to leave here about the end of next month.'

'Indeed, dear madam. I am sorry that we cannot make you happy here; the place agrees with you so well too. I had hoped you would have remained amongst us.'

There was such a genuine look of regret and disappointment in the General's frank blue eyes that Lady Ericson scarcely knew what to reply, and she reproached herself more than ever for the feeling which had gained strength spite of all her efforts to crush it—the feeling of an affection, deeper than friendliness, for Sir Stuart—a feeling which she condemned, as alike unwomanly and absurd, being, as it was, entertained for one who thought of her in no other light than as an old friend whom he had known from childhood. Now that he sat

opposite to her, looking at her with pain in his eyes, she did not know what to answer; she tried to say, lightly and laughingly—

'You see, I never intended to stay here always; indeed, I would not have remained so long but for the kindness that has made the place so pleasant to me. I can never thank you enough for your goodness and kindness to me—never.'

'Dear madam, you can show me, if you will, kindness a million times greater than anything that I have ever done for you.'

'I *can*? Then I am sure, my dear sir, I *will*—most gladly. What is it?'

Sir Stuart drew a little nearer, and, spite of high courage, his voice trembled, as he replied—

'If, madam, you will take care of a battered, old soldier, and be a right arm to him.'

The keen sense of fun, and the natural light-heartedness (that blessed heritage of the Hepburns, and of many Scotch families, bearing them up under numerous trials and difficulties) shone forth in Lady Ericson's answering words and smile.

'My dear sir, it would be a poor bargain for you, for if I were to be your right arm, you would have to be both feet to me; remember what a poor cripple I am.'

'I should know no greater earthly joy than to be feet to you! Will you then give it to me?'

Lady Ericson struggled with herself; a certain preconceived opinion was so deeply and firmly rooted within her that she could not believe that Sir Stuart was acting from any other motive than that of intense and unselfish kindliness to the daughter of the house to whom he considered he owed all possible service and devotion. After a minute of yearning desire to be able to answer otherwise, she said, with a gentle kindliness which took some of the edge off the words—

'I cannot pretend not to understand your meaning, but indeed I could not allow you to sacrifice yourself in the way you propose; the kindness must not be all on your side. Pray do not be angry with me,' she added, hastily, for something in Sir Stuart's eyes both awed and surprised her.

'It would be impossible for me to be angry with you; but, dear madam, you have grieved me deeply; it grieves me that you should imagine that I could insult you, or any woman—you least of all—by asking you to marry me without loving you. Because I love you better than any one in the whole world I ask you to marry me, not because I consider it a kindness due to you, and to our friendship.'

By this time the tears were in Lady Ericson's eyes, and she could only stretch out her hand, and say—

'My dear sir, please forgive me, I know you are all goodness; but indeed I cannot understand how you should have learnt to—to care for a sickly invalid—an old woman, too;' and the unfailing smiles shone through the fears.

The General, smiling also, took the outstretched hand, and carrying it to his lips, said—

'I love the old woman—if you will have it that you are old—because I loved the young woman, the girl, and the child, always, nearly all her life, and no other in the same way.'

It was Lady Ericson's turn to look surprised, and she did.

'I think you must be deceiving yourself, General, or forgetting, for——'

'Stay, dear madam,' interrupted Sir Stuart. 'You are thinking of a time when it was my duty to make you believe that I had no other affection than that of an old friend for you. If I had told you then what my feelings were, I should have been the basest of scoundrels; but now, let me tell you the whole story, and you will at last believe me, only do not let us blame the dead more than we can help.'

The General did tell the whole story, and Lady Ericson listened in deep emotion; finally, he took the folded paper from his pocket-book, and handed it to her; it was the water-stained, faded letter he had written to her so many years ago. She read it, and as, with her eyes full of tears, she finished its last kindly, loving words, she exclaimed almost involuntarily—

'Oh, how sad that so much happiness should have been lost so long!'

'Nay, dearest madam; it will seem all the more dear because it has been long waited for. I could almost be afraid of such joy, only I know that God has sent it, as surely as He sent all the sorrows.'

Lady Ericson fully believed that the General's joy, however great it might be, could not possibly equal hers, for she was filled with esteem amounting to veneration, as well as love, for him with whom she was to spend the remainder of her life. She could understand now how perfect had been his self-denial, how full of noble honour his conduct, and could realise somewhat, at least, of the sin and misery from which they had saved her; and in her giving up of herself now into his keeping, there was the most complete trust and confidence, as well as fulness of love. Young people may be inclined to think that there could be no romance in this elderly wooing; but the elderly lovers themselves thought that no wooing had ever been more full of beautiful romance, the more beautiful because healthy and pure.

A great many external pleasures and accompaniments grew up and gathered themselves around this wooing. The delighted, thankful ecstasy of Lady Ericson's children was a source of real satisfaction to her. Her first cousin also, the present head of the Hepburn family, was so cordially pleased that he begged to be allowed to come to the wedding, and to give her away. He came some days before the event, and was the guest of the General; whilst Miss Ericson, the sister of the late Sir Ralph Ericson, although an invalid, exerted herself to be with Lady Ericson for more than a fortnight previous to the quiet but

thoroughly happy event, which took place, on a lovely autumn day, in the parish church of Littleham. An hour before the marriage Sir Stuart finished a business arrangement with Mr. Hepburn, an arrangement carefully hidden from Lady Ericson, but one which was an additional joy to the General, because he was confident that it would give great pleasure to her who was so soon, after so many long years of separation, to become his dear and honoured wife.

It was the 24th of May, 1850, the anniversary of the opening of Hepburn's Hospital and Sir Stuart's eightieth birthday; and last, not least, it was the anniversary of the happy day which gave birth to the good and virtuous Lady who was at that date in the prime of her youth and happiness, and had reigned nearly thirteen years over loving and faithful subjects, to whom she is as dear now as she was then, nay, dearer, for a union that has lasted over forty years is closely cemented and binding in its associations. It was, then, the 24th of May, and for all these reasons there was a great gathering of the Hepburn and Ericson families in the gardens and groves of 'The Dens,' which had been Sir Stuart and Lady Hepburn's home for thirty years; the arrangement with Mr. Hepburn which Sir Stuart had completed an hour before his marriage, having been the taking a long lease (since renewed) of this dear home of his wife's youth, and one associated with many bright and pleasant memories to himself. For the first few years after their marriage, the General and his wife had been in the habit of residing at The Dens for only six months of each year, from May till October, and of migrating to the south of England for the winter and early spring; but as by degrees they had found themselves growing stronger in health, and feeling the climate less and less trying, they prolonged their yearly stay in Scotland, until at last they settled there altogether, well content at heart never to leave the country of their dearest affections, the land of their forefathers, for Lady Hepburn never allowed her husband to forget that he and she were of one family, and had common ancestors, and common interests.

Those thirty years that had come and gone since the wedding in Littleham parish church—the wedding that young ladies in and around Exmouth had declared was so delightfully romantic—had brought their own inevitable changes, but those changes had more nearly and intimately affected the younger people than the couple who had tranquilly passed from middle life into the hushed, still calm, and moonlight happiness of old age. Mr. Hepburn had distinguished himself first at the Bar, and then on the Bench, had gained well-deserved fame, and added another illustrious son to the house which had been blessed with so many, the house of which he was the head, and that in a way delightful to all its branches; for in the eighth year of her happy reign, the Queen had given a proof (one

amongst many) of her filial and reverent attachment to her royal ancestors, the Stuarts, and of her kind and tender appreciation of those who had rendered them loyal and loving service, by restoring, in the person of this eminent lawyer, the ancient title of Baron Hepburn of Hepburn, so that once more the family could speak of its chief, Lord Hepburn, and rejoice even more in the fact that it was a title not likely soon to become extinct, seeing that there was also a 'Master of Hepburn,' a goodly, well-favoured youth, with three equally healthy brothers and one little sister, at this period of which we now write, just six years old, whose name, of course, was Marjorie; for her mother, her bonnie, loved and loving mother, an ornament to society and the idol of her home, was our whilom little friend, the Marjorie Hepburn Ericson whose fall on the beach at Exmouth led to such a happy meeting between long-parted friends. On the occasion of this family gathering, Lord and Lady Hepburn, the one little daughter, and two sons were all at 'The Dens'; also Sir Ralph Ericson, his wife (a daughter of Sir Stuart's step-sister), and their two eldest children. And Philip was there—once 'little Phil,' but now, what he had been for many years, an honest-hearted, zealous clergyman, who had refused livings in England that he might devote himself to the Church in Scotland, and being settled in a great seaport not far from 'The Dens,' was not unfrequently a guest there, being an additional gladness to his parents' lives, which, to use Stuart's own words, were brimming over with gladness. Within the last two years his visits had not been so frequent, for he had married a veritable Scottish lassie who had never yet been across the Tweed, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Corrieburn, whom he had wooed and won when she was barely out of the schoolroom, and upon whom the influences of fashionable life had never been tried, though they could not have spoilt that fresh, blithe-hearted, sweet-natured girl, who shared with joyous goodwill in all those good works of her husband in which she could and might share. Philip and Lady Lillian, and their son of two months old, were at 'The Dens,' so, as may well be believed, the old house almost overflowed, and the way in which they were all stowed away, without any appreciable discomfort, partook somewhat of the nature of a miracle; so at least said 'the mistress,' by which homely Scotch title and by that of 'Grannie' she was often called, to distinguish her from the other Lady Hepburn, her daughter. But, on this particular day, the day which for so many reasons was a great festival, there were gathered together upon the lawns and in the gardens, several other people besides the sons and daughters of the house, people, who in one sweet and dear sense of the word, were more truly 'the children' of the aged master. It had come into the mind of Philip, a mind ever kindly, ever unselfish, to bring there for the enjoyment of a day of rest, and of country air, as many of those men and women, once children educated in Hepburn's Hospital, as

were settled within anything like a reasonable distance of 'The Dens;' several of them were mechanics and artisans in Glasgow, and Paisley, and Dundee, others were in shops, or offices, or private families in those cities, and in Edinburgh; and after a little trouble, and a good deal of contrivance and arrangement, the thing had been managed, and between thirty and forty men and women of all ages, from sixteen and upwards, some of them bringing husbands, and wives, and bairns, who owed all their comfort and happiness in life under God to General Hepburn, met that beautiful May day in the grounds of their benefactor, to keep the anniversary of the opening of his splendid charity and the birthday of the Queen, whom the loyal heart of this their best earthly friend loved faithfully, as the representative and descendant of that right royal race in whose behalf his own kith and kin had gladly shed their blood. Some joys cannot be described; some joys lose in the narration; and one of these was the joy that filled the unselfish heart of the aged Sir Stuart Hepburn as he went about amongst his humble guests: virtuous, respectable husbands and wives, young men and maidens whom his exertion and self-denial and faithful keeping of a youthful vow had saved from poverty and neglect, and probably from sin and sin's punishment here and hereafter. One amongst the young men was a soldier, a sergeant in a Highland regiment; and it is easy to guess with what pleasure the old General officer talked to his non-commissioned brother in arms, and with what interest his stories of the great Mahratta war were listened to.

By a little after seven in the evening this large company had dispersed, gone to the station half a mile from 'The Dens' lodge-gates, to be taken into Edinburgh, and thence to be scattered to their various homes. The evening was so beautiful that all the people staying in the house (except Philip and his wife, who were escorting the travellers to the station) lingered in the grounds, wandering about in twos or threes, but constantly returning to chat for a few minutes with 'the master and the mistress,' who were sitting together in their favourite out-of-doors resting-place; a wide, softly-cushioned bench in a cosy sheltered angle (close to the drawing-room window) formed by the jutting out of the high, square tower, all covered by one great spreading ivy, out of the luxuriant masses of which peeped the latticed windows of two large rooms, at this time wholly given up as nursery and playroom for the many bairns of the house. The master and mistress sat there in the shelter and the shade, but seeing well the long 'golden arrows of sunset' slanting across the bits of velvet lawn, and burnishing the polished leaves of the laurels in the sheltering hedge round the 'pasture;' glorifying with indescribable beauty of colour the three great sweeping copper-beeches; and dancing a merry twinkling measure upon the river—not the Forth—but one of her prettiest tributaries, that was slipping and sliding along in the fertile carse below their feet.

Presently, after the grand-parents had been left alone a little longer than usual, Lady Hepburn came up and said,

'Grandpapa, I wish you would come for a minute into the drawing-room. There is something there I should like to show you.'

'Certainly, my dear; and, mistress, won't you come too? a little stirring about will do us both good after sitting so long.'

The mistress took her husband's offered arm, and he, timing his still firm, steady step to her slow and faltering pace, followed his step-daughter into the drawing-room and to the furthest window, over which were drawn the heavy curtains. Lady Hepburn pushed one aside, and holding it back with her hand, displayed to view, cuddled upon the cushioned window-seat, a merry-faced, laughing child, her black curls just touched with powder, and drawn up from her brow; dressed in a quilted pink satin skirt, with panier of flowered white silk; her tiny arms covered with long, white kid, pearl-embroidered gloves. The old General gazed a minute or more, and said no word; then, with his blue eyes shining through a mist of happy tears, he turned and clasped his aged wife in his arms, and she heard, though none else did, the words, 'My baby sweetheart! My love! my wife.' Her own eyes were full, and for an instant the two rested in each other's embrace, and no sound stirred the sweet, calm evening air; but the little girl in the window-seat grew frightened at the stillness, and tried to slip down and get to her mother, whose smile she could scarcely understand, for it was tremulous, as if a tear lurked somewhere behind it. The General heard the little rustle, and, recalled at once to kindliness and thought-taking for other people, released himself gently from his wife, and catching up the little maiden, the fourth Marjory, kissed and fondled her, using the sweet diminutives with which Scotch people always address bairns, one of the many outlets for the fountain of tenderness hidden deep in almost every Scotch heart.

At that moment Philip and Lady Lilian came in; also Lord Hepburn and one of his sons; and questions began to be asked.

'Why, May! how came you to be dressed up like that? How came you to think of it? Where did you get the things?'

'Mother thought of it; she said it would be such fun to dress up like grannie was dressed when grandfather first saw her.'

'She was really quite tired out with running about,' said Lady Hepburn, 'and yet she would not go to bed because she was promised to be allowed to stay up until nine o'clock; so I bethought me of this plan of dressing-up to keep her quiet for a while; I knew where my mother keeps the old things, and I fancied that it would please the dear old master and the mistress; but I am not quite sure that it did that'; this Lady Hepburn added aside to her brother Philip, although her mother and Sir Stuart had slipped away out of the room, and returned to their seat in the shadow of the tower.

'I dare say it pleased them more than they could show; and it

pleased *me*, I know, only I wish I had been a little earlier, and seen the first uncovering of the picture.'

'Oh! Phil, it was too pretty, because there was a touch of sadness in it; I wish you could draw the scene—don't you think you could make a picture of it for me?'

'I will try if you like, if it will not tire the dear parents too much to sit for it; but at any rate I can take this wee wifie's likeness in her old-fashioned finery.'

'Oh, do, Phil, pray do!' cried his wife; 'and send it to the next Exhibition in Edinburgh, and call it "Trying to look Like Grandmother."'

'My dear, I hardly think I am equal to such a grand work as that; but we will see what we can do; you must come to me to-morrow, wee wifie, and let me make a sketch of you.'

'Very well, uncle; and now, mother, may I go and show David my things?'

'Oh yes, by all means; I suppose he is in the hothouse as usual; run away to him, but do not be long, for it is nearly nine o'clock now.'

Mr. Ericson went out to join the old people, whom he found in low-voiced, earnest talk.

'Am I disturbing you?' he said, as he took a seat beside his mother, who made way for him, and replied, in one voice with her husband, 'No, indeed, Phil, we are glad to have you.' 'And,' added Sir Stuart, 'I am particularly pleased to have you, for I am sure you will take my side; your mother has been trying her best to make me discontented.'

'My mother? surely not!'

'Nay, Philip, nay; your father maligns me. He was talking so rapturously about his great and wonderful happiness that I could not help feeling that he has had many disappointments; never just the best of anything; he has had always to take care of everybody, instead of being taken care of; he has had only a sickly old wife, and no children of his own, and——'

'There, Philip,' interrupted the General, 'you hear her yourself! I think I have had the very best of everything—all that I have wished for; and as for children, why! I have had all of you, what more could I desire?'

Mr. Ericson's heart was glowing. 'Dear father, you have us, and our love, indeed, but I think you have more and better blessings; "as with the Master so with the servant"; after the sight we have seen to-day, surely you may with all reverence, remembering Him of whom it was first said, say—"Here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given me."'

'Oh! Philip, thank you,' said his mother softly, as her hand sought her husband's and clasped it tenderly, 'Stuart, it is true, is it not?'

After a long pause, the General said, 'It is almost too great a joy, too high a reward; but now, dear wife, you will never pity me any more.'

'No, I will not,' she answered earnestly, adding—'You have done good to-night, Philip, you see; besides, it is time that I should thank you for the great happiness you gave us all by gathering all those dear people together; it has been such a wonderfully happy day.'

"Yes, wife, it has been that, and so has been almost my whole life; believe it, Marjory, will you not?'

'I must if you tell me so.'

'Ay, you may do that, truly. He has given me my heart's desire, and fulfilled all my mind.'

Philip slipped quietly away, but could not refrain from turning to look once again at the aged couple sitting in the hush and tender tints of the gloaming, saying to himself, as he looked—

'In the keeping of Thy law there is great delight.'

(*Concluded.*)

MY PAUL AND VIRGINIA:

A STORY OF SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF TWO AMERICAN CHILDREN.

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CHAPTER VII.

ONCE MORE AT HOME.

VERY swiftly we seemed to make our flight down past the Connecticut hills, all ablaze then with the colours of autumn, through the beautiful woodlands beyond them—on through the wonderful streets of the Metropolis to our own home.

It was a cool November evening, and the blazing firelight streaming through the windows over the pavement was a welcome sight to the chilled travellers who drew up to our house-door, where Thomas and the woman left in charge of the house, with the dogs Behm and Watch, were waiting to welcome us.

'Doctor Somers looks first-rate, ma'am," said Thomas, as he took the reins, and his master shook hands with him, with the kindliness due to his long and faithful service.

'And here are the dear children!' said the woman, with the air of one making a discovery, as she lifted them down, while Dick landed me safely, and said—

'We are really at home, Anna. How does it feel?'

'Very good to me, Dick, or it will when I get something to eat; just now I am wofully hungry!'

'And so am I, father,' said Paul; 'but do let me get to Watch; he only speaks to you.' And Watch, hearing Paul's voice, broke away into frantic leaps of delight, and licked Paul's face and capered round Virginia who drew away from his rough welcome, in no little fear of a similar salutation; and then, Behm plunged round us, barking in his old noisy way, and there was a sense of satisfaction in these proofs of our being once more at home, which did much towards resting us. The trunks, with the women Jane and Amy, had arrived before we were within doors, and the welcome from the dogs was all gone over again, with sudden leaps round the children, and then jumping around them and the horses; and their noise might well have disturbed—but they did not—even those steady, trustworthy creatures.

Home! to the comfort of the dear old house, the wood-fire crackled and blazed, and as we undid our wraps we realised the joy of this home-coming; and when tea was ready for us, we seated ourselves in good spirits at the table.

'Silent grace' was the custom of the family; but to-night open thanksgiving came, as was meet, from Dick's lips, as we bent our heads above our bountifully-spread board.

Hardly had this ended, when there came a loud ring from the front door-bell, and a glass waiter, holding an exquisitely-modelled pitcher full of cream, was brought in from one of our neighbours, 'With love, and a happy return.' This was the first, but by no means the last, token before our first meal at home ended, of the good feeling experienced towards my husband by many friends and patients. Fruit, and teacake, and home-made butter and jelly, and all that the dainty Easterlea housewives delight to make to show their skill and warm-heartedness; and when we had finished, the feast was truly more abundant than the one spread at our entrance.

The little people were very bright notwithstanding their long journey; and Watch stood by Paul's side, in return for the scraps he was allowed to take from his young master's fingers; an unusual indulgence over which Behm barked, but showing no inclination for sharing.

Paul and Virginia said their prayers at my knees, and as Paul ended his, while still on his knees in front of me, he lifted his face, and said, 'Kiss me *safe home* dear mother!' and with my boy's face held fast in both of my hands I kissed him with a longing prayer in my heart, that so I might welcome him to another home when all life's journeyings should be past.

Virginia was asleep on my shoulder, when I laid her on her pillow. She was like a bird, which sleeps the moment it settles for the night; and by them dear old Amy took her usual place with a reverent look on her kind old face, as she said—

'We have much to be thankful for, ma'am, to-night!'

'Yes, Amy; but I think *we* always have, don't you?'

'Surely! ma'am. And Dr. Somers, so well once more—dear! but people are glad to have him home!'

'Yes, I think they are, Amy; glad as we all are to be once more with them. But, Amy, what is Behm doing up here?' I asked, seeing that that great creature had laid himself down between the children's beds upon the nursery floor.

'I don't know, ma'am,' Amy answered; 'he never came here before.'

'I will get the Doctor to call him; let him lie still till he calls "Behm."'

And in a few minutes Dick came in; he wanted to see that the children were all right after their journey: and as he stooped to kiss them in their sleep, he spied Behm.

'Ah, you are here on guard, are you, Behm? Well, you may stay to-night for a little while. I will call him down presently, Anna, so you need not mind leaving them.'

Then I went down stairs with Dick, and soon after heard Behm, in answer to Dick's call, ponderously descending the stairs. Good Behm was very large; and as he stood by Dick he was higher than any dog I had ever seen. His head was very handsome; his glossy black coat was literally unmarked by a white hair. Then he paced solemnly about the parlour, and at last, settling down, lay on the rug blinking at the fire, with his bright eyes glowing like coals out of the darkness of his black curling hair, as he rested his head upon his paws, and turned one ear back in his keen attention to every sound of movement in the house. Watch had gone to the stable with Thomas, and so Behm had quiet and undisputed possession.

Ten o'clock was striking when I went to my bedroom, and as I leaned over the balcony rail and looked down upon the garden paths, which were bright as day in the moonlight, there came to me one of those sudden flashes of memory which restore the past with such intense vividness as to make it once more, the present, to the soul.

There were the scenes of Dick's helplessness: the slow recovery, the ruin of my carpet, the sale of Selim, the mountain journey; this home-coming, and a thousand traits and touches, all renewing themselves with a marvellous vividness and fidelity, as though only at that moment occurring. I thought of my children, and of Paul's question, 'Mother, how do we think?' and I found my voice at last, and in the words of Paul's evening hymn I too sang—

'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.'

And then I too nestled down among my pillows and slept till the bright sunshine streamed into the room, wakening me to the duties and joys of my own home in the dear old town of Easterlea.

I have never told you what the town is like. Sometimes I wish I could describe it just as it appears to me; and then, again, when I have a dash of disgust at the narrowness of its horizon, at its *ruins*, at its village characteristics, at its want of smoothness and harmony, I am glad, afterwards, that I have never painted it as I see it. But the old town has 'called up a look to-day'; it is sitting for its picture, and I am moved to take its portrait. If for lack of skill the shadows fall heavily, then turn away from it and wait until you can see it better than it is, for the sake of other days, and in tender gratitude to those who have come and gone under its wide-spreading trees, or along the river bank (where the western sun turns the water into gold while the changing light flashes and shines), as for those who lie with faces turned towards the east in the beautiful churchyard waiting for the dawn of the eternal day.

The main street of this old town has a character of its own; it lies at right angles with the railroad running from the river to the not

far-away woodlands, that, as must ever be the case, diminish year by year. There are old houses of a grave, quiet aspect, not noble in any sense; on either side of the wide street there are lovely shade trees, at which the 'city fathers' look grudgingly for the repairs they make essential in the pavements, and the need of care when the falling leaves are piled too high for the comfort of pedestrians.

On the left are the quiet ground and meeting-house of George Fox's spiritual descendants in the ritualism that shapes, not the vestments of the priests, but, in all truth, the garments of their congregation; and the ivy that creeps over the brick wall around their grounds grows denser and lovelier as the years go by. It overlooks the busy street outside the wall, and is a joy from its touch of beauty laid upon the dark brickwork which it overhangs; and below, the shops crowd closer every year upon the houses wherein the courtly 'friends' reside, and many a member of 'the world's people' as well.

Pass the post-office, then pause to see the tide flowing for ever in and out of it; for 'mail time' is a real pulse in village life, and nowhere can one better study human nature than in the little office, where, to the abounding credit of steadfast voters, a woman, refined and capable, fills the responsible situation of postmistress.

There are older houses below this, and the homes of some, whom the world around them would count itself the poorer were they gone! And then, a little further on, and the town wharf is reached, and the memory of those old days, when Penn had thought of settling on this shore, comes back.

Follow the river to the westward, and the homes of wealth (modern homes they are, but built nearly all on old foundations) abound; and the greensward widens from the very doors of some down to the pebbly beach, against which the changing tides for ever fret and play. There are places on the green bank that are like echoing tones, in which the never-silent voice of memory makes answer when we speak. There is a school of *world-wide fame*. I am not using idle terms in saying this. Wherever the Atlantic breaks upon the land, its name is known. And along the Pacific coast, it makes the echoes that ring out when vesper-bells are sounding, or when the sun wakens to toil and duty. And beyond is the chapel that has its worth, who needs to be told *its* name? and still beyond, a roof cross-crowned, under which a martyr's crown was laid beside the crozier; and again, even as I write, the mitre of another is laid aside, while the dust of death gathers about its crown of thorns.

Ah, Easterlea, you cannot cease to be a precious memory for many a year to come—old names are gone, old faces faded or changed in sleep, the old time is gone for ever; but through time's changes ring the tender bells, and the sunset colours tint your changing scenes, and pilgrim-feet will mark the paths of the only *churchyard* known to us,

wherein two missed dead sleep; while the robin's call makes answer to the thoughts that turn from sea and land for ever to your shaded, peaceful resting places.

There are lovely lanes in and around Easterlea, where homes nestle and faithfulness and charity abound; and there are streets where still the shadows fall from the grand old trees.

And now, do you ask, where in Easterlea is my home?

It is near the river, and it is within easy reach of all the comforts and many of life's luxuries. I can hear in it (or, so I fancy) the song of the fishermen who draw the seine, when the shad that are famous in Easterlea crowd its shining river. Here the demands upon my husband's knowledge and skill, as well as upon his patience and his time, are incessant, and the sick who turn to him, are happily with God's blessing restored and comforted, or else comforted but not restored; for the law changes not for all our care, and death follows life with never-wearied feet.

Dick is a popular practitioner, and his 'office hours are crowded; he is in demand for far-away consultations—he is in his place—famous.' And I, his proud and happy wife, defy the troubles which come to many homes! If care presses, I have Dick. If money seems less in plenty than I like, I still have Dick. If anxiety appears to overhang us, there is still the shelter of my husband's arms, and the brightness of our darlings to gild the cloud; and over all and through our lives runs the security and the remembrance of our Almighty Helper and Defender.

I have spoken of the homes about us, and of the men belonging to them, if I might speak of one—who in part belonged to us—who in his boyhood brightened the streets of Easterlea, who laughed and sang, who cheered the bravest and the best, who honoured age and strengthened youth, whose voice grew mellow with the harmonies of genius until it touched the echoes that Fame gives back to words like his, who lived his life in a few short years, and went to his rest with honour crowding upon him; but for all, he *is* a part of Easterlea. No one knowing her, or crowding up her wealth of great names, will fail to register his amongst her greatest, and to regret that he was only in part, and not by birth her own.

'Please, ma'am, is the Doctor in?' asks Thomas at this moment, standing hat in hand just outside the parlour door.

'No; he has gone to see some patients out of town, who want him.'

'Oh, old John, ma'am; he's took awful bad, and begs the Doctor will come right away to him.'

'I will see that the Doctor gets the message, Thomas;' and I put on Dick's office-slate the name and message, and I wrote after it '*Paul!*' thinking of course Dick would remember, as I did, on first being sum-

moned to his usual duty of prescribing for *old John*, what Paul had said over the graves he dug in play at Litchfield.

But I counted without my host. Dick returned, saw the slate, and flew up stairs, calling to me as he came. I ran out, only to hear him ask—

'What is the matter with Paul? Where is he?'

'I know nothing to be the matter with him, and the boy is busy with his tools. That is Paul we hear hammering, I am sure.'

Dick listened, and said 'Yes,' and then, as he gathered up a parcel of papers, and turned to leave the room, he said—'I am going, Anna, to see *old John*. Why did you write "Paul" after the message? I fancied he was ill, or needed me.'

'Has your fancy, then, not gone galloping back to the breakfast-room in Litchfield. Don't you remember *Paul and those graves?*'

'How absurd! Well, after this you may, I think, boast of a stupid partner!'

'No, not stupid, though often *slow*.'

And then Dick went away, and I was called to see several persons prompt to welcome us home, and to whom Dick's recovery and our summer experiences were matters of congratulation and enjoyment.

Doctor Williams came in the evening, and as he spoke of Selim, I had a sudden sense of having done wrong in not telling Dick about the sale; it must all be told now, for Dr. Williams certainly would betray himself or me.

Not a whit. Trust a medical man and you are all right, the silence required by the medical profession adds the grace of reserve to all that they say; and though we talked freely of Selim, I had no cause to wish the subject had not been broached.

How genial and bright Doctor Williams was, and how swiftly the hours sped which he spent with us. Paul listened to him, and laughed at the stories he told about Selim, as we—Dick and I—did at the characteristic stories of people and things we knew of.

Selim had turned out a bad horse in one respect; he liked to help himself to *oats*, and many a time stole them by raising the box lid, and thus letting the oats he coveted drop from the upper floor. It was a trick we had never suspected him of indulging in; but Doctor Williams told us, that after suspecting his ostler, and even puzzling as to what possible use tramps, if they were the thieves, could make of the oats, he had accidentally surprised Selim in the act.

I do not know whether he ever can be again trusted with his oats; but Doctor Williams had only allowed him, after this discovery, to be fed from an open trough; and perhaps Selim's equine instinct made him feel, as he was meant to feel, the ignominy of his offence. Such a story as this of course delighted Paul, and Doctor Williams found him an absorbed and delighted listener to all he said of Selim.

Paul had long been in bed, and when Doctor Williams left us, Dick

stood as Paul had described him standing on the hearth-rug, '*busy thinking.*'

I wanted to tell him about Selim; but he looked so grave; I lacked courage to interrupt him, until he spoke; and this was what he said—

'Anna, Selim must come home to-morrow. I want you to have at least one good ride before this lovely weather ends.'

'Oh, Dick,' I said, with a dreadful beating at my heart. Oh, Dick, I am so sorry.'

'What about, Anna? You never used to be sorry when I proposed a ride.'

'No, I am *glad*—not sorry, Dick.'

And I went and stood by Dick, stood just where he could slip his arm round me, and draw me close to him, and tenderly kiss my hair or lips, as he had done so often, as we stood thus together before the parlour fire.

'Which is it, little woman?' Dick asked, as he faced me and stepped forwards, taking both my hands in his. 'Tell me,' he continued, 'why are you glad now, and were sorry when I spoke?'

'Oh, it's because of Selim,' and I wished Dick would not look so gravely at me; but I went on, 'We can't have Selim back, he belongs now to Doctor Williams.'

'ANNA!'

What did Dick mean, and why was he there, down on his knees at my feet, with my hands in his, and that wonderful light on his beautiful face as he looked up at me and said—

'If I had dreamed of this!'

'Yes, Dick, that was just it; if you *had* known that anything was to be given up for the sake of your recovery, you never would have gone to Litchfield—you never would have got well. Oh, Dick I am so sorry.'

'Are you? Well, *I* do not think Dick Somers is worth half the cost he has been to you; but, my darling'—and here Dick was on his feet once more, and had me held very tight against his strong, beating heart—'my darling! now that "Richard is himself again," you will find he is *not* an ungrateful Dick to his little wife.'

And that was all I ever told my husband about Selim; if he ever learned more it was from Dr. Williams, and in my heart of hearts, I believe he never would let any living soul know, until he could reclaim him, that he had been helped by the sale of that dear saddle horse to make a needed journey, and to recover his broken health amongst those lovely scenes of our summer sojourn in Litchfield.

(*To be continued.*)

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NOVELS AND NOVELETTES.

Arachne. More stories!

Spider. Who can help it at Christmas time? Here is *Uncle Z.* * to begin with, and a noble old uncle he is! There is something very quaint and uncommon about the whole, when the young traveller goes about in his English conceit in the early part of his travels, takes strong prejudices and gets cured of them. I wonder whether there ever was such a fountain as St. Boniface's Well.

Arachne. What were its manners and customs?

Spider. It would not let anybody drink it who had malice, hatred, or uncharitableness in his heart. It shrank away like the water from Tantalus.

Arachne. I remember such a fountain in Madame de Genlis's old Veillées du Château. Alphonse and Thelismar came to it, and it flees from Alphonse's lips as if he were an inconstant lover. I believe it was Boseley Well, near Buxton, which has been spoilt by the railway.

Spider. What a shame! But did it really?

Arachne. Did the fountain divine inconstant lovers? Well, Derbyshire said so, but of course Madame de Genlis did not, and poor Alphonse was constant to his Dalinde. It really was an intermitting spring, and that, plus conscience, accounted for a good deal.

Spider. There's a ghost in *Norton Hall.*†

Arachne. And a very well-managed ghost.

Spider. I suppose it is unreasonable, but Mrs. Harcourt Mitchell's former stories were so delightful for reading to the school children that I am rather disappointed that this is of no use for them, though I do admire it.

Arachne. Yes, there is something very striking in it. Do you remember where Dudley Strong tells Brother Thomas of Sir Stephen's meaning to make him his heir, all the answer he gets is, 'I thought you were meant for better things'?

Spider. Which he certainly was! Yes, it is a very fine, heart-stirring book.

Arachne. Not to say heart-searching.

Spider. And yet a very funny one. How charming it is when

* Blackwood. † Masters.

Geoffrey Dibble is discovered moaning over his broken teapot of inestimable ugliness. And then the poem on the young lady:—

'She loves the fourteenth century,
With pointed cloisters airy,
I love to wander up and down
With mediæval Mary.
And quaint old books, all vellum bound,
As creamy as a dairy,
Have greater charm when pondered o'er
By mediæval Mary.

'She loves the painted borders rich
With monsters stiff and hairy,
With little dots and twirls of gold,
My mediæval Mary!'

Arachne. A touching book of high aims is *Kingsworth*,* by Christabel Coleridge.

Spider. Yes, it is the mother one cares for there, though I heard a girl declare the other day that she had no patience with that tiresome woman, always teasing Katharine, and keeping her from all she liked.

Arachne. It is quite true. Deprivation is not self-denial and does not lead to it, but Mrs. Kingsworth's noble purpose, her crushed spirits, and consequent narrowness and incapacity to deal with her daughter's fresh lively youth, are very touching.

Spider. But Katharine is very good in reality, and I think it is excellently done, that there is a certain spirit of resistance till she is dealt with as a reasonable creature, and then she proves as high-minded as her mother.

Arachne. Only it all turns out quite differently from Mrs. Kingsworth's expectations and visions. Yes, it is very ably imagined. It is only a little sombre altogether, though it ends well.

Spider. Don John's † last page is so provoking that I have made up my mind not to believe in it. I do think Miss Ingelow must have put it in to tease her readers. She could never mean that Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone's real son was that dreadful Lancey, whose father had been a thief!

Arachne. Well done, Spider!

Spider. It is a confession, and, as I said before, I should wish that last paragraph were not there to provoke us, except that it safely disposes of Lancey and his worthy mother—yes, his mother, at the bottom of the sea.

Arachne. I think you are right. The education and training were so exactly the same that it is really flying in the face of fact to make hereditary nature count for nothing. Don John would have been one of nature's gentlemen even if Maria Jane had had the bringing up of him.

* Masters. † Strahan.

Spider. I don't care for much in the story beyond the relations between him and Lancey. The part about Marjorie and Charlotte and all the rest is rather an interruption. Are there any other novels worth ordering?

Arachne. I liked *An Unlessoned Girl* because she is so thoroughly simple and true, and the designing cousin and impecunious mother are well drawn; but it is one of those books that have not much of harm or good in them, and seem to leave a sort of negative impression on the mind.

Spider. Then there's *Mrs. Geoffrey.* I don't know that there's much profit or edification in it, but it is exceedingly funny and amusing, and Mona is really one of the sweetest creatures I ever met with in a book.

Arachne. True, I never saw the difficulty so well got over of making a heroine droll and ready without being in the least flippant or unladylike. Julia Mannering is a failure in that line, and so is Lily in the 'Small House at Allington,' though everybody will not allow it, but Mona's pretty Irish ways never go too far, and we feel her sweetness and simplicity through all the comical things she says.

Spider. And, O the drollery of the scene when Nolly comes in from seeing the proposal made from his perch in the Portugal laurel, and is just describing it when the happy pair come in and ask what the joke is.

Arachne. Sarah Tytler is very happy too this year in her *Hero of a Hundred Fights.*

Spider. Is that hers? I saw the name, and fancied it was about some old general.

Arachne. They are moral battles. Her hero is a middle-aged gentleman, one of a family of wealthy squire bankers, who had come to grief just as he had made a start in life as an artist. The other brothers go off to India, and he is left to be the staff of his three sisters. They choose to remain close to their old home, where they are treated with consideration as belonging to an old country family, and this ties the hero, Christopher, down to a country place, unfavourable to his art, of course. Then as it afterwards comes out, he is depressed by the loss of his love, and he goes on unsuccessfully for years and years, never getting a picture accepted at the Royal Academy, and is reduced to teaching drawing. There is a young niece, Ellen, who grows up in perfect allegiance to him, though the sisters rather bully him, and the story begins with the contrast between him and the comrade of his youth, who paints shallow popular pictures, just to the taste of his day. Then the elder brother comes home rich, and all the old sisters make infinitely more of him than of the one who had given up his prospects to stick by them. Then the old loves of the two brothers turn up, and they are very cleverly imagined, both bred up by their parents as a duty to be worldly, and yet

capable of better things, especially the elder, Caroline, who had sketched with Christopher. But there is a great prejudice on the part of the womankind against them. Ellen had travelled in a railway carriage with them on their first arrival, and heard a little silly jesting (carried on in French) about her uncle Cuthbert having become a *grand parti*. She tells what she heard of one of her aunts, who blames her for not having made herself known at once, but rather disdains the tidings. There is a little bit of human nature in the aunt and niece having a small dispute afterwards as to who shall have their gifts of clothes to the poor people.

Spider. And how does it turn out?

Arachne. When the *grand parti* drifts at once into marrying the one sister, they loyally hold their tongues, but make themselves very formal and disagreeable; so that the poor lady, who has been used to petting and popularity, is quite wretched. The other sister, Caroline, had seen Christopher's pictures, quietly said, 'Is that all?' and evidently knew how her desertion in his fallen fortunes had helped to blight his doings. It was not her fault, and he knew it, and things had not gone far enough to give any reasonable ground for blaming her; but when the load that had oppressed him is lightened, his energies and powers rise, he paints a successful picture, they all come to an understanding with one another, and we leave them in an afterglow of happiness. I have not so much liked one of Miss Tytler's books for a long time.

Spider. What do you think of *Christowell*?

Arachne. It is one of the best of Mr. Blackmore's stories, and has a great deal of vigour and force in it. But there is a good deal one would wish to see otherwise. I suppose he would view mine as a mere woman's criticism, but it seems to me a shame that a magazine like *Good Words*, avowedly intended to be good sound reading for the many, should not exclude such a speech as that in which Julia Touchwood says she enjoys watching General Punk because he is longing to let forth a volley of oaths, and is restrained by her presence. Surely it is absolutely shocking to represent a woman making light of a great sin, and very mischievous likewise to send it forth as the mark of a fine old officer. Such a sentence would make me consider to whom I could venture to give the book to be read, in spite of the tone of honour and generosity that runs through it, and the capital characters in it.

Spider. It strikes me too, as a matter of probability, that the catastrophe to Captain Pole ought to have happened much later in the Peninsular war. When Talavera was fought, there had been hardly time for any young officer's character for courage to have been established as his certainly was. I do admire him very much, and all about his garden is delightful.

Arachne. It is very like a bit of the Moors; but the explanation of

the mystery seems to me lame and impotent, and the Touchwood part of the story is all poor and exaggerated.

Spider. One more story of those times is worth discussing, *Against the Stream* (S.P.C.K.), by the author of the *Schonberg Cotta Family.*

Arachne. And one of the best of them. The beginning of the Anti-slavery movement is well worth tracing, and I think most of this is excellently done. So far as tradition has come down to me, it corroborates much of what is said there of the times of the great war with France. In particular, I have been told of the great joyousness of the spring of 1814, when it seemed as if the tyranny was overpast.

Spider. I don't think it was true that all improvement was 'against the stream.'

Arachne. No; the stream had set in for change, but the great flood all over the Continent caused a sort of back-water reaction here in England, and made improvement more difficult, because people were afraid of putting out a finger to alter the old edifice lest they should bring it down about their ears. Still the general rush did carry all forward, though to their own sensations they were swimming against the current around them.

Spider. Do you agree with all in the book?

Arachne. By no means. I do not think the political part particularly well done, and I certainly dissent from the condemnation of the war *before* the Peace of Amiens. At the same time, Mr. Danescombe's sentiments very fairly represent those of many hopeful men at the outset of the French Revolution. I don't like the bemoaning Nelson's defence of the King and Queen of Naples. It was a bad old tyranny certainly, but when a robber is breaking into a house we do not ask whether the master is a kind father before going to his rescue. It was a simple matter of right and justice.

Spider. I suppose the account of the good people at Clapham is very true?

Arachne. I should think it was true and clever. The way all the family of cousins admired and lauded each other amused me very much. Indeed the studies of character are the best part of the book.

Spider. Amice is beautiful when, as she cannot liberate her slaves, she goes out to devote herself to them. I had rather she had not taken out Moravians to help her, but I suppose there was nobody else to be had.

Arachne. Probably not. You know when Scott felt that the really noblest of his heroes, Frank Tyrrell, must spend his life on some grand form of self-devotion, he made him a Moravian missionary.

Spider. However, it is the early home part that is so fascinating; the charming garden and all the family, especially that horrid Francis, are so well described.

Arachne. And good old Reuben Pengelly, the one religious power in

the place. Yes; there are some faults, a few little anachronisms, and the somewhat perilous indifference to orthodox opinions which marks all the works of this writer; but still it is a book of substantial excellence, and a really valuable sketch of the beginning of the efforts to wipe away the stain of slave-making and slave-holding from the nation.

Spider. Ah! when we had our talk about historical poetry, Mr, Palgrave's *Visions of England* (Macmillan) had not come out. How I enjoy them! There are some that say just what one wants to have said.

Arachne. Yes, I specially like the Spanish Armada poem!

Spider. Which seems to give what one wanted to complete Macaulay's. And I enjoy the *Mary of Scotland*—yes, and that which finds poetry even for poor old lowly Queen Anne.

Arachne. I advise you also to read (though it belongs to Italian history, not English) the drama of *Ezzelino.*

Spider. The wicked Count?

Arachne. Oh no; an imaginary person much later. It has the remarkable originality of having an upright and compassionate inquisitor in it, and trying to see both sides of the difficulties of the struggle for truth or unity.

Spider. Somehow we passed by, among the lesser S.P.C.K. books, Miss Wilford's *Self-Conquest*, a very pretty story of another little girl rescued from a circus. *Hide-and-Seek* is amusing, too.

Arachne. Scarcely so to those who have always known *Woodstock.* Besides, Lettice Ireton seems to me a mistake. It is curious to see her represented boldly as doing—much less justifiably—what Scott thought most unbecoming even to suspect Alice Lee of doing. The best part is the flight, and the sticking in the mud in the Beaulieu river.

Spider. The Turn of the Tide is *àpropos* here.

Arachne. Lady Margaret Majendie's pretty Breton story?—for the most part carefully studied, but with some serious blunders, and almost entire oblivion that the people spoke Breton. The characters are, however, for the most part delightful.

Spider. Have you seen *Lost in Egypt?* It is Miss Whateley's, published by the Tract Society; and we have a most curious picture of Egyptian life through the medium of a little English orphan, a railway engineer's child, who gets lost, and is adopted by a peasant, then sold into a hareem to a kind lady, with whom she lives till she is discovered and rescued by her grandmother. It is a charming book;—I don't know whether to give it to my cousins or put it in the Lending Library.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE, AUTHOR OF 'SIR C. WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES,' &c.

PAPER IV.

THE TEACHERS OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We have said that the aim proposed to our Sunday schools is to train up the children as good Christians, 'very members incorporate in the mystical Body of Christ,' and the question naturally follows, Who are to undertake this work of training, and be the teachers of these children?

The question has been, and generally will be, decided more by circumstances than by choice.

The work is voluntary, and the volunteers have to be accepted as they offer themselves, without too searching an inquiry into their fitness for the work.

Like many another anomaly in England, the process has worked better than might have been expected. Much good steady work has been done, and a blessing has attended those who faithfully executed a task which, had they not done so, must have been let alone altogether.

If, however, Sunday school teachers could be selected as are schoolmasters, no doubt our standard of requisites would be more varied than now it is, when we are fain to be content with a wish for Church work, a liking for children, and some religious instruction.

It is not until we come to impart what we describe as our knowledge, that we become aware how narrow are the frontiers of that knowledge, how soon the border-land of uncertainty is reached, and how rapidly it passes into that of absolute ignorance. In ordinary teaching, pains are taken to remedy this state of things, and no one is supposed to teach a language, for example, without knowing at least its grammar and its idioms. In religious teaching a different theory has long held sway. A certain innate knowledge of theology is considered to belong to every English person, and in religious matters every one supposes himself capable of giving an opinion. The text 'If any man will do His Will, he shall know of the doctrine,' has been distorted into an excuse for deliberate ignorance of the doctrine. 'Lead a good life, and the rest will come of itself,' is one interpretation; a step further, and we have Pope's too-often quoted lines—

> 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

Obviously he cannot; but the laws of faith and the laws of morals come alike from God, and deliberately to break either is to sin against Him and to put life in the wrong very decidedly. Further, false or corrupt doctrine leads to evil living by very rapid steps, steps easily traced by any student of Church history, or of the Bible itself.

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' is still the 'first and great Commandment,' and to love Him implies the previous —'to believe in Him, to fear Him.'

Therefore, as we cannot teach the Christian life apart from the Christian faith, the teachers must have some understanding of what they do 'steadfastly believe,' of the order in which the doctrines come, and of their relative bearing upon each other.

It will be said, all this is done ready to their hands in the Church Catechism, and what can they do better than teach that?

It is true in a general sense; but the Catechism is only a short summary of great and high matters. To teach its sense as well as its words it is necessary to know something of the sources whence its statements come, by what rules they are to be interpreted, what is merely implied, what was for brevity's sake omitted at the period when it was drawn up.

There are in theology, as in every other science, technical terms, words used with a special meaning, as *e.g.* 'a state of salvation, the grace of God, redemption, conversion,' to all of which a certain meaning belongs which ought to be understood, or the terms serve only to produce confusion instead of precision of thought. Without this technical knowledge the teacher is in danger of falling into more than one snare.

She may teach in no proportion, laying down minor observances, details of history, and pious opinions, as equally to be kept and believed with the cardinal doctrines of the faith, and when one of these notions is shaken in the learner's mind, the whole edifice is shaken also. She may, from the confusion of her own ideas, produce a more hopeless confusion in those of her scholars, who have not even the feeble clue she possesses, until they give up the attempt to understand in despair. She may teach erroneous doctrine, or actual heresy, without any knowledge of what she is teaching, and certainly without the intention of doing such a thing.

Many people will say, 'Oh, any one knows enough to teach children, very little learning is required for that.' On this principle any one in a neighbourhood, who can spare time on Sunday, is gladly welcomed to the Sunday school, given a class, and there the matter rests.

The principle is not so infallible as is commonly supposed. You have a subject to teach at once difficult and simple, a subject which must be loved as well as learned, and you have a very short space in which to impart it. There is really no time to spare for blunders, wrong methods, and carelessness.

To be clear, precise and accurate, is essential; and moreover the subject in hand, whether it is a part of the Catechism or a chapter from the Bible, ought to be so mastered as to enable the teacher to state it with perfect clearness, in whatever light the children will see it best, and she should bend her mode of questioning to whatever form is most natural to them.

Nothing but thorough study will give sufficient confidence to enable a teacher so to handle her subject, to take up the points which the children's answers suggest, and yet not lose her own thread.

It is a fatal thing to know none of the surroundings of the subject you are teaching, to feel when the lesson is over that one question more and all your information would have been exhausted. It is on this rock of partial knowledge that many teachers split; it is difficult to realise that you do not understand the thing with which all your life you have been familiar.

And yet, as most of us know to our cost, there are more ways than one of being familiar with holy things. There is the familiarity of long habit arising from frequent hearing and reading, which barely goes below the surface, the familiarity of devotional reading, without much study, but with simple acceptance of the facts, and the familiarity of the scholar, who has saturated his mind with the subject, has looked at it from all sides, and knows where the difficulties lie.

To the first kind of familiarity most of us attain, whether we will or no; the second is to be won by other means than can be dwelt on here; and the third many of us will say is quite out of our reach. In its perfection it may be; but the humbler, lower walks of scholarship are not so inaccessible, and must, in truth, be sought for and faithfully pursued.

The subject known only in a haze, it may be, of devout thought, will be imparted with a double haziness to the learner, and, probably, without the devout atmosphere. Of all evils an indifferent or irreverent teacher is the worst, but the effect upon the children of half-knowledge and misty, disconnected ideas, will be almost as unfortunate. The whole matter becomes a weariness and a puzzle to them, and they imbibe a discouraging impression that in religious knowledge you go round in a circle and make no distinct progress.

It follows then that, for teaching, both a general and a special preparation is necessary. For the special preparation, countless manuals, question books, and catechisms rise before our eyes until we wonder why any one should ever prepare a lesson for themselves when so much is done for them! But most of us know that to depend upon a book only for your lesson is to insure that the lesson will be dry, meagre, and uninteresting. The answers will not come like those in the book, and by the answers you must shape your subsequent questions, making the most of even a mistake, if it is not made from carelessness. For this purpose, useful though the book is as a guide for

the special points to be taught, and the general bearing of a lesson, you must have made the subject your own, and digested it for yourself. Some lessons can hardly be given in question and answer, but are better told. Sometimes it is well to let the questions be from the children, as nothing else will so readily show you where their ideas are entangled, or where they have acquired a notion quite the contrary of what you intended to impart. Before they will do this the teacher must have won their interest in the subject and their affection to a certain extent for herself. And here, perhaps, it may be said that you do not want and should not aim at the same strictness of discipline in the Sunday as in the week-day school. The whole is on another footing. The children must be respectful to the teacher and civil to each other, talking or play cannot be allowed; but strict stillness should not be enforced, nor should reproof be either so speedy or so sharp as on other occasions; the teacher's object is to win and to persuade. But if a command is given it must be obeyed; and so also must the school rules, with which no individual teacher should ever dispense. It is safest perhaps to begin with the more rigid discipline, and to slacken it gradually as the children grow used to their teacher and become accustomed to obey her. A rough, hasty manner, or an indifferent one, will quickly be copied by the children, whose hearts on the other hand are easily won by a teacher who is both gentle and firm, and who makes no favourites.

For very valuable hints on the art of securing 'attention' and 'the art of questioning' the teacher would do well to read *Lectures to Teachers.**

But with all this we return to the question, how are the teachers themselves to acquire the needful knowledge?

Not every one can learn from books merely, and not every one has books at her command.

There are parishes where the clergy hold a class once a week for their teachers, when the lesson is gone through and explained, and an outline given which the teachers are supposed to fill up. One objection, to a plan which is useful in many respects, lies in the assumption that the whole school learns the same lesson.

The writer has never forgotten that in a school conducted on this plan she found herself required to teach a class of boys between the ages of seven and eight, for nearly an hour, on the sin of Simon Magus! The school was going through the Acts of the Apostles.

Such instructions to the teachers, useful as they are, apply, of course, only to the special subject in hand, and will not supply the place of general knowledge.

Again, the class is a considerable addition to the clergyman's own work, and it may easily happen that he cannot make time for it, in the very parishes where the teachers need it most. It is worth

* By Rev. J. Fitch. Sunday School Institute.

considering whether something could not be done by the formation of a Guild of teachers. A Guild which required that each of its intended members should produce a certificate from a clergyman that he or she was a Communicant of the Church of England, and which would also require certain examination papers to be satisfactorily answered before admission. Certain books would be recommended for previous reading, and the examination papers would suppose these to have been thoroughly studied.

The standard requisite for success should be a fairly high one, and the examiners should not be chary in rejecting candidates whose knowledge was misty or defective.

It might be possible to circulate papers among the members of the Guild either of suggestions or of instructions, and the members might send in occasional reports to the head of the Guild. Books for study might also be recommended, and it might be possible to start a suitable lending library for members of the Guild.

It will be understood that this is a suggestion merely, and a sketch set out for criticism and for consideration.

Great advantages might be obtained by joining this proposed Guild with the already existing Church Sunday School Union at Kilburn, less known than it deserves to be; and it should also be connected with the National Society, so as to benefit by its books.

Some of the books of the Sunday School Institute would also be serviceable, though great care is needed in making a selection.

The doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is in some of them so slurred over, or so misstated, that they should not be given to any teacher who could not readily perceive and remedy this grave defect.

The examination papers of the Institute are useful, and similar papers might be drawn up by the parish clergy to test the efficiency of their Sunday school teachers.

A library for the use of the teachers would be a valuable addition to every Sunday school. It would contain, besides a certain number of manuals and catechisms, pictures from which the teachers could choose what they required to illustrate their lessons.

We do not make nearly as much use as we might of pictures in our teaching. We trust entirely to the ear and not to the eye in giving instruction, forgetting how vivid a recollection we all, and children especially, retain of impressions received by means of the eye. These pictures must be good, fairly drawn and coloured, and they must be devout.

The writer would protest against the modern theory of representing our Lord without the halo. 'How,' said a child, 'could the Jews kill the Saviour when they always saw the Glory round His Head?' Thereupon people cry out, 'See how you puzzle the children, how unreal you make it all,—let us have the common dress, and all the unidealised accessories of every day life.'

On the contrary, teach the children that the Divinity, of which the halo is the sign, was always there, and it was the sin of the Jews that they would not see it.

Let us have pictures which will raise and not lower the ideas of our children.

Further, this library should contain books of reference, actual standard Divinity, not merely selections and extracts, but books to be taken home and studied.

A list of such books is given in *Practical Work in Sunday Schools*,* pp. 49-53, to which the following might be added :—

A *Grammar of Theology*, Rev. T. Ewer (Pott and Amory). *Household Theology*, Rev. J. H. Blunt. *Keys to Church History*, &c., edited by Rev. J. H. Blunt (Rivingtons). *Holy Teachings. Lessons on the Churchyard and Fabrics of the Church*, E. Jarrett (Masters). *The Bible in the Church*, Rev. B. F. Westcott (Macmillan). *Gospel of the Resurrection* (by the same). *Chosen People* (Nat. Soc.). *Heroes of Hebrew History*, Bishop Wilberforce (Strahan). *The Doctrine of the Incarnation*, R. I. Wilberforce. *The Holy Eucharist* (by the same). *Eucharistical Adoration*, Rev. J. Keble (Parker). *Natural Theology*, Paley (S.P.C.K.). *History of the Church*, Canon Bright. *History of the Church*, Rev. M. Mahan. *Footprints of Prophecy*, Lyall. Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* (Keble's Ed.). *The Creed*, Bishop Pearson. *The Four Witnesses*, I. da Costa. *On the Observance of Sunday, Bampton Lectures*, by Rev. F. Hessey. *Lent Lectures on the Holy Catholic Church*, Rev. A. Ashwell, (W. Smith). *The Collects* (3 vols.), Dean Goulburn.

* Religious Knowledge Manuals—*Practical Work in Sunday Schools*, by Miss Yonge, National Society.

A MAORI HAKA.

I WAS a very small child in the years 186— to 186—, during which the unhappy Maori war, of which you must all have heard, took its course; but though I was so small, the memories of that terrible time were so imprinted on my brain, as to help in some little way to make me imagine what war, and the rumours of war, are really like. We were then living in a quiet country village near Auckland, and as every day fresh reports used to be brought in, more and more exaggerated, it is not to be wondered at that all the people grew dreadfully alarmed, and many went for safety into Auckland. I can well remember being put to bed ready dressed for fear of an attack, and the two adjoining rooms crowded with two families who, through fear, had fled from their solitary, isolated farms, and asked for accommodation till they could make some other arrangement; till at last one morning the spring-cart came round to the front door and we were all packed in, even to the baby asleep in his cradle, and sent to town, and taken in as refugees by a kind friend, while my father stayed behind; and many and many were the dreadful scares the left-behinds underwent, only, fortunately, they never were in our village, as in so many others, anything but scares.

Though we were safe in Auckland, I suppose it was the result of the fright that made nightmare take, for years after, the form of pursuing Maories, and deadly waking terrors of natives in hot pursuit. However, we suffered nothing compared with some poor folk; but these memories may make you English maidens in your quiet homes somewhat understand how, when a few years ago there was some little fear of another rising on behalf of a Maori who had escaped English justice and was sheltering in that New Zealand Alsatia, the King's country, we were all regularly 'scared;' and how, when one of the great Ohinemuri chiefs, Te Hira, came down to have a talk with some other tribes as to whether he and his should join if there *were* a disturbance, we all anxiously watched his deliberations.

While the meeting was being held many went to see him, and we among the number. We had to go some way along a lovely flat and to cross a pretty little river to get to the camp. In crossing we had to get into a canoe, in which we were obliged to sit very still and quite in the middle, for a very little would have overset us into the water. But we were safely landed on the bank, where we saw numbers of men, women, and children in all the delightful gipsylike bustle of a native meeting. Their tents were ranged along the bank of the river, and if we peeped inside we could see perhaps a pile of kits of potatoes, and blankets spread on fern, with a sleeping man or woman, or a couple of nearly naked children, and a pig, all in a happy jumble. In

another a group playing at cards, *euchre* being their favourite game, or *Yankee grab*. I don't quite know what these are, but I believe they are gambling games. We walked round till we came to the tent of the great Te Hira, and as we fortunately had some one with us who knew the Maories well, he graciously condescended to come and speak to us. He was not very tall, but looked very striking with his tattooed face, and he was dressed in a blue blanket, knotted on his shoulder, something like a Roman toga. He shook hands, and then one of our party ventured to say that he hoped their deliberations would lead to peace; whereupon the old chief said, 'War was like dust, and flew all over the earth, but had never yet lighted upon Hauraki' (the place of the meeting). This, by the way, was not true, but we took it to mean *his* pacific intentions at any rate. He was greatly led by a sort of Amazonian virago of a sister, Mere Kuru, who was also at the meeting, and of whom we could not get a glimpse. We waited to see them speak. The tribes were in two or three groups on some knolls, where were planted some clubs all trimmed up with feathers, as a sign that great chiefs were present, and in front was an open space, where the orators harangued the assembled hapus. One old man, Te Moananui got up to speak. He was a Christian, and not, as Hira was, a Hauhau. The natives held him in great respect, and listened most attentively to him, while he walked up and down, up and down, talking at a great rate, and holding a stick with which he gesticulated to enforce his words. You can't imagine how earnestly these native orators speak, and how intently their people listen, as they gradually work themselves up to a pitch of great excitement, and reiterate their sentences over and over again, and hang on the vowels with a long drawn-out sound, which must just be heard to be understood. Moananui spoke with most intense repressed energy, but was quieter than some. When he had finished there was great applause, but we had not time to wait for more speechfying, and had to go home. It was most interesting to watch the faces of the older Maories, men who had been great warriors, and perhaps were not averse to a little more fighting. These older men have a look on their faces as if all their 'envy, hatred, and malice' had run riot since their earliest age. Perhaps the tattoo helps to give them this fierce, and yet dignified and grand look, for the younger, untattooed generation have no character at all in their faces, and are just soft-looking, brown-skinned youths.

This meeting was nearly entirely composed of Hauhau Maories, who have a service partly composed from our Prayer-book and partly heathen. In the evening while they stayed there the sounds of their evening chants used to float over the fields as they sang a kind of Gloria at the end of their prayers and psalms.*

* There is, in the *Life of Bishop Selwyn*, an account of the origin of Hauhauism. See vol. ii. p. 197.

Some years after this meeting we went one lovely bright morning to another, held at the same spot. I forget what its object was, perhaps merely to consume a great quantity of kai (food), but I know we went, and there was the crowd of men, women, and children all in picturesque confusion, and the indescribable odour which always pervades a Maori camp. If you can imagine what essence of dried shark and *dirty Maori humanity* is like, you may have a faint idea.

They were just beginning to cook their dinner as we got over the stream, and had uncovered the native ovens (which are holes in the ground), where large stones had been heated by wood fires, piles of kits of snowy white potatoes, scraped kumeras, and on top kits of dried eels were put in on the hot stones; the women stood ready with green branches and sacks to cover up the instant the buckets of cold water, drawn from the river, were thrown on. Clouds of white steam rose with a hissing noise as the water touched the heated oven, but the leaves and sacks were thrown over and earth heaped on top, and soon you could hardly have imagined that under those little heaps of earth such a steamation was going on, if it had not been for a few stray whiffs of vapour that managed to struggle through the covering. In about twenty minutes all the potatoes, &c., were cooked to perfection, and the kits were taken out and put in heaps, and the contents of another oven, in which was meat, were added to the piles. The meat looked horrible, half raw and half burnt. We pakehas (white people) of course had a little pile courteously allotted to us by the man who went round, as is the Maori custom, striking each pile, and calling out, 'This for the Ngatimaru,' 'This for the Ngatimaniapoto,' &c., and then at last, 'This for the pakekas,' which called forth a general laugh. We were only about eight or nine in number, and etiquette bade us sit down then and there, and try and eat some of the food. As long as it was only potatoes and kumeras it was all very well, for they are perfectly delicious cooked *à la* Maori. You English people simply don't know what a potato is, as you have not ever had one from a native oven. But the meat! in vain we tried, and were not a little glad that skulking Maori dogs came up behind us and were slyly fed, so we saved our manners and ourselves. You would have laughed if you could have seen us running about with a potato in one hand and a kumera in the other.

But the greatest excitement was yet to come. After the feast, some one said they should like to see the Maories dance—not the war-dance, but what is called a 'haka.' Some, who knew better what it would be like, tried to prevent it, but they were overruled, and, after having promised to dance *in their clothes*, they settled to begin. First, a man from one tribe ran up to a group of natives belonging to another tribe, and threw some sticks and a stone at them, saying some words which were a challenge to dance, the stick being instead of the spear of old times. The challenge seemed to excite them in a moment. With a

wild burst of applause, the challenged tribe sprang to their feet, and formed a double line and began the dance, the movements of which were to represent the sowing of corn, the chasing of an enemy, &c.; but I may safely say I never saw anything so dreadful, and this was only a haka, or dance of amusement, not a war-dance. The ground fairly trembled under their feet as they kept the most perfect time, all the while rending the air with a chant to which they danced, the words of which I happily did not understand, but which I could see were shocking, and whitening the cheeks of some who did. They rolled their eyes all together, they flourished their hands in the air, drawing them down with a sharp movement, and cracking each finger joint one after another; they thrust out their tongues, they swayed their bodies backwards and forwards, they even seemed to crack their toe joints in perfect accord, one man at the end of the line giving the time, till the whole air seemed full of most uncanny sounds, and we felt a sort of horrid fascinating excitement. Hardly had the last yell died away, than the other hapu (tribe) broke into a roar of laughter, and sprang up and formed *their* line, and tried to out-do their friends. More and more excited did they grow; they yelled and stamped, they flourished and swayed, they twisted and contorted themselves, till, when it was over, and a burst of applause had greeted them, one felt as excited as if one had been dancing oneself. The perfect time kept was wonderful; and how they could twist and crack their finger-joints in the air passed all comprehension.

The excitement caused by even this friendly haka quite explains the dislike to them that the missionaries have. I have never seen the war-dance; it is not a thing for women to see; but once, when out riding, we saw a haka performed by a great number of natives at once; there *may* have been 500, but though we were on horseback, and half a mile away, we could feel the concussion caused by the steady tramp, and had to hold our poor animals in when they started, as well they might, at the horrid yells, and groans, and deep ha-ha coming in perfect time across the valley to where we were. The *thud* of so many feet all together is like thunder, and the whole thing is so weird and unearthly that no words can possibly describe either the dance or the sensations one has after seeing one.

I will now tell you what became of Te Hira and Te Moananui. There was no outbreak, so old Te Hira's peaceful speeches did not run the risk of being proved, and he went to his home at Ohinemuri,* where he stayed till it was opened up to Europeans as a goldfield, and then it was too civilised for him, so he went away across the forest of Kikitea (white pine) to the Piako swamps, and there he is to this day.

* 'Ohinemuri,' by a very free translation, means 'the girl behind me'; or, as of course we say, 'The girl I left behind me.' It is not far from Te Aroha, the mountain of 'love.'

Te Moananui is dead. He was a Christian, and the Government had built him a little church at Ohinemuri, and there every day he had, with his people, morning and evening prayer for some years, till he built a house in English style at Hauraki, and there he died about three years ago; and so, as he died in it, it is *tapu*, according to Maori custom, and has been shut up ever since, just as it was at the time of his death, and no Maori will go near it.

There was a great Tangi, or wailing, for the fine old chief, and tribes came from far and near to join in it. His body was put in an enclosure for some time after his death, and his two wives sat at the head wailing and moaning, and waving something backwards and forwards over his body, reminding one of Rizpah watching the dead bodies of her sons. These two poor women kept up this Tangi for many weeks, and his friends joined in too, as he was one of their most influential chiefs.

I happened to have a message to take to the Maori clergyman, and not finding him at home, went to look for him, and a native woman took me over in a canoe to where he was. Imagine my surprise to see him seated on the ground near these poor old women, tangi-ing (if there is such a word) away at a great rate. My guide joined them, and I remember feeling very puzzled as to what Maori etiquette would demand of *me*, for I did not quite relish the idea of squatting down and beginning to lament, and yet it seemed intrusive to look on without joining in. The two poor wives were under a little canopy of sail-cloth roughly erected, and were both dressed in black; their faces were tear-stained, and they were moaning and groaning, and throwing their arms about, and bringing them over their faces, as if they were going to scratch their eyes out. They had not cut themselves; that custom is happily no more. Four or five other natives were lamenting too, and I began to wonder how long I should have to wait; and I could not help feeling sorry for the poor things, their grief seemed so real, and the whole air was filled with their melancholy and weird cries, which gave one a most depressed and sympathetic feeling. At last the old man I had come for seemed to be aware that I was waiting, and he got up and came some little distance off with me. I looked at his face. It really appeared sorrow-stricken; yet these women had kept at this for about three weeks, and it hardly seems like human nature for some of it to be merely custom. If real, surely the strain on their nerves would be dreadful.

Some day I must tell you of a very different meeting to all of these —a Maori Synod.

TE AROHA.

THE THIERSEE, TIROL, AND ITS MIRACLE PLAY, 1881.

Monday, August 22nd.—Whilst staying at Kufstein, I happened to see a notice in the little weekly newspaper which suffices for the frontier, that the Thiersee villagers were performing a Miracle Play every Sunday—*The History of the Life and Sufferings of S. Margaret, the Pearl of Virgins and Martyrs.* So I determined to spend the week there. 'There is hardly any road,' said my landlord; 'the Herr had better get a man to carry his bag, and leave his portmanteau here; it is only an hour and a half's walk.' My guide had been in the Tirol Jäger regiment, and, like most of the younger generation who have been soldiers, he spoke good German. He was enthusiastic in praise of the Thiersee district, and said that the farmers there were the best and most flourishing in the country. Very little is mentioned about it in the guide-books, except that Trautwein's *Wegweiser* has a notice that Pontius Pilate is every year cursed and thrown in the form of an animal into the lake; hence the name, Thiersee (Beast-lake). My Jäger had never heard of the circumstance, nor had anybody in the village, and there was a hearty laugh among the people when the extract was afterwards read out.

We had a lovely foot-path walk from the plain of the Innthal, in which Kufstein lies, through the forest and over a dip in the Thierberg, until the lake came full in view, still as glass, with a grand mountain, the Pentling, reflected in it. Here and there, along the sides, were the farm-houses, some of them quite noble-looking, imposing in height, and mostly with large out-buildings, tenanted by the labourers. On closer view one sees the outside galleries which break the white walls in very picturesque fashion, and the broad overhanging eaves ornamented with carving and bright colours. On the western hill is the pretty little church, with its pointed spire and apsidal chancel; above is the theatre, a high gabled, wooden building made of pine.

In a few minutes we arrived at the Gasthof zum Neuschmied, so called from the smithy, which (alas! for the noise) is under the same roof as the inn. It is of the farm-house type, only smaller, with a verandah much like the Cape 'Stoep' covered with wild vine. Our host, Wirth Heigenhauser, was standing outside, the very image of the Tirolese in the costume-pictures; tall and strongly built, with bright complexion, black eyes and moustache, wearing a jaunty hat with feather, a gorgeous velvety red and green waistcoat with a dozen buttons as big as bullets, shining knickerbockers and blue stockings.

His wife (one can never admire enough that indefatigable woman, up early and late, always at prayer or work, and coming in and out

like sunshine) was in the inn parlour. There on the walls was the Crucifix, as always in the Tirol, also two or three religious prints, a notice of the play, and the following lines framed :—

'Solche Gäste hab' ich gern
Die stets friedsam diskuriren,
Essen, trinken, zahlen gern,
Und dann friedlich abmarschiren,
Ihnen wünsch ich Fried und Glück
Kehren Sie zu mir zurück.'

Which may be roughly rendered thus :—

The customers your host enjoys
Discuss in peace without a noise ;
They eat, they drink, and pay the bill
Without complaint, then mount the hill.
To such a hearty farewell be,
But don't forget, come back to me.

A programme most perfectly carried out during my week at the Neuschmied.

Frau Heigenhauser soon provided a meal in the shape of a dish of trout and the inevitable schnitzel of veal, and then sat down near and talked. She soon began about the play, Had the Herr heard of it? It was the *Martyrdom of the Saintly Margaret*, whose church was in the Thal. The performers lived in the farm-houses round the lake, or on the mountains ; two guardian angels were in that one opposite, and Metabel, Margaret's foster-mother, was mowing in the meadow below. No strangers came to it, but besides themselves only friends from other villages. Sometimes a band would walk over the mountains ; next Sunday there would be one from Kitzbühel. The master-baker's son, named Heckl, in the house behind, was the Director, and took such pains, and gave out the parts, and had the rehearsals.

'Were there no disagreeables about some having more important parts than others, and about his choice of actors?' 'Na,' very emphatically, '*Kein Neid*' (no jealousy).

After dinner I went to get a sight of the play at the baker's. When Herr Direktor came in, he was evidently in great pain from an inflamed eye, for which, it appeared, he was doing nothing. Cold water was prescribed in a positive manner, which he promised to try after the first surprise was over, and which was eventually most successful ; so that by the Sunday he was able to take the part of Olybius, Roman viceroy in Pisidia and commander-in-chief, without the loss of dignity which swollen features would have entailed. He said the play had been written for them by Herr Troger, a priest at the foot of the Hohe Salve. It had not been printed, and they had only one MS. copy, which he gave me to keep for the week. It was very hard to decipher, being badly written by a schoolmaster in that horrible character which the Germans still insist on using, although they are

giving up their beautiful Gothic letters in printing. However, there were five days before me, and at last every word was made out. The Director became a fast friend, and his father took me at once to the theatre and showed me over it with laudable pride. We noticed first the sliding platform upon which a Guardian Angel was wheeled upon the stage, some false gods and a dragon, with an appalling number of coffins. We climbed ladders, penetrated into dark places, and then had the window panels opened that the whole wardrobe might be realised; most telling it is: silks, and satins, and robes embroidered with spangles, uniforms and coats of armour, senators' and even emperors' purple and white, and at the end seven vestments of the heathen priests, side by side with the cassock and stole of Polycarp, the Christian Bishop. I afterwards made acquaintance with Polycarp in his secular capacity as a tailor, and shall always look with special affection upon the pockets he put into my overcoat.

Tuesday, August 23rd.—Went to the school. Forty children, from five to twelve years old, were crowded into a small room, a kind old man the only teacher. His answer to a question about school hours was sufficiently amusing in these days of high pressure, but was given with some self-satisfaction: 'A couple of hours in summer, and a couple extra in winter.' He said that the children received their final certificates at fourteen, but came only in the winter during the last two years. There were two catechisms in use for younger and older children, mostly explanations of the Missal service, and an illustrated Bible history. Besides, there was no teaching beyond the second standard of an English village school.

Then for a walk round the lake and close to the farm-houses, which look more magnificent at a distance than when one is close by. There is no attempt at tidiness outside, and they are furnished like the cottages of English peasants, or of very small farmers indeed. The labourers go in and out of the open doors everywhere, so also do the swallows, and there seems to be no 'best room.' The grand hall is generally a receptacle for hay-forks, sacks, &c., and the furniture is of the simplest, not to say coarsest, kind. But what distinguishes the houses and surroundings is the religious mark. There is often a separate capelle, or oratory, in the yard, always open; a Crucifix, life-size, and the Madonna or S. Joseph in a niche under the roof. The owners and their families were always friendly, and acquaintance was made with several of the actors in the Miracle Play, who were always very modest about their parts.

Wednesday, August 24th.—I found from the hostess that although the play for this year was exciting very special interest from its subject, the Church being dedicated to S. Margaret, they had also their Passions-Spiel every ten years. On inquiring about the actors, it appeared that a miller named Bürger, living on the mountain above the lake, had twice been the Christus. His wife (who was spinning

flax on a wheel which seemed to be taken from a sixteenth-century picture) said her husband was down at the mill, but would be home soon. Presently a tall figure came toiling up the hill under the weight of a sack of flour, his face bent downward, and head uncovered. It was quite a parable. He had been described to me as a '*hagerer Mann*,' which means almost our haggard, drawn, and wan. His face was calm and restful, yet half sorrowful. He spoke of the Passions-Spiel here and at Ammergau. He quite drew away from the idea that they were to be compared in merit, but said that at Thiersee there was not so much singing, and he thought that the people understood the devotional parts better without it. In the evening at seven I went to see the Heckls, but found them at family prayer.

Thursday, August 25th.—The burial of a young farmer, who had lived an hour away on the other side of the mountain. There were five masses said by different priests from the neighbouring villages, following immediately one upon another. At each the mourners and others went to the altar to give an offering (a *kreuzer*) each time, the men first, then the women. 'It was only when the friends could pay that there were so many masses.'

Friday, August 26th.—A glorious walk to the north through a deep ravine, across a trout stream, and then by a footpath to some homesteads on an upland. Twice on the steep ascent the Crucifix witnesses for Christ, with its prayer and its kneeling-board beneath. On every house and farm-yard there was some religious emblem or prayer. On one door was a *Haus und Ehe Gebet* for blessings on the family; on another for preservation in *Hoch-Gewitter*, the terrible storms with which these mountains are familiar.* On the stable you may often see the *Stall-vieh Gebet*, commending 'our dear cattle to the protection of S. Leonhardt, S. Antony, and others.' In one place is a picture of four runaway horses, with S. Antony above, and this inscription, 'I dedicated the lost to thee, and through thine intercession have found them. Lost 24th June, found 18th July.'

Saturday, August 27th.—On going into the Church, I was struck by seeing an image of S. Joseph surrounded by votive tablets and miniature models of healed limbs. This, of course, is said to be miraculous. A manual of prayer is hanging on a nail under it, with the motto, 'Go to Joseph' (Gen. xli. 55) (!) Then the reasons why are given:—

(1) Because he is the steward of the Divine administration (*der Sachwalter der Göttlichen Versehung*). He will take care of your earthly circumstances and make them prosper.

* We may here notice the custom which survives in the Tirol, alone of the Austrian Provinces, the *Wetter Läute*, or ringing of the Church bells during thunderstorms. It is the sexton's duty, at the first flash seen, to ring out an alarm in order that, in the daytime, the cattle may be housed, and that, whether it is day or night, prayer may be made, and witches or evil spirits driven away. For three nights running this year, in the Pusterthal, the storm-bells were sounding from the Church towers.

(2) Because he is the leader of the Holy Family, and in like manner also of the Christian family. He will also guide you in your calling, and bring you to the perfection of the spiritual life.

(3) Because he is the foster-father of Jesus and the bridegroom of the Blessed Virgin Mary—and in this relation can obtain all grace for you; *and it is impossible to suppose that Jesus and Mary in Heaven can deny anything to that holy Joseph to whom they both on earth were subject.*

Then follow prayers in a similar strain. One will show their tone: 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph, stand by me in the last agony; to you I dedicate my heart and my soul.'

Sunday, August 28th.—To the high mass at eight. The church was crowded—men on one side, women on the other in their broad hats; here with silver tassel as badge, and bright bodice and petticoat. A plain sermon on the Gospel, the good Samaritan—very practical; the flesh, avarice, and slander being the thieves of the soul. One instance will illustrate the perfect simplicity of these people. At the offertory I put in a florin, and was startled, after the usual pretty 'God bless it' given to every offering, by the sacristan asking me whether I did not want change. The preacher was thundering opposite, and no penance could have been much greater than to have had ninety-nine *kreuzers* counted out from the copper already in the box, so a hasty negative shake of the head fortunately made him pass on. But all was not over, for he came up in the churchyard afterwards and thanked me for such a 'special' gift, as if they had never had a florin before. One most touching feature of this service must not be forgotten;—when the prayer for the Emperor was said, every man put his arm upon his next neighbour's shoulder, every woman round the waist of the one next to her; this in token of an unbroken bond of allegiance. In what troublous times for Austria did this beautiful custom begin? It seemed like the story of the Polish nobles drawing their swords at the recital of the Creed, as a sign that they would defend its truths until death.

The performance was to be at two o'clock, and by one the villagers were astir on their way to dress themselves for their parts. 'Here comes the Margaretta with her mother,' and a bright-looking girl gave us her greeting. 'Look, there go some of the angels.'

'And there are Dina and Sabina the shepherdesses,' and so with others, heathen priests, soldiers, executioners, my friend Polycarp, the bishop, and the Emperor Aurelian. The places in the theatre were certainly within reach of all, being ten, twenty, and thirty *kreuzers*. The first row was marked '*nach belieben*' (what you please).

The story of the play is that of S. Margaret of Antioch in Asia, a victim of one of the early persecutions in the latter part of the third century. The name of the 'Martyr of Antioch' is well known in England through Dean Milman's drama, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's

cantata. But the historical notices are so slight that the details are filled in from the authors' imaginations, and, as might be expected, there is little likeness between the great English poem and the simple play of the Tirol peasants.

When the curtain rises, the Chorus, which consists of twelve men and women, grouped on each side of the stage, sings the opening lines. It always gathers up the Christian side of the action to follow, even when, as in the first scene, it is present at a heathen ceremony. Œdesius, the father of Margaret, has just come from his wife's funeral, and is in despair at her death. The Chorus points to the only true remedy for his anguish.

'Du weinst und klagest bitter
Dass Dir der Tod entrissen hat
Das höchste deiner Güter:
Dein Klagen hören Götter nicht,
Nur Einer zählt die Thränen
Nach dessen Trost und Glaubens Licht
Dein Herz soll mächtig sehnen.'

Thou bereaved and broken-hearted,
Stricken sore art wailing,
Brightest hopes of earth departed,
Worldly comfort failing;
Heathen gods can never hear thee,
One alone can measure
Bitter tears, and then to cheer thee,
Be Himself thy treasure.

The brethren of Œdesius recommend change of air as a restorative, and speak of the song of the birds and the scent of the flowers. He answers that these cannot bring his darling back, but it would be some comfort if he only knew that his new-born infant were safely cared for and well educated, so as to become in time one of the temple priestesses.

An old friend of his wife appears, one Metabel, who has come all the way from Rome to Pisidia, and offers to bring up the little Margaret. She is warmly welcomed and all is arranged. There is an extremely striking scene in which the baby is shown, with wondering eyes and flushed cheeks, lying in a cradle much illuminated, surrounded by angels in pink and white frocks, holding hands. They sing a lullaby in which is shadowed Margaret's destiny.

'Schlaf holdes Kind, unser Liebling bist Du
Schliesse die blauen Guck-Äugelein zu,
Alles ist ruhig und still wie die Nacht,
Schlafe nur, Liebling, dein Schutzengel wacht.

'Jetzt noch, lieb Kindlein, ist goldene Zeit,
Später, ach später ist nimmer wie heut,
Stellen einst Sorgen ums Lager sich her,
Herzchen, da schläft sich's so ruhig nicht mehr.

'Engel von Himmel, so lieblich wie Du
Schweben ums Bettchen und lächeln Dir zu,
Später zwar steigen sie auch noch herab
Aber, sie trocknen die Thränen Dir ab.'

O baby, thou darling, do think about sleeping;
Alas! there again, little blue eyes are peeping—
We have silenced the house, and the night it is still,
Do but sleep and thine angel will guard thee from ill.

There are yet for thee, pretty one, beautiful dreams,
While thou canst, dream them on, for in vision it seems
As though by thy couch there stood shadows of care,
And bitterness only had come to thee there.

Now the angels of God sweep around thy soft nest,
In their beauty like thee (how they smile on thy rest!),
They will watch too on nights of fell anguish and fears
O'er thy pillow of pain when they wipe away tears.

But she seems inclined to anything but sleep, and then Œdesius enters, snatches her from the cradle, covers her with kisses, and gives her to Metabel.

Time passes on until the child is eleven years old, when a cross is hung upon her neck by Metabel, with loving words of advice, and warning about coming trouble. Margaret prays to be kept ever pure and spotless as the bride of Christ, and the Guardian Angels urge upon her to offer the devotion of the strong heart as well as the words of the mouth. Soon after, the temple priests confide to Œdesius that his daughter is becoming Christian, at which he is furious, summons her into his presence, and then turns her into the world with curses. Metabel is arrested, thrown into prison, and tortured on the rack. Margaret goes into the desert with two shepherdesses, who devote themselves to her service, and at last become confessors of the faith with her. For a time they live unmolested, and contrast their happiness—the bright sky above them, and all nature reminding them of God—with the misery of the rich and avaricious. They sing together—

'So mancher schwimmt in Ueberfluss.
Hat Haus und Stoff und Geld,
Und ist doch immer voll Verdruss,
Und freut sich nicht der Welt.
Je mehr er hat, je mehr er will;
Nie schweigen seine Klagen still.'

There's many a man with store enough
For selfish earthly joy,
Has house, and herds, and costly stuff,
And gold without alloy.
Yet greed is spoiling all his days
And filling life with pain,
The more he has the more he prays
That nought may hinder gain.

Olybius is then introduced walking by chance in very full uniform through the desert. It may be remembered that Dean Milman gives

an intensely human interest to the final rejection of Olybius, by working out the thought that Margaret had loved him before her conversion. Here he sees her for the first time when she is a Christian. He singles her out from her companions, falls at once violently in love, and proposes to marry her, so that she may be a great lady and live in a palace. She explains that, although the daughter of a heathen priest, she herself is a Christian, and cannot worship false gods. Olybius protests in vain, says he would prefer using gentle words, but failing these, will send her to prison in Antioch. He leaves her, and soon after his officers come to bring her into his presence. He renews his offer, but Margaret's answer is simply—

'I have chosen Jesus Christ as my bridegroom; I am, and will remain, a Christian for ever.'

She is then sent to the prison amidst execrations of the multitude, and in the next scene we see her kneeling down, holding her cross; she expresses heartfelt thankfulness that she is thought worthy to suffer, and gives herself up again and again to Christ. The Guardian Angel cheers her thus: 'Be comforted, thou true and faithful servant of Jesus! He whom thou lovest has sent me to thee, to support and comfort thee in thy prison. Terrible sufferings await thee, struggles of agony, rack and torture, even the block and the axe. Keep up thy courage, Margaret. Jesus will soothe thy pain, help thee with His grace, wipe the sweat from thy brow, then give thee the martyr's crown. There will come to meet thee the host of virgins and holy martyrs. Therefore, Margaret, lift up thine eyes to heaven when thine agony begins, and think, "Instead of this bitter pain, there awaits me eternal joy."'

She is soon dragged out from the dungeon, for the priests have demanded her as a victim to the gods. The stage is then decked with their images. Olybius is proclaimed viceroy; his valour and success are vaunted by the heralds, but attributed by him to the gods. Incense and vows are offered by the soldiers, but the chorus sings to the honour of our Blessed Lord—

'Weg von mir, Ihr stummen Götzen,
Weg von mir, Ich will Euch nicht!
Meinem Jesus will ich loben
Bis mein Aug' im Tode bricht.
Niemand hilft auf dieser Erde,
Du allein mir, Herr und Gott,
Du wirst mir zu Seite stehen
Bis mein Auge bricht im Tod.'

Avaunt, ye idols, dumb and senseless,
Jesus is my all, my breath,
Guard alone of souls defenceless,
Life alone, in bitter death.

In the following scene Margaret is again in prison, whither Satan goes in the person of a hideous monster to tempt her by magnificent

visions of earthly glory; but all in vain, and at the name of the Crucified he vanishes. Afterwards, he is represented in soliloquy—'I have worked day and night to make Margaret abjure Christ, but all in vain. You ought to be ashamed, you poor devil, not to be able to win such a child as this from her faith. She has withstood the grand offers of Olybius, scorned the brilliant destiny he put before her, and the bright hopes with which I have lured many a girl to hell. She has not been prevailed on by threats of martyrdom, or agony, however terrible. She cleaves to her accursed faith all the more. Oh! what disgrace and ignominy for me! But there is yet a chance. The real torture is to come; I will summon all hell to my aid; every devil shall come and help; Margaret *must* be ours, she must live with us to all eternity.'

A striking scene in the judgment hall follows. A festival having been ordered, Margaret is led in bound. She astounds the assembly by suddenly changing her tone, and asking to enter the temple, that she may behold the gods face to face. Joyful consent is given at once, and a hymn of praise is sung for her approaching conversion. The procession enters the temple, and one after another Olybius and his court do homage to the gods. At last there is a cry that Margaret is going to salute them, and she approaches the image of Jupiter. But instead of kneeling, she lifts her hand, signs the cross, and cries 'In the name of Jesus, the Crucified, be ye overthrown, ye images of gods, and leave the temple empty for Christ, the great God of Christians, who is over all in heaven and earth.'

Instantly the gods fall with a tremendous crash from their pedestals. Margaret speaks to the people. 'See how you are all deceived; the Name of Jesus has overthrown them. If they are as great as you say, why do they not hurl thunderbolts upon me, to destroy me from off the face of the earth?'

The priests rage, the assembly breaks up in confusion, and Margaret is led back to her prison amid revilings. The death of Œdesius follows, and there is a grand burial scene in the temple. The coffin is borne by six ghastly figures, amidst the wailings of the multitude. These are hushed by the priests, who then sing the happiness of the dead:—

'Denn in des Grabes stille Kammer
Dringt keine Lebens Klage mehr,
So bleibt zurück der viele Jammer,
Nur Göttesfriede wohnt umher.
Dort wendet sich der Dornen Pfad,
Wohl Dem der überwunden hat.'

For in the peaceful grave no sound
Is heard of fret and care:
The gods in stillness watch around,
No sorrow enters there.
The way of thorns is o'er at last,
All joy to him who safe has passed.

Metabel is released, her accuser being now dead, and there is a touching meeting between her and Margaret, whom she and Polycarp visit in prison.

The last act shows Margaret not only as confessor but as martyr. She is tortured again and again, until Olybius, who has hitherto shown but scant feeling, says he can bear it no longer, and even the executioners weary of their office of tormenting. The Chorus and the Angel are ever comforting and strengthening her; a dove flutters in the air as a type of the Holy Spirit above her, and the miraculous voice of Christ Himself is heard: 'Come, my daughter, my bride, a double crown of glory awaits thee—the virgins' spotless crown of lilies, and the red-dyed crown of martyrs. Be steadfast; I am by thee; thy wounds are all healed.'

She is brought before Olybius as if no torture had been applied to her; a spot of blood here and there on her white dress, but with no other sign of her agonies. He is amazed, and anxiously inquires how her healing had been effected; but on her confession of faith being repeated, consigns her to still further sufferings. These are undergone, until at last her woes, long drawn out, come to an end. Her execution having been decreed, she pours out a passionate supplication for help. Then she is seized and laid on the block, her head is severed and held up in triumph before the populace. 'Now at length,' cry the priests, 'the witch can have no more power!'

But her power is still living. Polycarp comes forward and exhorts the heathen to cease from persecution, as they find how impossible it is to turn the faithful soul from the love of its Lord; he urges the waverers to full and instant confession, and the believers to constancy, by the example of the martyred saint. Then the results of her steadfastness are manifested. Some, who had been secretly converted to Christ, profess themselves openly. Others, who were among the persecutors, repent, as one of the executioners and some of the Roman guard. They cry out that Margaret's dauntless courage, and the miracles they had seen and heard, showed plainly that the true God was with her.

The scene then changes to an illuminated representation of the saint in glory which is modelled after the altar picture in the Thiersee Church. She is holding the cross on high. Angels surround her, one of whom is placing a crown on her head, another reaching out the palm-branch of victory. Under her feet are the dragon and some of the instruments of torture, as the axe and the rack. The Chorus chants her beatification, kneeling the while:—

1.

'Margarethe, Gott vermählte,
Lass uns blicken in Dein Herz,
Martyrin und Gotterwählte,
Zieh uns alle Himmelwärts.

2.

'Sieh! ein Kirchlein ist erbauet
Dir zur Ehr' im Thale hier;
Und der Beter Auge schauet
Voll Vertrauen auf zu Dir.

3.

'Deinem Schutze wir empfehlen
Unser Leben, unsern Tod,
Schutz den Leib, beschütz' die Seelen
In Gefahren, Angst und Noth.

4.

'Neigt das Leben sich zu Ende,
Hemmet Satan unsern Lauf,
Deine Augen zu uns wende,
Führe uns zu Gott hinauf.'

1.

Margaret, of God espouséd,
Show, we pray, thine heart of love;
Martyr bride now safely houséd,
Draw us all to joy above.

2.

See the church which here erected
Honours thee throughout the vale,
Hearts are now to thee directed,
Learning aye the wondrous tale.

3.

Be our guardian saint for ever,
Erring steps to safety lead,
Soul and body do thou never
Leave in danger, anguish, need.

4.

If as life its pain is ending,
Satan hinders while we pray,
May thine eyes upon us bending
Guide us on the heavenly way.

This is the bare outline of the story, which has been filled up by Herr Troger with the force and power of one who knew well the minds for whom he wrote, and has therefore produced a play full of realism. The brilliant uniforms and gorgeous vestments, with all the paraphernalia of the gods, soldiers, and priests, must be a very imposing spectacle to those who are usually confined to a mountain village. Of Margaret's sufferings, the rack is happily the only instrument brought prominently forward, others are only spoken of. The execution itself is out of sight, and there are no cries of agony from the sufferer. If there is a certain tediousness of repetition which strikes a reader of the play, this disappears on seeing it. Every point is insisted upon with a vigour which could not fail to dint itself into the dullest mind; and accordingly one finds in conversation how each character has become a household word, so that the actors have almost

lost their own names for the time, and the higher purpose of the drama must be brought home to many.

There is, however, one flaw which has not been noticed in the outline, but is absolutely intolerable.

A certain Servulus comes in as Clown, does the ordinary buffoon business, knocks people about, and tumbles down himself, jabbering all the time in broadest dialect; this too in the most thrilling parts of the play, as *e.g.* between Margaret's awful martyrdom, when the bleeding head is held up, and her appearance in glory. On speaking to the Director, I found that he much disliked it, but that most were pleased, and felt the change from the serious strain quite a relief. It must be remembered that the Tirolese are southerners; also, they are like children, both in their simplicity and in a want of capacity for seeing what is fit, so that they pass from grave to gay in a manner utterly incomprehensible to us.

These remarks are only by the way. The story is, on the whole, admirably told, and excellently fitted both for actors and audience. There is a strong contrast between the jovial, rollicking songs and worship of the heathen, and the quiet and reverence of all that is Christian, which is very telling.

And the play (different each year) is a step in education, a sort of holiday task; it keeps the people up in reading, writing, and music, and is a wholesome spur to the indolence which besets village communities. Attempts are made by themselves, from time to time, to provide plays, and a young farmer on a Bavarian mountain near, is said to have driven the oxen to plough in the morning and himself to have 'ascended Helicon' in the evening.* It seems also as if the religious effect would be only for good. An English parish has been indeed well trained if the people at large possess as vivid a notion of the leading Scripture histories as the Thiersee villagers of an early Christian persecution, through Herr Troger's drama.

And the working out of the parts is very wonderful, especially when one thinks of the material to be drawn from. The population of the district is only 600; all the actors come from the farmer class, and these, although above peasants as possessors of land, have only the merest elements of education. There is no middle-class school (*Bürgerschule*) as in the towns, only the common people's school (*Volksschule*) which has been mentioned. Yet, notwithstanding the novel dresses and surroundings, there was but little strutting and affectation, even if there was a certain Egyptian stiffness in general demeanour. There was indeed a roughness of voice natural to out-door workers, and perhaps also an over loudness from the same cause. One who did not take their manner of life into consideration might object, for instance, that Olybius would not be likely to succeed in his suit, even with a heathen shepherdess, by speaking in tones which

* *Wanderungen in Baiern*, p. 80.

might be heard in the most remote fastnesses of the desert. But there was no mincing nor coxcombry of any kind about him or any of the other actors.

The weak points in the whole action were the attempts at representing the supernatural. The dove fluttering uncertainly, as the not invisible hands moved the strings up and down, the Guardian Angel wheeled in on the raised platform—and Margaret herself in glory—lost all the naturalness of earthly conditions, whilst they gained nothing heavenly. But in some way, such pictures serve to give religious ideas, for they are on a level with the waxen Madonnas, and strange Cherubim, and marvellous ornaments with which churches and shrines are decked. To the people, they seem to reveal Heaven, and after all, how much nearer the truth are our own imaginings?

But all criticism of minor details in the carrying out the action of the play ceases by the side of Margaret's own part. In reading the words so full of devotion and self-oblation, of ardent and continued supplication, it was impossible not to see how easily all might be marred by any one who failed in reverence or refinement. The fear was quite needless. The quiet, devout, intense way in which she represented Margaret, as if she were the very confessor and martyr herself, was simply marvellous. Her face became paler, her expression calmer, her voice at once weaker, yet more forcible, as the scenes of her agony led on to death. On looking over her part beforehand, the effect which the words would have upon an audience might be considered; in seeing and hearing her, others were forgotten. The very scene of the fierce and brutal persecution, with the utter self-abandonment and resignation of the martyr, were living before one's own soul. It would be impossible ever to forget the tone and manner of her prayers for comfort and strength to 'Jesus, Bridegroom of my soul,' or of her rapturous thanksgiving (after being held to the fire, and then plunged into icy water) as she said, in the words of the Psalm, 'We went through fire and water, but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.'

Something may be added upon the general impression produced by the religion of the Tirolese. Spiritual matters are bound up with their whole life. Whatever pleasures they have—social gatherings, sports, rifle-shootings, dances—all are prefaced by some Church service or observance.* If a child falls from a window unhurt, it is her guardian angel who kept her from harm, and her bare throat shows that her favourite necktie has been dedicated in gratitude to Him. (Angengruber's *Dorfgänge*, p. 25.)

* This fact should be weighed by those who advocate the amusements of a Continental Sunday being brought into England. Abroad, the day is begun at church; at home the people lie in bed late, and the poor usually come to church in the afternoon or evening. It seems as if we must change this habit before the subject can admit of fair discussion. To introduce Sunday amusements at present would bring many parishes to utter heathenism.

Religious thought underlies all their language, sometimes in painfully irreverent expressions, at others in very odd ones, as when a boy sent on an errand is told that it will only take him six Paternosters there and back. Indoors or out, the people have religious emblems in view. There is no mountain so high but that they have placed the cross higher. The fields, mountains, lakes, and air, are full of saints. It is often impossible to understand the religion as belonging to the Catholic Church at all, from its being so intensely local. Schiller did not live in the Tirol, or he would not have deplored the loss of the old Greek faith, when there was no bush, nor stream, nor hill, but had its divinity. Nature, he said, had been deprived * at the same time of its gods and of its poetry, by the purer belief. But here you have the gods in another form, and the saints become realised as home friends, some of them as fellow-countrymen.

My hostess gave me a curious instance of this. In the church are some horrible cabinets of martyrs' bones, with grinning mouths and blue glass eyes; bits of limbs inscribed, *e.g. S. Urbani, mart.*; '*Reliquiæ incog.*' When questioned whether people really felt much about these, she said, 'Certainly not; they are strangers, not Tirolese.' Another example of the same tendency was met with at Carlsbad. A servant was asked what the services were on the festival of S. John Baptist, and answered thus: 'Johann the Baptizer we Catholics do not think much of; S. Johann Nepomuck, *him* we reverence.' The local Prague S. John had entirely eclipsed the Baptist in her mind. So again, the expressions used to the saints (as, to S. Joseph in the Thiersee Church Manual, and to S. Margaret in the hymn at her glorification) are such as an ordinary understanding can scarcely separate from the worship due to God alone; and much of the Tirol teaching is of a like extravagant kind. At Innichen, a sermon was preached by the Provost of the Abbey Church, on the Festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The church was crowded, and one could not but contrast the congregation with ours in England on the Festival of the Ascension of our Saviour. Before the service, baskets of flowers and medicinal herbs were brought up to the altar by women, then blessed and carried out—the flowers to the shrines, the herbs to the cottages for use as wanted. During high mass came the sermon on death without pain. This, said the Provost, was that of the spotless Virgin Mary. It was impossible that one who had no sin, either by inheritance of birth or by her own act, should have pain, which comes as a consequence of sin. She therefore had no fear either of

* 'Die entgötterte Nature,' and again—

'Müssig kehrten zu dem Dichterlande
Heim die Götter, unnütz einer Welt
Die entwachsen ihrem Gängelbande,
Sich durch eignes Schweben hält.'

—*Die Götter Griechenlands.*

death, or of the adjuncts of death—the coffin, the grave, &c.; she lay down to rest, and angels took her to her throne. One saint, who was alarmed at the sufferings before him, was told on his death-bed to trust in her, and ask for such an end as hers. The preacher drew his practical lessons and then concluded. After service, I followed two women in fierce argument. '*Hochwürden sogs nit Leid! wie konn dos?*' said one. 'His Reverence declared she had no pain. How can that be?' She was an old woman, and could not believe it, although her companion insisted with all the vigour of orthodoxy, and at last parted from her in anger.

Whether there is any real disintegration of the popular belief going on through modern Roman teaching it is impossible for a stranger to say. Writers intimate with the Austrian peasantry declare that there is.* But there are few outward signs of it, and the Tirolese seem to escape from, or to rise above, some teachings which would blight the faith of many people, and to grasp the highest truths with an intensity penetrating their whole being. Their day is constantly reminding them of heaven. One early morning I went into a village post-office where a bright young mother was teaching her child of three or four years old his prayers under a Crucifix. She was saying again and again, for him to repeat after her, 'When I die.' There was a funeral at the church close by, and the boy was evidently being taught his lesson from it. The mother seemed hardly disturbed by the intrusion, and went on with her lesson almost directly. Consider also that the church bells (however discordantly they may sound to the passer-by) are reminding the Tirol peasant of the Incarnation three times at least daily—at 4 A.M., midday, and 5 P.M. If he is near the church he probably enters for a short prayer; if in a cottage or field, he has his part there. One day whilst going across a hayfield I found all the work at a standstill for two or three minutes, and every head bent reverently. Another time, wanting to ask my way, I went towards a man in the middle of a wood, but saw, on approaching, that his hat was off and his lips were moving. The Angelus was sounding in the distance. On ringing at an inn in the Pusterthal at midday, no

* As Dr. Steub, who in his book *Aus Tirol*, gives a vivid picture of a village smith whom 'the dogma of infallibility enlightened as little as it did the great Bishop Ketteler and others. But the smith was louder in his complaints, and stood in much contention with the clergy in consequence.' At his death his parish priest refused burial, which the people then took into their own hands, attending in crowds at his funeral, and applauding the orations made at his grave. All that Dr. Steub says which bears on the Church, must, however, be taken with some reserve, as he hates it cordially. 'One prayer, one festival, succeeds another: the best working time is passed in church, and the people, in spite of its religion, become daily poorer and more needing compassion.' His tirade against the church bells will find an echo in many a tourist's memory. 'They are positive anguish, those bells from all the towers, never ringing out a good honest peal, but cracking out at intervals in a sporadic and malicious fashion, every ten, five, fifteen minutes.'

one came for some time, although voices were heard. Host and hostess were at prayers with the servant and children.

Thus, then, the Incarnation is an ever-present truth. And the form of the crucified Lord, with the continual pleading of His work in the blessed Sacrament, seems to keep the worshippers above some parts of the Roman teaching which to critical reasoners would be the destruction of all faith. As a rule they appear devout, industrious, and moral. There must of course be numberless instances where the outside, like that of their own farm-houses, seems grand and stately, but where a nearer view brings out blotches, and 'the trail of the serpent' is over the Tirol, as over the rest of the world; but it is the general testimony that their morality fully carries out their religious profession. And both faith and practice are on a far higher level than in Germany or other parts of their own Austria* .But whatever may be the condition of others, the Tirolese are unconscious preachers to the whole earth, affording a pattern of holy life which no foreigner could have imagined. It is like a picture of the primitive Church, when the manners, feelings, and devotional life of Christians were in sharp contrast to those of others. Their standard is not only unequalled elsewhere but unattempted, and Archbishop Trench's beautiful sonnet at Bruneck seems to be as true now as it was forty years ago:—

'The men who for this earthly life would claim
Well nigh the whole, and if the work of Heaven
Be relegated to one day in seven,
Account the other six may without blame,
Unsanctified by one diviner aim,
To self, to Mammon, and the world be given,
They with their scanty worship might be driven,
Were they but here, to profitable shame.'—(*Poems*, p. 78.)

J. H. T.

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* In Germany it would be difficult to exaggerate the indifference to religion into which the popular mind has drifted, judging only from the newspapers and periodicals. *E.g.*, a writer in the *Leipsic Magazine*, which aims at a literary rank corresponding with our *Athenæum*, remarks, in reviewing Carlyle's autobiography, 'At a time when no one believes in revelation, it is singular to find a thinking man as pious as he was.' In Austria it is often said that the stumbling-blocks of modern Romanism have made educated men utterly unbelieving. As a rule, they are absent from the churches, except when compelled to go, as, for confession and communion before marriage (can any abuse be greater than this, in some cases, almost sacrilegious reception of the Sacrament?); but afterwards, unless for some official ceremony, they are perhaps never there again.

Spider Subjects.

On genius and talent, the Muffin Man has a conversation; Karshish, very good; Spinning Jenny begins well but grows confused; the same may be said of Wandering Jew; Smut has a vision of various geniuses but her talent comes off ill; Alert, Alma, Eurydice, Vögelein fair, Titania tolerable, as is a nameless one; A. S. H., Firefly; Chelsea China expresses what the others meant to express.

DEFINE 'TALENT' AND 'GENIUS.'

'Talent does what it *can*, genius what it *must*.'

Talent is power within the control of the possessor, which can be exercised at will, increased by pains and study, and is the cause of force and strength through the whole intellectual character. It *can*, and there is hardly any task too hard for it. It may be multiplied tenfold, or buried in the earth, as its owner chooses.

Genius is power involuntary and uncontrollable, and no earth-born effort, since the world began, ever earned an extra spark of the heaven-sent fire. It may exist, certainly, when hereditary, in persons of otherwise inferior mental calibre; it may disturb and throw into confusion all sorts of hardworking and available talent, for it *can* do nothing but what it *must*. I believe that power of the quality of genius may exist in much smaller quantity, and of an inferior kind than is commonly supposed. I believe also that all really great men have possessed *both* genius and talent, the latter being perhaps necessary to make the former of any use. There comes to every poet, author, artist or musician, or creator of any sort, certain flashing involuntary inspirations, unexpected, at odd times and places, which start the work; and I believe that every one who takes up any sort of *creative* work from pure love of it, and not from imitation or from any other motive, has some impulses of this nature, though of course they may be of infinitely inferior value.

This is genius. For the careful working out of the idea, the overcoming of the mechanical difficulties—for, in fact, making the idea visible, it is necessary to have talent. Great talent can make a little genius go a long way, and goes on working and producing certain results after the inspirations of genius have ceased. Genius and talent frequently exist in the same person, in differing proportions, and in the end work harmoniously together; though in youth talent is often upset and disturbed by genius. Talent without genius is a perfectly useful and available possession, and *can* do everything, but—what it cannot, and what would never occur to it to attempt.

But genius without talent? Impulses that totally transcend the nature that receives them? You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. No, but you can do without one; and out of the ragged useless silk purse you can never make a useful leathern wallet.

CHELSEA CHINA.

Lord Derby's Life well done by Nightingale and Bubbles; fair by Alert, Metelille, and Wakatu; A. S. H. meagre.

WRITE THE HISTORY OF JAMES STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY UNDER CHARLES I.

James Stanley, celebrated in history as 'the great Earl of Derby,' was the eldest son of William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford. 'Sans changer' (for many centuries the motto of the elder branch of the House of Stanley), is a fitting emblem of a family which has always been invariably loyal and honourable. Not much is known of the youth and early manhood of James Stanley. He was one of the many Knights of the Bath created at the coronation of Charles I.; and he was summoned to Parliament by writ in 1628, under the title of Baron Strange. In 1637 his father resigned the management of all affairs connected with business into his hands. He possessed very considerable talents; and until called to active life by the civil war, he appears to have been much occupied in literary and philosophic pursuits, being amongst the best prose writers of his time. He wrote, among other works, *The History of the Isle of Man*, interspersed with large and excellent advice to his son. In 1642 his father died, and he succeeded him as seventh Earl of Derby. He resided principally in the Isle of Man from 1643 to 1651, there being some attempt at insurrectionary movement in the island, on the subject of land tenure. Edward Christian, governor of the island, was leader of the malcontents, and the Earl in a summary manner committed him to custody in Peel Castle, where he died in 1650, after between seven and eight years' imprisonment. The Earl had a considerable military force in the island, and seems to have ruled somewhat tyrannically, and with almost regal power, although not assuming the title of king, for said he, 'Nor doth it please a king that any of his subjects should too much love that name, were it but to act in a play.' The rebellion called him from these employments, and he was among the first who joined Charles I. at York. An unfortunate misunderstanding led to much subsequent disaster. It had been arranged that the king's standard should be set up at Warrington. As soon as the Earl arrived in York, he was desired to collect a military force out of Lancashire. He had with extraordinary speed mustered a force of 6,000 men, when it was intimated to him that the royal standard was to be hoisted at Nottingham, instead of at Warrington. This change of purpose offended the men of Lancashire, great numbers of whom returned home, whilst many others joined the rebels, and helped them to seize on Manchester. The Earl raised three regiments of cavalry and foot at his own expense, and joined Charles I. at Shrewsbury. He was commanded to take Manchester by assault, with these troops, but shortly afterwards received contrary orders to join the king. His men were then placed under the command of another, and he was directed to return to Lancashire, and raise another contingent. Having done so with considerable difficulty, he was preparing to attack Manchester, when this levy was also called away to the main army. In this emergency his only resource was to fortify Lathom House, but receiving intelligence that the rebels had planned an attack on the Isle of Man, he entrusted the defence of Lathom House to the Countess.

It is well known with what heroism she acted, 'sometimes near the trenches of the enemy, encouraging her brave soldiers with her presence; and truly it was hard to say whether she was more eminent for courage, prudence, steady resolution, or justice, piety, and religion' (*History of the House of Stanley*). The Earl, returning from Man during the siege, found Prince Rupert besieging Bolton, and going to his aid with some companies of old provincial soldiers, he carried the town by assault in half an hour. The Earl of Derby earnestly entreated Prince Rupert to come to the relief of Lathom House, promising that within a stated number of days after the siege should be raised he would provide him with 2,000 men, and a considerable amount of money. Prince Rupert raised the siege, after it had lasted nearly two years, having been begun in February, 1644. Directions were given to add to Lathom House bastions and other outworks; but by an order from the king, December 4th, 1645, it was surrendered to the Parliamentary army. Lord and Lady Derby retired to Man; but their children whom they left in England were soon afterwards imprisoned by order of the House of Commons. The Parliament made repeated offers to the Earl to restore them, and leave him in quiet possession of his own estate, on condition of his giving up the Isle of Man. He replied that he 'would never redeem either by his disloyalty;' and after repeated solicitations on the part of the Parliament, he sent the following answer to the regicide Ireton: 'I received your letter with indignation, and with scorn I send you this answer—That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me that I should, like you, prove treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be insensible of my former actings in his late Majesty's service, from which principle of loyalty I am by no means departed. I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favours; I abhor your treasons; and am so far from delivering this island to your advantage, that I will keep it, to the utmost of my power, to your destruction. Take this final answer, and forbear any further solicitations, for if you trouble me with any more messages upon this subject, I will burn the paper and hang the bearer. This is my immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it the chiefest glory to be his Majesty's most loyal and obedient servant, DERBY.'

The Earl remained in Man till 1651, when Charles II. summoned him to meet him in Lancashire. The king, who was at that time repairing by forced marches to Shrewsbury, left with Derby a regiment of about 200 horse. The Earl took up his quarters in Wigan, whilst awaiting the arrival of the friends. He was attacked by a large body of militia and regular troops under the command of Lilburn, August 26th, 1651. The Earl made a most heroic resistance for two hours with his small band, against a force of 3,000 horse and foot. He had two horses killed under him, and received five or six wounds on his arms and shoulders, seven shot on his breast-plate, and thirteen cuts on his beaver. He contrived to escape almost alone, through Shropshire and Staffordshire, to Charles II. at Worcester. The evening of September 3rd the disastrous battle of Worcester was fought. After this sad defeat, Derby secretly conducted the king by S. Martin's Gate out of Worcester; directed him to Whiteladies and Boscobel; and then this faithful subject took leave of his royal master for ever. He was returning to Lancashire when he was attacked in Cheshire by

a party commanded by Edge, a rebel major, to whom he surrendered after brave resistance, under promise of quarter. The Parliament sent a commission of nineteen persons, all of whom were notoriously his enemies, to form themselves into a 'High Court of Justice' to try the Earl 'for his treason and rebellion.' He was condemned to death, and sent to his own town of Bolton to suffer sentence. On his way thither he was subjected to great insult. Part of the speech he made on the scaffold is as follows:—'As for my crime, as some are pleased to call it, to come into this country with the king, I hope it deserves a better name, for I did it in obedience to his call, whom I hold myself bound to obey, according to the protestation I took in Parliament, in his father's time. I confess I love monarchy, and I love my master Charles, the second of that name, whom I myself proclaimed in this country to be king. The Lord bless him and preserve him; and I wish so much happiness to this people after my death that he may enjoy his right, and then they cannot want their rights. I profess here, in the presence of God I always sought for peace, and I had no other reason, for I wanted neither means nor honours, nor did I seek to enlarge either. . . . The Lord send us our king again, and our old laws again, and the Lord send us our religion again. Truly to me it seems I die for God and the king, and this makes me not to be ashamed of my life, nor afraid of my death.' He was not permitted to finish his speech, being interrupted by a cry of 'We have no king, and we will have no lords!' He was beheaded October 15th, 1651. The same night notice was sent to Lady Derby, 'to deliver up the castle and island to the Paliament.' She yielded the Isle of Man with reluctance, all hope of assistance being lost after the fatal battle of Worcester; but she retained, says Hume, 'the glory of being the last person in the three kingdoms, and their dependant dominions, to submit to the victorious rebels.' The Countess and her son were arrested and cast into prison; and the island was granted to General Fairfax, who held it until the Restoration, when it was restored to Charles, the eighth Earl of Derby, son of Earl James, in 1660. Lord Clarendon in his *History of the Rebellion*, sums up the character of the 'great Earl of Derby' thus:—He 'was a man of unquestionable loyalty to the late king, and gave clear testimony of it before he received any obligations from the court, and when he thought himself disobliged by it. . . . Of great honour and clear courage; and all his defects and misfortunes proceeded from his having lived so little time among his equals, that he knew not how to treat his inferiors, which was the source of all the ill that befell him, having thereby drawn such prejudice against him from persons of inferior quality, who yet thought themselves too good to be contemned that they pursued him to death.'

NIGHTINGALE.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

VERTUMNUS has had to apologise for the omission this month of his usual remarks on each member's contribution.

The fact is, he felt a little shy of pronouncing *ex cathedrâ* on the identity of the specimens of Mint—a difficult family, which he has never thoroughly mastered—especially as it is impossible to present them in a state quite favourable for examination.

Yet, as regards neatness and evident painstaking, Vertumnus has nothing but praise for the October bundle, which shows a really remarkable advance along the whole line. Since the Society was first started, there has never been a collection of more uniform excellence in the above and other desirable qualities. The only drawback is the small number—only twenty-two—of contributions. Will members (some of them at least) recollect that in describing the genus or family to which a plant belongs, account is only to be taken of the organs of fructification, and not of such parts as root, stem, or leaves? Whatever other bodies or authors may do or think, *this* is the inviolable law of the M.P.B.S.!

The approach of the end of another year seems a good opportunity for suggesting that a change of dynasty might now be advantageous to the Society. If a suitable successor could be found, Vertumnus I. would be glad to abdicate. The new potentate could be elected from and by the present members, in which case, the feminine 'Vertumna,' would have to be coined. This suggestion is merely thrown out for the consideration of the members, who will of course bear in mind that circumstances may at any time *necessitate* the change now hinted at, if the Society is to continue in being. VERTUMNUS.

Subjects for the several months of 1882 :—

January—Asplenium, Ceterach, Blechnum (or Lomaria).
February—Any plants in flower, avoiding those already described.
March—Anemone Viola.
April—Fumaria Sagina, Mœnchia.
May—Vicia, Lathyrus, Ervum, Astragalus.
June—Rubiaceæ.
July—Gentianaceæ. Drosera, Parnassia.
August—Dianthus Lychnis, Silene.
September—Verbascum (omitting V. Thapsus) Melampyrum, Bartsia.
October—Senecio, Anthemis.
November—Sedum, Cotyledon.

No subject for December.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

IT has been found impossible to keep up the Handwriting Society. The exercises *never* appear again, and seem to be lost almost immediately after setting out.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIND some notable historical instances of the results of boasting when harness is put on as if it were being taken off. In other words, selling the bearskin before the bear is caught.

Translate the following letter of Klopstock's :—'Wir haben hier heut Nacht Illumination gehabt, mein lieber Andres. Sieht Er, da hangen denn Lampen in allen Hecken und Bäumen und sind solche Bogen, und Säulen, mit Lampen und so'n S. Michael, der den Lindwurm stösst, und die Gärtenhäuser sind voll Lampen über und über, und dicht am Wasser sind Lampen, dass man die Fische kann spielen sehen, und gehn so viel Leute aus Hamburg im Garten hin und her, sieht Er, und dass heisst denn Illumination und ist recht curios zu sehen, und kostet viel Oel.'

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

H.—The couplet is not very intelligible. It is probably one of Martial's epigrams, which are often obscure because embodying some perhaps well-known joke of his period of which we know nothing. It is in his style, and 'rhytion' is a word used by him and by nobody else that I know of. Here is the proper form and literal translation—

'Cum sint crura tibi simulant quæ cornua Lunæ,
In rhytio poteras, Phœbe, lavare pedes.'

'Since, Phœbus, you possess legs resembling the moon's horns, you are able to wash your feet in a rhytion' (*i.e.* a vessel shaped like a half-moon).

Phœbus is, I presume, the name of some contemporary. It can hardly mean Phœbus Apollo, whose legs were pretty straight I have always heard.—*Vertumnus.*

L. V.—Esmé Stewart has published *Caught in a Trap* (Marcus Ward). The story of *Espéranza* is by Anne Bowman, a very pretty tale of adventures in South America.

'A TANGLED TALE.'—ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—I beg to thank BALBUS and CERTAIN FRIENDLY SPIRITS for their communications, and would entreat the latter to abandon their wish, and to make what allowance they can for the feelings of one to whom anything like *personal* publicity is absolutely distasteful. '*Digito monstrari, et dicier, Hic est,*' is doubtless desired, and even sought after, by many; but *my* wishes are all in the opposite direction, and I would prefer as my motto, '*Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit.*' (N.B.—I do not offer the Spirits any translation. In these days young ladies learn *everything;* and 'everything' includes Latin.)

LEWIS CARROLL.

C. M. E.—Morell's *English Grammar.*

J. A.—Judge according to the amount of respect and duty you owe. If it would cause much trouble and vexation to provide other food, only refrain from something that you *like.* The rule as to midday fasting communion is good, but should not be strained when health is not strong and there is much previous exertion.

QUOTATION WANTED.

Nepenthe will be glad to know who is the author of the following lines, and where they are to be found :—

'There is no thing that I have done
There is no love that I have won
That any one on earth should grieve
If I to-night this earth should leave.'

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Sister in Charge of All Hallows Mission House desires to acknowledge gratefully a very nice parcel of clothes from S. H., Bath. Letter sent to post-office as directed, but returned.

The Sister-in-Charge desires gratefully to acknowledge a parcel from K. S. C., Gloucester; also blankets for the Home from Mrs. Leigh.

Miss Conybeare is very much obliged by the contributions of wool and scraps sent by the readers of the *Monthly Packet*.

November 28th, 1881.

DEAR ARACHNE,—Your conversation on foreign books in the *Monthly Packet* for November made me think of more German reading for your young friends, and perhaps my hints may be of some use. Being myself the mother of girls, and at the same time doing some reviewing for a magazine, I know a good deal of this branch of literature.

As for E. Marlitt, we—religious and cultivated people—consider her books rather hard, often dangerous reading. She has a way of always making religious and earnest people hypocrites, and all persons of rank villains, who have done the most dreadful things, an awful mystery always hanging over all.

Also Louise Mühlbach is considered as only fit for second-rate circulating libraries.

Of course you know or have heard of G. Freytag's 'Ahnen,' a series of historical novels, beginning in the seventh century. *Ingo and Ingraban* is beautiful, as also *Das Nest der Zaunkönige*. I don't like the one from the time of the Crusaders, *Die Brüder vom deutschen Hause*. People talk about religion, like the Protestantenvereinler of our times, and there is such a very pale and disagreeable picture of S. Elizabeth of Thuringia. The one from the sixteenth century, *Marcus König*, has many beauties, but is not fit for girls.

For these times, there is an excellent book, *Johannes Knades Selbsterkenntniss*[1] by Clara Quandt, and by the same author, *Die Polen in Dansig*[1] for a century later.

There is a beautiful novel by Ludovika Hesekiel, *Deutsche Träumer*,[2] illustrating the sad times and often dreadful dilemmas for conscientious hearts of the Thirty Years' War.

Gottfried Flamberg's *Der goldene Becher*[3] is excellent reading, also *Das verlorene Söhnchen*[3] *eine Kindergeschichte für Erwachsenen*, showing the abyss of modern unbelief; perhaps you should not put it in the hands of girls.

A beautiful story of the Middle Ages is *Tornesa von Steinhausen*, and excellent are Margarette Spörlin's *Elsässische Lebensbilder*,[4] 4 vols.

You might try *Geschichten und Novellen*, von W. Riehl, illustrating different times, not by treating of great historic events, but by going into details of manners and customs.

For pictures of German, Swabian, home life of the middle classes, I recommend Ottilie Wildermuth's often charming books, *Bilder und Geschichten aus Schwaben*,[5] 2 vols., *Aus dem Frauenleben*,[5] 2 vols., *Die Heimath der Frau*.[5]

You speak yourself of my favourite, *Langenstein und Boblingen Christfried und Julchen*,[6] by Marie Nathusins also, is very pretty, and many from her *Kleine Erzählungen*.[6] These are also adapted for children. I may mention here some very pretty children's books, by

[1] Hamburg, L. Ômler.
Berlin, O. Janke.
Stuttgardt, Steinkopf.

[4] Basel, F. Schneider.
[5] Stuttgardt, A. Krabbe.
[6] Halle, J. Foicke.

O. Wildermuth, *Aus Schloss und Gute,*[1] *Von Berg und Thal,*[1] *Für Freistunden,*[1] *Aus Nord und Sud.*[1]

A charming book for girls in the schoolroom, is *Das Margarethenbuch,*[2] by Thusnelde von Saldern. I may recommend Luise Pichler's *Historische Erzählungen für die Jugend,*[3] though I have not read all the fifty small volumes; children like them very much. 1 at 75 f. = 9*d.* each.

Nicolaus Tries: *Bilderbuch zum heiligen Vaterunser, Unsers Herrgotts Handlanger, Gottes Stadt und ihre Brünnlein,*[4] are excellent stories of North-German country life—perhaps not easy to understand for foreigners.

You speak yourself of *Heimathlos* and *Heidi,* those charming stories by Johanna Spyri, a Swiss lady. There is from her: *Aus Nah und Fern, Verirrt und Gefunden, Verschollen nicht Vergessen*—these last not for children.

Excellent novels are: *Die Tochter des Kunstreiters* and *Daniella*[5] by Ferdinande von Brackel, a Roman Catholic writer.

Do you know that most charming autobiography, M. von Kügelcher's *Jugenderinnerungen eines alten Mannes?*[6] excellent reading for children and grown-up people.

I was so glad you—or at least Spider—liked Amalie von Lasanly. Perhaps you would like to read the life of the *Kürstbischof von Diepenbrock,* by the Old Catholic Bishop Reinkens. It is highly interesting.

There is a very nice book, appearing yearly, for Christmas: *Neue Christoterpe,*[7] herausgegeben von Kögel, Bauer von E. Trommel, containing stories, poems, biographic sketches, &c. There have appeared three vols. For solid reading I might recommend, *Deutsche Literatur Geschichte von Rob. König,*[8] and *Deutsche Geschichte,* von L. Stacke.[8] Giesebrecht's *Geschichte der Deutschen Kaiserzeit,* 5 vols., is excellent, but very voluminous.

I could say a good deal about poetry, but you say yourself that people read very little of it, only I think it a pity that they hardly know there is such a thing in other countries. I for one know it, and delight in the *Lady of the Lake,* the *Idyls of the King,* and many others, not forgetting the *Christian Year* and *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* I wish you English knew something of German poetry, particularly religious poetry and hymnology.

Please excuse this long and lengthy letter. I cannot excuse myself like Madame de Sévigné with having too little time for being short, but perhaps with knowing too little English. I only hope that you will understand, and perhaps use some of the observations or criticisms.

Yours very truly,

A German Cobweb.

[1] Ess'ingen, Schreiber. [2] Wolfenlinttel, Zwissler. [3] Halle, J. Foicke.
[4] Itzehoe, Ad. Nusser. [5] Coln, Bachem. [6] Berlin, W. Herz.
[7] Bremen, Müller. [8] Bilefeld and Leipzig, Velhagen and Klasing.

The Monthly Packet.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXXIV.

THE ABJURATION OF HENRI IV.

1590—1592.

THE long hesitation of Henri IV. to renounce the Reformed faith is somewhat surprising. He had very little religion of any kind. His nature was generous, humane, and benevolent; and he freely followed its dictates. He was not an unbeliever in Christian truths, but morality was utterly alien to him, and his vices were tolerated by the ministers of both parties, so as to destroy his respect for them alike. Austere Calvinist gentlemen, most correct in their own behaviour, had given up in despair the hope of bridling his licence, and seemed to have made up their minds to endure it in the man whom they all loved for his many charms, and in whom was their only hope. The ministers found that the only effect of denouncing his sins was to make him absent himself from their sermons, and they let him alone. On the other hand, all patriotic Frenchmen longed to have the kingdom reunited under the rightful heir, and if the Roman Catholic clergy were not unanimous in desiring to welcome him, the drawback was not in his licentiousness, but his having been a relapsed heretic.

His wife, the wretched Marguerite, was leading a scandalous life, at a distance from his camp, and he was continually under the influence of some lady, more than one of whom entertained wild hopes of becoming his queen if he could only be freed from Marguerite, who, it was remembered, had never uttered the marriage vow, and had been united to him without a dispensation from the Pope, so that there was more than usual facility for dissolving the ill-starred union which both utterly disregarded.

One of the ladies who long held Henri under her power was the Countess of Guiche, a Huguenot dame, whom he had first seen going to a

sermon in a green dress with a little white dog in her arms. She probably did something to retain him as a nominal Huguenot, but she was losing her first charms, when he encountered the lovely Gabrielle d'Estrées, daughter of the Count de Cœuvres, and the betrothed of the Duke de Bellegarde, whom she really loved. Unfortunately this gentleman had boasted of her beauty before the King, her flaxen hair and lovely blue eyes, and fair complexion; and Henri was incited to visit her father's castle, where he admired her so much that she was greatly diverted, and laughed with her friends at the devotion of 'his grey-bearded majesty.' The Duke of Longueville fell in love with her and would have married her, but she refused him for Bellegarde's sake.

When the King dispersed his army after the siege of Paris he took up his abode at Senlis, and sent for M. de Cœuvres, ordering him to bring his daughter. Gabrielle implored M. de Bellegarde to marry her at once in private, but the Duke was afraid of displeasing the King. Still she struggled against the net that was round her. She returned the King's presents, took care not to be left alone with him, and openly besought him to forward her marriage; but the only consequence was that Henri, who absolutely had no shame in such matters, sternly told Bellegrade—'Monsieur, I will brook no rival either in love or war,' and forced him to give up his pretensions. A scene with Gabrielle followed, in which she wept passionately, upbraided the King, and besought him again to let her marry the man of her choice, kneeling at his feet, and when this proved vain, hurrying out of the room. That night she went back to her home at Cœuvres, and paid no attention to the summons to return sent by her father and the King. But the poor girl had little help in her own family; her mother was a woman of no good repute, and her sister was the scandal of the Convent of Maubuisson, of which she was the abbess.

While Henri was occupied in this unworthy manner the Duke of Parma had visited Paris, with which he expressed himself much disappointed. No wonder, for the city had not recovered the ravages of the disease and famine caused by the siege; the shops and houses were poverty-stricken and the Church plate had been melted up. The Duke's cold Spanish manners and grave silence caused much displeasure and greatly diminished the Spanish party, and the soldiers in his camp plundered the districts around like a hostile country, in contrast to those of Henri, who were strictly restrained from pillage, and whose purveyors paid for all provisions, so that the peasants felt which was their King and which their enemy. On leaving Paris, Parma, without consulting Mayenne, attacked the city of Corbeil, took it after a month's siege, and allowed his soldiers to treat the inhabitants in the horrible way they had been accustomed to in the Netherlands, plundering, torturing, killing, and burning.

Then leaving a Spanish garrison, he marched back to the Netherlands, but he was scarcely out of the town before Henri had sent Givoy and a troop, who recovered Corbeil and slew all the Spaniards, the natives rising upon these cruel men in a fury of revenge. The League entreated Farnese to return and help them, but he declared that the insufficiency of the garrison at Corbeil was the consequence of the jealousies of the League, and he refused to return, unless the Infanta were proclaimed Queen of France. He said to Mendoza—'The Prince of Béarn wears out more boots than shoes. The only way is to exhaust him and to gain partizans in large towns.'

So Parma marched on, and Henri hovered on his rear with 800 chosen horse. While at la Fère Henri was mad enough to set forth on a November night to make a visit to Gabrielle in her father's castle close to a thick wood, only three miles from Soissons, a Leaguer town. He rode with twelve nobles as far as a little roadside inn, where he put on a peasant's dress and took a sack of straw upon his back, with which he safely arrived, and was met by Biron, with news that he had persuaded the lady to see him.

Gabrielle was chaperoned by her sister, Madame de Villars, a proud, ambitious woman, who thought the Bellegarde marriage a better speculation than the King's admiration, though she had no higher principle. The two ladies came out into a balcony, and Gabrielle went into fits of laughter at the hooked-nose, grey-bearded figure in the peasant garb under the sack of straw. But if she hoped thus to give offence, she failed, for Henri was too good humoured himself and had too much sense of the ludicrous to be affronted by being laughed at. She walked off, declaring that she had nothing to say to his Majesty, who cut such a figure that she could not even look at him; but her sister flattered him and begged him to excuse Gabrielle's awkwardness and reserve, and in ten minutes the foolish girl, getting frightened at her own act, and recollecting what an unexampled proof of passion she had excited, came back as hostess of her father's castle with refreshments. The King took a cup of wine and a piece of bread from her hands, and soon after set forth so as to be back in his camp before morning. 'Nothing will go wrong with me now,' he said. 'In a few days *ma belle* will hear what gallant deeds I have done for love of her!'

That return of Gabrielle's sealed her fate, and led to her enrollment, not among the glories, but among the disgraces of her sex. Her beauty, especially that of her fair complexion and blue eyes, is described in rapturous terms: but her portrait, like those of many other much famed French ladies of the period, is disappointing, and it seems as if refinement and regularity of features had not then been admired.

Henri found his intimates in great consternation at his absence, but he was ready at once to continue the pursuit. He pressed closely on the Spanish rear, and at a place called Baroges he

actually beheld the Duke of Parma. Alphonse de Corse rode up and pointed out, not more than a hundred paces off, an officer in a felt hat, a great ruff, and a little furred cassock, galloping up and down and waving his sword to make the carabiniers fall back. Henri suspected that this was a feint to lead him to an attack, and involve his 3,000 men with the whole Spanish army, so he retreated. Parma was too much wanted in the Netherlands to remain, and after a skirmish at Arbre le Guise, where some banners were taken and sent to Gabrielle's feet, he took leave of Mayenne and returned to the Netherlands.

Still there was war raging in every province in France, and nothing could be more deplorable then the state of the kingdom from end to end. Every city was a garrison for one party or the other, and each side was again divided against itself. The Seize and the Guisards rent the Leaguers asunder, the Politiques and the Huguenots could scarcely brook to act in concert, and the winter of 1590–1 was spent in struggles and attempts in both armies, in the midst of which the King's attachment to Gabrielle became so openly known that the Duke of Bellegarde gave her up and returned her letters and portrait. Whereupon her father insisted that she should immediately marry the Baron de Liancour, a feeble-minded old widower with nine children. She was in despair and appealed to the King, who returned for answer that he was not powerful enough to forbid the marriage, but that he gave her his word as a King that he would cause her to be carried off an hour after its celebration. The miserable girl submitted to the mockery of such a wedding, and she made her vows with trembling and profane lips, intending instantly to falsify them; then she made her secret preparations and watched for her escort, but all in vain.

For an attempt had been made by the Parisians, under the Chevalier d'Aumale, to sieze St. Denis. They had been beaten off, and their leader killed, and a summons had been sent to Henri to tell him that in ensuing disputes and confusion there might be a hope of surprising the garrison of Paris. Henri hurried to the camp, and on the night of the 20th of January, 1591, he sent twenty officers, disguised as peasants, driving asses carrying bags of flour, and followed by a train of carts and waggons, driven by soldiers, who were to dash forward the moment the Porte St. Honoré was opened to the supposed convoy, while the Baron de Biron was ready with 1,200 men to enter the city. All, however, was disconcerted by the wariness of the captain of the guard, who refused to open the gate; the advance of the Huguenots was detected, and the city was all on the alert, so that the royal forces made no attack, and the only consequence of '*la journée des Farines*,' as it was called, was that the Duke of Mayenne admitted 4,000 Spanish troops to strengthen his garrison.

Meantime Gabrielle had made herself as disagreeable as possible to M. de Liancour, and as soon as this attempt was given up, Henri

summoned the ill-assorted pair to his camp at Chauny, and no sooner were they there than the unfortunate husband was exiled from court, and ordered to live in one of his castles in the Limousin. It is strange that if Henri professed that he had not power to hinder the marriage, he should stretch his authority to do what was so much more shameless, as to exile this unoffending man while his wife reigned supreme at court. All she now thought of was the means of retaining the King's affections, and her wit and light badinage had such charms that during her short life, she retained her power over him.

His military court was really more scandalous than even that of his predecessor had been, for the decorum that Queen Catherine had always preserved on the surface had given way, open vice prevailed, and the Huguenot boast that theirs was the cause of morality, had entirely passed away. Two ladies were actually murdered by their husbands—one pushed into a pond, and one strangled in her own hair—and the King's kind heart was shocked for the time, but the effect soon passed away.

The year 1591 was spent in skirmishes and sieges, and early in 1592 the young Duke of Guise, who had been imprisoned at Tours ever since his father's murder, made his escape. He was closely guarded, but all day was allowed the range of the castle, and often used to play at hide-and-seek with his guards. By a lady in the suite of Queen Louise a cord was sent to him in his linen, and hidden by his servants. One morning the Duke, a tall, athletic young man of five-and-twenty, proposed to his guards to race up the stairs of the clock-tower, and on their refusing, dashed off alone, as if for a prank, and rushed up the stairs leading to his own rooms, and slamming the great door that led to them, he barred and bolted it. Then he flew into his own bedroom, where his two servants fixed the rope to the iron bar of the window, and tied a pole to the end of the rope, on which he hung, and began his descent, while the guards were thundering at the door. The height was 100 feet, with the Loire below; but before he had gone twenty feet, the men in one of the watch-towers shot at him, and the valets were so startled that they let go the rope, and he fell all the rest of the way into the bed of the river, which was here nearly dry. He only lay stunned for a few seconds, then leapt up and ran towards a place where he knew some old servants of his father were waiting. He presently met a horse led by a man, who was in such utter confusion at the noise of firing and ringing of bells in all quarters, and at the sight of a gentleman running hatless along the dry bed of the river, that he made no resistance when the Duke vaulted on the horse and galloped off upon it!

The whole city now was roused, and the Duke was so closely pursued that he soon was forced to leap from the horse and swim the river. His friends, who were waiting for him on the other side, fancied that the uproar was caused by the discovery of their scheme

and the pursuit was of them, and they began to flee, as he ran after them, shouting and waving, till they called out '*Qui vive?*' '*Vive Guise!*' he answered, nearly exhausted. He was joyfully welcomed, mounted on a swift horse, and escorted to Bourges. The Leaguers considered his escape as a miracle in their favour; but Henri IV., on the other hand, declared it would be the ruin of the League, since it would bring another element of dissension into the already sufficiently divided counsels, and the astute cardinals at Rome thought the same.

Queen Elizabeth had taken up the French cause more earnestly than ever before. She liked a legitimate sovereign, and she had always favoured the French alliance, and now that the Protestant cause was identified with these, and Spain was best to be encountered on the soil of France, she sent 3,000 stout Englishmen, commanded by the brave Norris and the fiery Welshman, Roger Williams, to the aid of Henri. She embroidered a scarf for him and wrote him friendly letters, and hopes were given of a still larger army under the young Earl of Essex himself. The Spaniards had, on the other hand, sent 3,000 more men, under Don Juan de Aguilar, who landed at Blavet, in Normandy, and the hottest of the many fights raged in that duchy and in Brittany. While besieging Lamballe the stout old leader, La Noue, took off his helmet and mounted a ladder to examine the breach. A shot from an arquebus wounded him slightly, but made him fall, and one of his legs being stiff from a former wound, became entangled in the ladder, so that before he could be released he had received such injuries that he died after lingering eighteen days, and embracing his son-in-law, Teligny, who had just arrived, after seven years' captivity at Antwerp.

The Seize were meantime becoming more and more desperate. They were very angry with the Parliament of Paris for opposing their illegal measures. A person whom the Seize had denounced had been recently acquitted by the Parliament, and a few days later the President, Brisson, a man universally respected and beloved, together with two other magistrates, was seized in his own house at night, dragged before a committee of the Seize, condemned, and hanged in prison the same night. The bodies were exposed the next morning with labels terming them traitors, in the hope of striking terror into the people; but far more indignation than alarm was manifested; and on the tidings being brought to the Duke of Mayenne at Laon, he immediately marched back to Paris with 5,000 men, and put the nine who had been concerned in the murder to death. This so broke the force of the Seize that from that time forward they had little further influence upon public affairs.

The Duke of Mayenne was henceforth the most powerful personage in Paris. He silenced the factious priests by proclaiming that their political harangues should be punished by exile and deprivation, and he also dispensed with the services of the Spanish garrison. Every one was astonished at his unwonted vigour, but he was not equal to

the situation in which he found himself. His best course, as regarded the cause of the League, would have been freely to have given his consent to the union of his nephew with the Spanish Infanta, and to have done his utmost to seat them on the throne. But hereditary and patriotic dislike to Spain, the sense that if the Carlovingian descent was to be brought forward at all, the Duke of Lorraine had the better right, and a lurking perception that there would be no real tranquillity save in accepting the rightful heir, kept him in a state of vacillation in which he made himself contemptible to all parties.

Philip II. wished heartily for the conquest of France, and in spite of the remonstrances of Parma, compelled that great general to neglect the defence of the Netherlands, where Prince Maurice was making great progress, and to advance into France, where Henri IV. was besieging Rouen, which was defended by a son of Mayenne, known as the Duke of Aiguillon.

Queen Elizabeth had sent 4,000 troops to the assistance of Henri, and the young Earl of Essex broke loose from his attendance on her and took the command, being in fact in some disgrace on account of his marriage. He was accompanied by his brother, Walter Devereux, a youth of great promise, and these two young men rushed into every post of danger, like two knights errant. Walter was killed in a sortie, and Robert soon after sent a cartel to the Admiral de Brancas Villars, the most distinguished officer in Rouen, challenging him to fight on foot or on horseback, in doublet or in coat of mail; 'in either of which arrays,' wrote the young Earl, 'I will maintain that my quarrel is more just than that of the League, that I am a better man than yourself, and that my mistress is the greater beauty.' Did he mean his newly-wedded wife or Queen Elizabeth? He added an offer to bring twenty men to meet twenty, or sixty to meet sixty, if Villars preferred either of these arrangements to the single duello. In answer, the French governor accepted his defiance, and denied all his allegations, alike as to his cause, himself, and his lady; but, said Villars, the duello could not take place until the Duke of Mayenne's arrival to take charge of the army, and thus the whole challenge passed in empty words.

On the tidings of the preparations of Parma, Duplessis Mornay was sent to entreat Elizabeth to send a reinforcement of 5,000 men, who might probably be only detained a few weeks, and who were the more needed that only 600 of those originally promised were serviceable; and the Queen was angry at her favourite's wilfulness, that Duplessis believed that his return would be the chief mode of persuading his mistress to grant supplies; but Essex, in the hope of a battle, would not hear of going home, although at Dieppe, Mornay met one of his uncles, who had been sent out on purpose to bring him back like a naughty boy.

Elizabeth had just lost another old friend, the Lord Chancellor,

Christopher Hatton. He had only held the post four years, and being by no means fitted for it by learning or intellect, he had striven so hard to do his work honestly that his health had completely broken down. He strove day and night to accomplish his duties, and at last, on Elizabeth's showing her usual parsimony and suspicion respecting the recovery of a debt due to the crown, he took to his bed, and was pronounced to be in danger. Much shocked, the Queen came to him, assured him of her confidence, implored him to take food, and even administered a posset to him with her own hands; but it was too late, Hatton was past recovery, and died a few days later. He was Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Essex had hoped to have succeeded him, and was much mortified when the Queen sent orders that Lord Buckhurst should be chosen in his stead.

At Rye, and again at his lodging, Duplessis Mornay was met by messengers requesting that he should write to his King to insist that Essex should either be returned to England, or removed from a dangerous post which he had taken up between the two armies. The answer was that Henri had already forbidden the lodgment, and Mornay had three interviews with the Queen, but probably he was too straightforward to manage and flatter her as had been done by the emissaries from the Medici court, though he did once bring himself to say that if the young gentleman did show too much courage, it was all out of affection to her. Elizabeth seems to have been actuated at once by her abiding love of peace and dislike of war, by uneasiness for the personal safety of Essex, and likewise by jealousy of his assuming a prominent position. Once she flew into a rage and declared that he had persuaded the King that he was lord of all, but that she would make him level with the meanest peasant. The next time she yielded a little, and promised 3,000 men from Kent, Sussex, and the Isle of Wight; but she changed her mind again, and declared that no men should be sent while the Earl remained. Duplessis gave the matter up in despair, demanded his passports, and returned.

Meantime Essex and the King had alike come to the conclusion that the cause must not be risked by irritating her any further, so the Earl took a hasty leave of Henri, hurried to Dieppe, and crossed in a little skiff, expecting great wrath from the Queen. However, she was so glad to see him, that nothing but feasting and jollity prevailed for a week; orders were despatched for sending the 3,000 men off to Rouen, and leave was even granted to the Earl to accompany them, but he did not venture thus to risk his newly recovered favour.

The Spanish army was actually advancing into Normandy, and had united with that of Mayenne, so that the numbers were 24,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry. Parma was too infirm to ride, and travelled in a carriage; and, on the other hand, so did the Duke of Nevers, without whose consent, Henri had no power over the Politique part of his army.

Leaving Biron in command of the besieging force, Henri set forth with his cavalry and 200 men to reconnoitre. He had about 900 horse when he came suddenly on Parma's main body near Aumale. He could hear their drums and trumpets and count their numbers from the spot whence he first perceived them.

'We are at once too many and too few,' he said. He ordered 800 of his horse to draw up in a valley near at hand, and then rode forward with the hundred left. Thinking there must be an ambuscade, Parma halted while he sent out scouts, and only when he was certain that the force in front of him was very small did he allow them to be attacked. They rode and fought, and as Henri was recognised, Spaniards and Leaguers were alike ardent to press on, and surround and capture him and his horse. But Parma would not believe that the King could be leading a picket like a mere captain, and refused to let the main body of his army stir, though from a hill he watched the chase of the gallant hundred. Henri received an arquebus shot in the loins as he kept guard at the end of a bridge while his men crossed, but did not fall, though sixty out of the hundred men dropped round him, and two of his chief officers were wounded.

Four hundred dragoons now dismounted and threw themselves between him and the enemy. These were musqueteers who rode when not in action, but fought on foot. These almost all perished, but they saved the King, who was met before the gates of Aumale by Nevers and Longueville with force enough to turn back the pursuers. His wound was not dangerous, though he had to be inactive for some little time, and he acknowledged his imprudence by calling the day 'the blunder of Aumale.' Duplessis was horrified at his rashness in exposing his life, and wrote to him—'Sire, I do not think your Majesty can ever do me so much good as you have done me ill this day.'

Henri had time to recover, for Farnese, the most cautious of men, moved on very slowly, and though Villars sent word that an attack by a detachment would break up the royal army, he still advanced so tardily, that, as the spring advanced, Villars was reduced to such distress that in April he informed Parma that if he were not succoured before the end of the month, he must surrender. Thereupon Parma made an advance with his whole army in good earnest, intending to make a general attack on the King in his camp, but Henri, whose army of volunteers had been dwindling under the fatigues of the siege, did not wait for him, broke up his camp and marched off.

Parma was received in Rouen with transports of joy, while Henri hovered about with his head-quarters at Dieppe. The Leaguers decided on besieging the old Norman town of Caudebec, on the Seine, as from thence the Royalists were able often to cut off supplies going by water to Rouen.

The Prince of Parma was visiting the trenches with an Italian

engineer, and making arrangements for the siege, when he was struck a little below the elbow by a musket ball. No faltering, not even a start or pause, betrayed his suffering, until the loss of blood became visible on his cheek, and he was carried to his bed. He had already a tendency to dropsy, and became so ill that he had to give up the command of the Flemings to his son Ranuccio, between whom and Mayenne there were considerable jealousies, and indeed on his sick bed, Farnese was distracted with the belief that Mayenne secretly preferred the Béarnois to Italian, Spaniard, Fleming, or fanatic Parisian, and would only be thankful to be quit of the whole League, and at peace with his lawful prince.

Caudebec fell at once, but Henri had gathered his forces together, and coming forward from Dieppe to Yvetot, shut the whole Leaguer force into a narrow triangle formed by the sea and the two rivers Seine and Dieppe, with the Dutch guarding the coast and the mouth of the Seine. The only way out for the invading army lay across the Seine below Caudebec, but there were no bridges, and the river was wide, and daily swelled by the tide. Provisions ran low in the Leaguer camp. There was no bread nor hay, and scarcely any drinking water. A single jug was worth a crown; and moreover the general-in-chief was very ill, and his men were furious. Henri was exulting in the trap in which he had caught the old fox, when behold, on the morning of the 23rd of May, he was called to find the snare broken, and to see the very last of the Leaguers crossing the Seine, and as soon as they landed making a bonfire of their boats.

Parma had secretly collected all the boats and craft from Rouen and its neighbourhood, formed rafts, repaired temporarily the single broken bridge, whose remnants were available, and had managed to carry off his whole army in one short night of May. This was held to be the greatest of all his feats of generalship, as it was his last. The Royalists could hardly believe their eyes, and when the King wanted to hurry on in pursuit, the Politiques held him back, unwilling that he should gain the victory over the League while he was still a Huguenot. Queen Elizabeth likewise insisted that he should restore Calais as the price of her assistance, and reproached him with needlessly exposing the lives of her subjects, recalling all the forces she had lent him as soon as he refused to yield up Calais—an act for which his subjects would never have forgiven him. Another disaster was the death of his faithful old friend Marshal Biron, who was shot through the head while surveying Epernon.

On the other hand, Henri's ablest enemy, the Prince of Parma, was slowly sinking at Spa, weighed down by a complication of diseases, and still more by the suspicions of Philip, who charged on him all that want of success which was really caused by the Spanish King's interference.

The archives of Spain show reams of letters from Farnese, pleading

with Philip for proper supplies, explaining the difficulties in the way, warning against men and measures, showing the unreasonableness of the commands issued. And on the other hand, Philip's own marginal notes, and his letters in return, show how he, in his study, believed himself to know better in his study than his nephew on the spot, and sent this able general forth to conquer the Netherlands, England, and France, with his hands tied. After the retreat from Rouen, during which Maurice of Nassau had made considerable progress in confirming the defences of the United Provinces, Philip sent out the Marquis of Ceralho with instructions to send Parma back to Spain, or remove him by any means, giving the government to Count Peter Mansfeldt, until the Archduke Albert of Austria should arrive to undertake it; but the removal was not to take place till the troops had been prepared to part with their trusted general; and Philip meant the Prince to make one more campaign in France. Parma, somewhat recruited, had returned to Arras, and had begun his preparations, when, on the 3rd of December, 1592, he fainted as he was undressing for the night, and expired in a short time, leaving no general or statesman equal to him among all the kingdoms of Philip II.

Henri IV. was thus relieved from the only man who could outgeneral him, and he had made up his mind that the time had come for conciliating his subjects by abjuring Calvinism. Queen Elizabeth still demanded Calais as the price of her assistance, and thus nothing was gained with her by persisting in the profession which had little real hold over him, and his Huguenot friends knew him to be their only protector. Maximilian de Rosny, though himself a staunch Protestant, gave the following advice:—

'To advise you to go to Mass cannot be expected of me, being of the religion; but I can tell you that it is the only way of overthrowing evil projects. You will not meet so many enemies, troubles, and difficulties in *this* world. I can't answer for it as to how it will be in the other.' And he laughed, the King also laughing.

A day or two after, the King sent for him very early in the morning, and asked his advice, scratching his head in perplexity, and this is what the worldly-wise adviser answered—

'I hold for certain that whatever form of religion men may profess outwardly, provided they die in the observation of the Decalogue, faith in the Apostles' creed, with a hearty love of God, charity to their neighbour, hope in the mercy of God and trust in salvation, through the death, the merits, and the righteousness of JESUS CHRIST, they cannot fail to be saved.'

The argument that Henri declared to weigh most with him was that the Catholic side must be the safer, since they affirmed that nobody could be saved outside their pale, while the Calvinists allowed that there might be salvation for those who did not think like them.

Duplessis Mornay's counsel was far more high-minded. He believed

that no profession of faith would do any man good if he were not sincere in it; and represented that if the King's mind were wavering, he ought to hear both sides fully argued out by able champions; and Henri so far yielded to him as to desire him to collect the ablest theologians on his own side. The Catholic nobles in the camp besought Mornay not to awaken Henri's scruples, and even offered him 20,000 crowns if he would hold his peace.

'Neither my master's conscience nor mine is for sale,' he answered; but he must have spoken with a misgiving that this was only true of his own.

Then the Politiques tried to persuade Henri to send this honest man away; but Mornay chanced to fall upon one of their consultations, and spoke thus—

'It is hard, messieurs, to prevent a master from speaking to a faithful servant. Whatever I say to him might be uttered aloud before you all. I propose to him to serve God with a good conscience, to set Him before his eyes in every action, to appease the schism in his dominions by a holy reformation of the Church, to be an example to Christendom and to all posterity. Are these things to be spoken in the chimney corner? You want me to advise him to go to Mass. You do him a wrong in thinking that would move him. With what conscience could I advise him, unless I went there first; and what religion would mine be if it could be pulled off like a shirt?'

'Monsieur!' cried Marshal d'Aumont, 'you are more worthy than we are. If I said two days ago that we ought to give you a pistol shot, to-day I say we ought to set up a statue to you!'

Mornay had let himself be hoodwinked by the King's professions of sincerity. Henri had desired all the Reformed congregations to fast and pray that the conferences might be blessed, and he had said to the pastors assembled at Saumur—

'If you hear some excesses attributed to me, you may believe it in part, for I am a man subject to great infirmities; but if you are told that I have fallen from the religion, do not believe it. I shall die in it.'

However, Gabrielle d'Estrées was working away, probably thinking that to be an instrument in the King's conversion would atone for her guilt, and win for her such gratitude as the nation felt for Agnes Sorel. Mornay was sent away, and the conferences began at Mantes. But they were all on one side. The Calvinist ministers whom Mornay had been desired to select were not invited to appear on the scene at all. A letter is extant in which the Bishop of Chartres was told that he might come securely, without troubling himself about theology. Indeed, Henri had given his royal word to the Grand Duke of Tuscany that he would not delay his abjuration. He afterwards told the pastors that the step was necessary, and that he had not chosen to expose them to the mortification of defeat. The more moderate

Leaguers rejoiced. The famous curé, Lincestre, was willing to be present at the conference, and a truce was concluded in order that the conferences might take place at S. Denis instead of Mantes. The more fanatical Parisians were still resolved to hold out. A procession was headed by the Legate, in which the relics of numerous saints were carried, and among them the bier of S. Louis, on the shoulders of thirteen councillors of parliament in their scarlet robes. A sermon was given in which the text, 'Take me out of the mire,' *Delivrez moi de la Bourbe*, was treated as an allusion to the Bourbon! Mayenne, at the same time, while writing to flatter Philip with hopes for the Infanta, kept the States-General from coming to an election till the result should be seen.

On the 15th of July the ecclesiastics began to assemble at S. Denis. On the 23rd Henri wrote to Gabrielle that he had sent a guard to escort her from Chartres, and added incidentally—'To-morrow I take the perilous leap.'

The next day, at 6 A.M. the Prelates were admitted to his presence, the procession beginning with the Archbishops of Bourges and Lyons. Henri began by avowing himself willing to accept the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist and the supremacy of the Pope. He said he wanted to know whether each Christian was required to pray to all the saints separately. The Bishop of Evreux answered that it was sufficient to address the individual patron in private, but that all were invoked in the litanies. Then Henri asked questions about confessions. Here begins the most shameful part of the transaction. The Bishops knew that he was resolved that he would not resign his vices at the call of any director, and that he might quite possibly disappoint them all if he were threatened with the necessity of a faithful confession and true repentance. So the Archbishop of Bourges replied—

'A Christian's conscience is tender. It is the duty of every man to examine his life and conscience, and to accuse himself even when not aware of sin. A confessor-in-chief ought to inquire into the spiritual condition of his penitent, because there are some sins which a simple priest cannot absolve.'

Henri understood this unmeaning speech to convey that he would not be interfered with, and then satisfied himself that the Pope would only be concerned in spiritual matters. Then he declared himself satisfied, repeating that, 'as to the oblation of the Mass, I have always believed as you do.'

The Prelates, however, each had a speech to make, and the conference lasted till one o'clock. Soon after Gabrielle arrived in great state, and at a distance the faithful Mornay wrote, 'I pray that if he forget his God, God may not forget him.'

The next day was Sunday. The streets leading to the Cathedral were hung with tapestry, beneath which stood the guards. Within the cathedral a canopy of state was hung over chairs placed for the

ladies, among whom Gabrielle had the foremost place. At nine o'clock Henri came forth, all in white satin, except his cap and cloak, and escorted by all his princes and nobles.

At the door of the cathedral sat the Archbishop of Bourges in full robes, mitre and crosier, his suffragan Bishops round him, and at his right hand the Abbot of S. Denis, with a golden cross, and an acolyte on each side of him, one bearing the Gospels, the other a vessel of holy water.

The Archbishop demanded of the advancing figure—

'Who are you?'

'The King.'

'What is your desire?'

'To be received into the bosom of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church.'

He then knelt and took an oath to live and die in the Communion of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, renouncing all other belief, heresies, and doctrines, and he gave a paper to the same effect. The Bishops all laid their hands on his head, in token of absolution and reconciliation, cannon thundered, the people shouted, the princes waved their swords, and the general ecstasy brought tears to the eyes of the King. The choir, singing the *Te Deum*, headed a long procession to the altar, when Henri again made his abjuration on the book of the Gospels, and then was shut, with the recently-created Cardinal de Bourbon, into a velvet gold-embroidered confessional, while a general silence prevailed, and every one knelt, the Bishops laying aside their mitres.

When he emerged, High Mass was celebrated, and at the elevation of the Host he prostrated himself till he touched the pavement with his brow. The joy was intense among all those who beheld the first real hope of peace within the distracted kingdom, though as yet only the first step was taken. The League derided it as a mere farce, and the Pope had by no means made up his mind to accept it.

In fact, there was a grand crisis, by which true zeal for the honour of God and His Church might have profited. Had the question been whether Henri IV. should be welcomed while persisting in the grossest vices, instead of whether Rome could afford to offend Spain, what might not have been the effect upon France, and indeed upon the morality of Europe?

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

ÆSCHYLUS (*continued*).—THE EUMENIDES.

Being the Third Drama of the Oresteian Trilogy.

INTRODUCTION.

JUDGED by a purely modern standard, the Oresteian Trilogy ends, so far as any play of human character is concerned, with the *Coephoræ*. When Orestes rushes forth, pursued by the Furies of the mother he has slain, he really disappears from the action of the piece. It will be well, first of all, to indicate this by giving the outline of the *Eumenides*:

When the Furies (Erinnyes) *had pursued Orestes through many lands, he took refuge at last at the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, and besought the god to aid him according to his promise. But Apollo, after exhorting him to be of good courage, said that not even yet were his toils ended, for he must fly before his pursuers till he came to the city of Athens, where Pallas should appoint judges to try his cause. And the god bade him hasten, ere yet the Furies awoke (for he had lulled them for the time into slumber); and he furthermore appointed Hermes to escort him to Athens.*

So Orestes once more fled till he came to Athens, to the temple of Athena—and there, falling low at the statue of the goddess, besought her to deliver him from his pursuers. And when Athena had heard him plead his cause, and also the crime whereof the Furies accused him—for they had followed hard upon his track—she would fain have decided in favour of Orestes, yet, because she feared by so doing to incense the Furies against her land, she declared that she would institute a solemn court to try the case, which should remain as a tribunal for all future time to decide causes of blood. Wherefore Athena summoned them to appear before her on the Hill of Arès, and there, when she had chosen twelve Athenian citizens to be the judges, she bade them try Orestes' cause. And Apollo pleaded for him in person against the bitter accusations of the Furies. Now when the judges had declared their votes, the number was found to be equal on both sides, but Athena gave her casting vote in favour of Orestes. So the curse was removed from the house of Pelops, and Orestes returned home rejoicing to Argos, after that he had thanked Athena and concluded an alliance between Argos and Athens.

But the Furies were wroth, for that as ancient deities they had been dishonoured and their prerogative taken from them, and they threatened to pour blight and pestilence over the whole land. But with gentle words Athena appeased them, promising them abodes and altars, and that they should be evermore honoured in her land of Athens. Then at length did

they relent, and declare that their presence should henceforth bring, not curses, but blessing to the land. And after this they were called no more 'Furies,' *but* 'Eumenides' (*the kindly ones*).

In this mighty stream of events the mere mortal Orestes is dwarfed into insignificance. It seems to bear him in its grasp to a place of safety, and then to sweep on resistless and unheeding. But in reality the dramatic interest does not so much fade as merge into loftier interests. To Æschylus, men *were* as nothing in that tremendous world-struggle, in which their passions appeared to make them the sport and plaything of gods above and gods below the earth. In that contest Æschylus thought he perceived the one source of tragic pity and terror, and in the *Eumenides* the tragic intensity reaches its culminating point. If the *Oresteia* be the supreme work of Æschylus, in that it gives their fullest and grandest expression to his leading ideas, it is in the *Eumenides* that these ideas find their crowning perfection and completeness. The growth and development of a great conception constitute the real artistic unity of the Oresteian Trilogy.

Æschylus, therefore, is not departing from his ordinary method when he seems to abandon the human action of the piece for the discussion of a religious and political difficulty in which the gods themselves take part. The question which was the apparent cause of the deviation was a question of the day. At the time Æschylus was writing the *Eumenides*, the leaders of the popular party at Athens were threatening to reform or abolish the Court of Areopagus, a tribunal with which rested the final decision in cases of murder and sacrilege, and the wide prerogatives and great antiquity of which surrounded it with a halo of religious sanctity. There is no doubt that the poet had in view to defend this time-honoured institution by representing it as being of divine origin. But he does not allow the idea to carry him away; he takes it up quite naturally into his main conception, which he thereby amplifies and ennobles. For the Furies, whom his art summons to the Areopagus, typify, in the poet's intention, the law of *Conscience*, and in making them justify their cause at that divinely-instituted court, he elevates conscience into a universal law, binding on all men alike.

And while he thus argues from the case of the hero Orestes to the moral sense of mankind, so does he lead on the spectator from a view of the misfortunes of a single house to contemplate the fortunes of a whole state. The gods, whose unseen agency has been the thread running through the *Agamemnon* and the *Coephoræ*, are, in the *Eumenides*, actually brought forward, and livingly identified with the grandeur and welfare of Athens, the centre of the Greek world. The Furies are there—gods of the gloom beneath the earth, terrible, but to be propitiated; and there too are the bright Olympian gods, Athena and Apollo, perfect in wisdom and beauty, able to chasten or to save. As those gods wrought in the past with the house of Pelops—

the poet shows—so are they at hand, an ever-living agency, in the Athens of to-day. 'The picture had at once ideal beauty of the highest kind, and, for Greeks, a deep reality; they seemed to be looking at the actual *beginning* of those rites and usages which were most dear and sacred in their daily life.' *

In a more strictly dramatic sense, the Furies, who form the chorus, constitute the real *characters* of the play, their awfulness being brought into all the stronger contrast by the majesty of the higher gods Athena and Apollo. These are they whom 'the women swooned to see,' and whose horrible appearance and dread malignity passed into a by-word. As a dramatic creation they stand alone. Poetically they are the sisters of the witches in *Macbeth*, but a far deeper significance underlies the conception of the older poet. The Furies (*Erinnyes*), or avenging goddesses, were beings very real to the popular imagination, and the term Eumenides was merely a euphemism employed by those who shrank from a name implying so much that was horrible, as Furies or Avengers. They were thought to avenge such crimes as murder and inhospitality, but Æschylus, as we have seen, idealised and widened the popular idea of them, and made them distinctly typical of the workings of *conscience*. Unless this be borne in mind, the poet's presentment of them is in danger of being misunderstood. It would be a mistake to regard them as merely malignant beings. They are gods, to whom an awful duty has been assigned, and their fearful physical attributes are but the fit symbolism of their fearful office. Called into birth by evil itself, their hatefulness is but its baleful reflection. Malignity thus becomes for them a duty, and when not excited by the presence of guilt they are restrained, even gentle, for they 'respect the righteous.' There is thus no dramatic incongruity in their finally becoming, in place of *Erinnyes* or *Furies*, the *Eumenides* or *Kindly Ones*.

The scene is in front of Apollo's temple at Delphi. The Priestess, who, after an invocation to the gods, has entered the temple, returns in a moment terrified:

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Oh! I have seen what scarce my tongue dare tell!
That sight! it scared me back from Loxias' shrine,
So that my tottering steps scarce bear me up,
And with blind hands I grope, all numbed my feet.
For fright her and an old dame's nought—no more
Than a mere child; so then, as I drew near
The crypt that many a bough wreathes high, I saw
Crouched at the altar-stone, suppliant, a man
Accursed of heaven; his hands with blood besprent,
His fingers clutched about a sword new-drawn,
And tapering stem of olive, duly wreathed
With fillets huge of whitest wool—for this
I say with certainty; and round him lie,
Crouching on seats, a wondrous woman-troop.
Yet *women* said I? no, but Gorgons they;

* Professor Jebb, *Primer of Greek Literature*, p. 80.

And yet they were not like to Gorgon shapes.
I mind me once strange pictured forms I saw,
That bare off Phineus' viands;* but these hags
Are wingless, black, and hideous of aspect.
Thick parts their stertorous breath, barring approach,
And noisome drops do their bleared eyes distil.
Their dress, too, such as fits should come not near
Statue of any god or homes of men.
Tribe saw I never yet whence such could part,
Nor know I land could boast such race it reared,
Unscathed, and had not cause to rue its pains.
What next remains to do with him must rest,
This temple's lord, great Loxias himself.
The prophet, he, of healing, and wise seer,
Who still for others maketh pure their homes.

The scene, opening, shows the interior of the temple, with Orestes sitting on the altar-stone. By him stands Apollo; in the back-ground Hermes. Around lie the Furies, sleeping.

APOLLO.

Fear not, for I am with thee evermore;
And whether far I seem, or close at hand,
Will guard thee, and be stern to all thy foes.
And do but see how lulled that frantic crew,
The loathly virgins, sunk and drowned in sleep,
Hoar brood of eld, with whom nor god consorts,
Nor man, nor any beast; yea, at the first,
They were through evil, and in baleful gloom
Of Tartarus, deep under earth they dwell,
Abhorred of mortals and Olympian gods.
Yet fly, and wax not faint of heart, for they
Must chase thee even o'er the wide continent,†
Wearily wandering o'er the way-worn earth,
And ocean, and the wave-washed, citied shores.
And brood not with sick fancy o'er that toil
Ere countered, but to Pallas' city go,
And clasping there her antique statue's base,
Sit suppliant; till with judges duly set,
And words of suasion bland, a way we find,
To give thee lasting ease of these thy toils,
For at my hest thou didst thy mother slay.

ORESTES.

Oh, King Apollo! just are all thy thoughts,
Therefore, as thou know'st justice, heed it well,
For mighty is thy strength to succour me.

APOLLO.

See that no fear thy spirit daunt; but thou,
My brother, of our common sire born,
Hermes, with such sure guidance as shall not
Thy title shame,‡ guard him and tend him well,
My suppliant; dear to Zeus, though he transgress,
That mortal whom his fostering care hath claimed.

[*Exeunt Hermes and Orestes. Apollo retires within the temple.*

* The Harpies, who were thus sent to punish Phineus for depriving his sons of sight. While the Harpies had wings, the Furies had none. The Gorgons were three fearful sisters, who, like the Furies, were represented with snaky hair. One of them, Medusa, turned all who looked on her to stone.

† *i.e.* Europe. ‡ Hermes was the Herald or *Conductor* of the gods.

The ghost of Clytemnestra arises, and pointing to the wound inflicted by her own son, goads on the sleeping Furies to their task. Gradually, with low moanings, they awake, and yelping horribly to one another, like hounds that miss their prey, call upon Apollo to respect their office and restore them their victim. But he threatens them with his arrows, and bids them depart from his temple.

---

*The scene now changes to the temple of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens. Orestes, entering, throws himself at the feet of the statue of the goddess.**

ORESTES.

Athena! Queen! hither, as Loxias bade,
I come; but do thou favourably receive
A wretch, no longer now with guilt weighed down,
Nor having hands unclean; but dulled and worn†
At other homes, erewhile, and ways of men,
Over dry land and sea, wandering, I come,
Obedient to the words that Loxias spake—
Oh goddess!—to the fane and image thine;
There clung, bide I the issue of my trial.

The Chorus enter wildly, as if in hot pursuit.

CHORUS OF FURIES.

Hist! hist! here's trace—and sure one—of our man.
Follow, where calls a voiceless summoner.‡
For as a hound doth the poor wounded fawn,
We hunt our quarry by the dripping blood.
Still pant my flanks, aheave with my long toils
To weary down the man; no spot of earth
Untracked remains, and on, in wingless flight,
Swift as a ship I've followed o'er the wave.
Now somewhere hereabout he lurks; the reek
Of human blood steals grateful to my sense.

Second Fury. Search, search again, spy everywhere about,
Lest scathless be our matricide slunk out!
Third. Ho! ho! why here we find him safe again,
See, twined the immortal goddess' feet around.
Fourth. To yield him to our justice he were fain!
Fifth. No, no—not so—a mother's blood on ground,
I ween none shall take up again.
Sixth. The blood once shed is vanished.
Seventh. But he grants me instead, that I sup the draught red
From his still throbbing veins;
Eighth. And my fangs are athirst
For his life-blood—a banquet to others accursed.
Ninth. Then I drag him, drained so, to the kingdoms below!
Tenth. Meed for a slaughtered mother's pangs to learn,
Eleventh. Where he shall many a fellow-sinner see—
Twelfth. Who god, or stranger guest, or parents dear did spurn—
Thirteenth. Each with the due reward for his impiety.
Fourteenth. For stern o'er men is Hades' ken,
The earth below;
Fifteenth. And his recording mind all things doth know.

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* This change of scene should be particularly noted, as it was of very rare occurrence in the Greek drama. Between the first and second scenes a considerable interval of time is supposed to have elapsed.

† He means that the pollution of murder has, as it were, worn away from him, even as a blood-stain fades away from the hand.

‡ *i.e.* the scent of blood.

ORESTES.

Versed in misfortune, it is mine to know
Full many a cleansing rite, and when to speak
Befits, or to keep silence; but now one *
Who hath the words of wisdom bade me speak.
For the blood sleeps, slow-fading from my hand,
And that pollution of a mother slain
Is clean washed out; for its fresh-breathing guilt
Did blood of swine at Phœbus' altar purge.
Long were it from the first to tell what hearths
Did shelter me with blameless intercourse,†
But time that wanes, bears guilt with it away;
And now with hallowed lips may my chaste prayer
Call the land's queen, Athena, to come forth,
My aid; so, without clash of spear, shall she
Win o'er myself, my land, and Argos host,
True friends, in true alliance, evermore.
Then whether near her haunts of Libya's strand,
Or Trito's stream that gave her birth, she set
Her foot advanced or 'neath her trailing robe—‡
Helping her friends—or the Phlegræan plain,§
Like some bold captain, scan; oh! may she come,
Since gods far off can hear, and prove a stay,
To save me from the stress of these my woes.

CHORUS.

Think not Apollo nor Athena's might
Shall snatch thee from this doom: to pine and waste
Forlorn, no gleam of joy in thy dead heart,
Us Furies' bloodless prey, a mere, mere shade.
How now? no answer? thou to scorn my words!
Thou, fatted for my maw, foredoomed my own!
Yea, living thou, no victim slain, shalt make
My feast; now list the song shall bind thee ours.

They dance in slow and ordered measure, singing the while the following incantation:

BINDING HYMN.‖

Come, join hands, the measure tread,
Since 'tis meet we sisters show,
In our mystic chant and dread,
How by us the lots be sped
Unto mortals here below.
Ministrants of Justice we;
Whoso lifts pure hands in prayer,
Scathless on through life may fare;
Not on him our wrath shall be.
But when wretch like this would hide
Guilty hands that blood have spilt,
Then, stern witnesses upstarting for the dead, nor soon departing,
Ever with him we abide,
Till fulfilled his meed of guilt.

---

* Apollo.

† *i.e.* if he had still been *guilty* his presence would have brought misfortune on a house.

‡ *i.e.* whether she be moving or at rest.

§ A volcanic district on the coast of Campania.

‖ The hymn is supposed to act as a kind of charm, which puts the victim against whom it is directed entirely into the Furies' power. In it are completely described their office and attributes. (Cómpare Introduction.)

STROPHE I.

Mother didst bear me, Mother Night,
Scourge of quick, and dead to be,
Hear! for me Latona's son * hath a foul dishonour done,
Thus to snatch yon wretch from me;
Him there swooning, whose atoning blood a mother's blood should quite—
Such our refrain o'er victim slain;
Maddening measure, fell delusion, blasting to a drear confusion human thought;
This is the Erinyes' strain;
Reason-haunting, for no lyre's chaunting, wasting men to nought.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For us relentless Destiny
Evermore this office gave;
Whomsoe'er doth redly stain, blood of kin unjustly slain,
Him to follow till the grave
Hold him lying, no, nor dying shall he utterly be free.
Such our refrain o'er victim slain;
Maddening measure, fell delusion, blasting to a drear confusion human thought;
This is the Erinyes' strain;
Reason-haunting, for no lyre's chaunting, wasting men to nought.

STROPHE II.

This our task, by faith allotted even at our birth;
Even immortals stretch in vain hands to stay us, none though fain,
Share our banquet-mirth.
Mine not to have lot or right in the festal robes of white;— †
For the house I overthrow,
Wherein Arès, stirring hate,
Causeth blood of kin to flow; ‡
Him ho! him, we follow straight,
And, strong runner though he be,
Dim § his life-blood flowing free.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And these cares to shield from others ever is our heed— ‖
Not the high gods, though they dare to keep from us mortal prayer,
May dispute our meed—
(Yea, Zeus, hating sore to see our blood-dappled company,
Thrusts us, loathèd, from his sight)—
For I bound, I leap on high,
Then with feet down-falling smite
On my victim furiously—
Limbs that shock, though fast he speed;
Harsh intolerable meed! ¶

STROPHE III.

And when mortal state seems noblest, glorious in the light,
Suddenly it fades and dwindles, darkling, out of sight;

---

* Apollo.

† *White* robes were symbolic of joy and festivity.

‡ *i.e.* when Arès (Strife) causes relation to slay relation in a blood-feud.

§ *i.e.* by lapping it.

‖ They refer to the interference of Apollo, and go on to declare their *independence* of the Olympian gods.

¶ The Furies, who are represented throughout the play generally as following their victim like hounds, are here conceived as demons who swoop down on him from above. In the succeeding strophe and antistrophe they are described as working by a *curse*, which brings ruin on the insolent and proud.

When black-stoled, with hateful beat of our rapid-circling feet,
We Furies weave our dance of doom.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Then he falleth, yet insensate, witteth not his fall;
Such a mist of drear pollution wraps him in its pall.
And a whisper, moaning low, saith that round his house doth grow
Evermore a cloud of doom.

STROPHE IV.

For this law abideth; still
We the dread ones, well-contriving,
Ever against evil striving,
Find a way to work our will.
Mortal pleading little heeding,
Sundered from the gods on high,
Our task contemned and scorned we ply,
With sunless torch o'er harsh rough ways pursuing
Quick and dead alike to their undoing.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Lives then one of mortal kind
Shall not quake with guilty fears,
When from me the rule he hears,
Rule by changeless fate assigned?
Doom of power, the gods' dower—
For on me an honour high
Resteth from hoar eternity,
Nor may dishonour touch me though in womb
Of the earth my place, and sunless gloom.*

Athena appears in answer to the invocation of Orestes, and to her, when she has heard his story, the Furies commit the decision of their cause. But Athena saith that she will found a court, to be for all time, before which she summons them presently to appear. But the Furies sing in warning strains how, if this matricide be allowed to escape them, Fear shall vanish from among men, and they shall rush blindly into every crime.

The scene changes to the Hill of Arès. Athena enters with twelve Athenian citizens as judges. The latter take up their station in a semicircle round the altar in the centre of the stage, whereon are placed two urns for voting. The court being opened by blast of trumpet, Apollo enters and defends Orestes in person against the charges of the Furies. Then ere the judges give their votes Athena thus addresses the assembly:—†

ATHENA.

Ye folk of Attica! my precept hear,
Now at your first assembling to decide
The cause of blood; and aye this court shall stand,
Stablished for Ægeus' people evermore.
For on this hill of Arès, seat and camp
Of the Amazons, what time, for some deep grudge

---

* Though scorned by the other gods, and dwelling apart from them, the Furies are still *deities*, whom men cannot disregard with impunity.

† The reader must be reminded that much of the impressiveness of this scene depended on the *spectacle*, a remark which applies to the whole play. The words of Athena are spoken not merely to the actors, but to assembled Athens, who were thus made by the poet to take part, as it were, in the trial, and assist at the founding of the Areopagus. (Compare Introduction.)

'Gainst Theseus * borne, they warring came, and this
New-citied citadel made tower up,
A tower of strength against Acropolis—
And sacrificed to Arès, whence his name
Clings yet to rock and hill;—hereon, I say,
Shall reverence akin to Fear restrain
My citizens from wrong by day and night,
If but themselves mar not the law through change.
For if with muddy, gross impurities
Ye foul clear water, none may drink thereof.
And I commend my citizens to make
Nor anarchy their choice, nor tyranny,
Nor thrust Fear wholly from their gates; for who,
Not having fear before his eyes, is just?
But reverencing this seat of reverence,
Oh! ye shall have such bulwark for your land,
Such safeguard for your state as none else hath,
No, not in Scythia nor old Pelops' realm.†
Thus then I found this judgment-seat, untouched
Of bribes, prompt to avenge, holding the land
In awe, a guard to watch o'er those that sleep.
So runs my speech to these my citizens,
In warning for all time; but now rise up,
Take each your vote, and reverencing your oath,
This cause decide with justice. I have said.

During the following dialogue the twelve judges drop their votes in turn into the urns.

CHORUS.

But I would rede ye in no wise to scorn
Our sisterhood, stern else against the land.

APOLLO.

But I would bid you dread these oracles
Zeus through me speaks, nor let them fruitless fall.

CHORUS.

Thou smil'st on blood, who hast no lot therein;‡
How then shall truth illume thine oracles?

APOLLO.

Erred then my Father's counsels, when his ruth
Absolved Ixíon, the first murderer?§

CHORUS.

Thou'rt voluble; but I, if wronged herein,
Will pour my wrath in fury on the land.

APOLLO.

Thee, thee the younger and the older gods
Alike do scorn; but victory waits for me.

CHORUS.

In Pherês' house 'twas, thou didst win the Fates
To spin out endlessly a mortal's life.‖

---

* The legendary hero-king of Athens. The Amazons were a race of female warriors.

† An allusion to the proverbial justice of the Scythians, and the prosperity of the Peloponnesus.

‡ *i.e.* as being the god of purity and brightness.

§ Zeus had specially purified Ixion, king of the Lapithæ, for the murder of his father-in-law.

‖ The reference is to Pherês' son, Admetus, whom his wife *Alcestis* died to save. The subject forms one of the most beautiful of the dramas of Euripides.

APOLLO.

Was it not just I helped my worshipper,
The more, that he entreated me thereto?

CHORUS.

I say thou didst the appointed law pervert,
Cheating with wine the antique goddesses.

APOLLO.

I say that thou, a loser in this cause,
Shalt spit thy poison—harmless to thy foes.

CHORUS.

Since thou, an upstart god, dost trample down
Me, goddess hoar, I but the issue wait,
Half-minded with this city to be wroth.

ATHENA (*holding up a voting-pebble*).

What yet remains this cause to end, is mine.
Then lo! my vote pledged to Orestes see!
For there's no mother bare me,* and my mind
In all leans to the male—save not to wed—
And wholly I espouse the father's side.
Whence scant my care to heed a woman's death,
Who slew her lord, the master of her house;
But though the votes prove equal in this cause,
Orestes wins; judges, whose task it is,
Haste ye, and pour the ballots from the urn.
[*A pause, while the votes are counted.*

ORESTES.

Oh bright Apollo! how shall this cause end?

CHORUS.

Oh Night! dark Mother Night, dost see these things?

ORESTES.

Shall life be mine, or must the noose end all?†

CHORUS.

Fail we, or with fresh vigor ply our task?

APOLLO.

Strangers, count o'er with care the votes out-poured,
And see ye make division equitable.
For as, if one vote lack, great harm ensues,
So shall one vote's excess build up a house. [*A pause.*

ATHENA.

This man is free, absolved from guilt of blood,
For, counted o'er, the votes do equal stand.‡

ORESTES.

Oh Pallas! saviour of my house! thou, thou,
When I was thrust forth from my fatherland,
Hast rendered me mine own; so that all Greece
Shall say of me: 'an Argive, lo! once more
He joys him in ancestral wealth, by grace

---

* Athena sprang, fully armed, from the head of her father Zeus.

† He intends to destroy himself by hanging if he lose the cause.

‡ Because Athena had already promised her casting vote to Orestes.

Of Pallas and Apollo, and that Third
Who consummateth all—Preserving Zeus;
Who saved him for a murdered father's sake,
Seeing these Furies plead his mother's cause.'
Now homeward I depart; yet ere I go,
I make with this thy people and their land
A pledge shall last to time's extremest end;*
That never Argive ruler shall lead on
Against this land his spear-embattled ranks,
For if, hereafter, any would transgress
My oath here made, I, being then in the tomb,†
Will cause they fare with such disastrous shifts,
So dash their hopes, and with such omens daunt
Their march, as they shall quick repent their zeal.
But, as the oaths they keep, and constant aid
Athena's city with their succouring spear,
My favour on my citizens shall rest.
And now farewell, both thou and those that guard
Thy walls; be't thine, grappling thy foes, to wrest
Weal from their fall and victory in the strife.‡

[*Exeunt Orestes and Apollo.*

CHORUS.

Ye younger gods! too proudly ye o'erbear
The ancient laws, to snatch him from my hand.
Now could I hapless, scorned, in my despair
From heart distil, to quite that ill,
My poison blasting all the land.
A drop to chill the wholesome ground
With barrenness; the leaves to blight,
The offspring slay, ere seen the light,
Till downward shed—oh vengeance!—spread
Death-breathing dews on all around.
What moan?—where turn?—shall my wrath burn
Against the land for my undoing?
Harsh fate is yours, sad daughters of the Night,
Your plaint dishonoured still renewing.

ATHENA.

I would entreat you to a gentler mood;
Ye did not lose the cause, nay, but it had
An equal issue, fair, not shaming you.
For do but look, came not clear proof from Zeus?
And did not he that urged, attest the deed,
That he who wrought the deed should scape all harm?
But visit not your wrath upon the land,
To fiercely shed that venom from your hearts,
Sharp-biting arrows, hurting to the seed.
For hear my faithful pledge, that yours shall be
Deep-caverned homes within the hallowed land,
Where ye shall dwell, seated on glistering thrones,
And honoured of my people evermore.

. . . . . .

* An allusion to a treaty which was actually made between Athens and Argos, the year this play was performed.

† *i.e.* as a *daimon* having power in Hades.

‡ Here the action of the play virtually ends, but the appeasement of the Erinnyes and the establishment of their worship at Athens, form, as before observed, an essential part of the poet's plan. (Compare Introduction.)

CHORUS.

Ah woe is me, ah woe is me,
To suffer this indignity!
That I, in hoary wisdom nursed,
Should of this land an inmate dwell
A thing dishonoured and accursed!
I burn with rage intolerable;
Oh earth, woe! woe! what piercing throe
Throbs through my side in agony?
Hear, hear me passion, Mother Night,
How gods whose wiles are hard to shun,
Reft of my ancient honours quite,
Have me dishonoured and undone!

And still as the Furies continue their threatenings and lamentations, Athena appeaseth them with persuasive words, till hardly they relent at length and accept a temple and worship in her city. Then are their cursings changed into blessings, and Athena showeth them what they should say:—

CHORUS.

What strain wouldst have me then raise o'er this land?

ATHENA.

Such prayers as stainless victory lead on;
With blessings from the earth up-poured, or shed
In dews from sea and sky, or breathed on airs
Of winds that waft soft sunshine o'er the land.
And bid the unwearied earth, with all her flocks,
Teem for my people, fruitful with the years,
And safety guard the seed of human kind.
But for the impious, root them out; for dear
As are his plants to one who tendeth them,
I love this righteous people, spared of grief.
Thus much be thine; nor less my care shall be,
Splendid with war's stern trophies to uprear
My city's fame eternal among men.

CHORUS.

Fain will I with Pallas dwell,
Turned not from the place away,
Which great Zeus and Arès sway;
Deity's own citadel;
Fair delight of Hellas' gods whose shrines she saved of yore; *
For whom now I raise on high
Prayer of blissful prophecy:
That the boon earth ever render, lavish of her store,
Neath the fostering sunbeams bright,
All that yieldeth life delight.

. . . .

Here no blast the trees assail,
Breathing blight (lo! this my care);
Nor fierce heat the buds strip bare,
Ere the plant out-bloom its pale.
Never wan disease slow-wasting the fair fruits make sere;
Nor her herbage earth refuse,
To sustain the teeming ewes,
That not once twin-offspring fail them with the circling year;
And the earth's deep-treasured ore
Honour to the gods restore.†

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* *i.e.* at the time of the Persian invasion.

† An allusion to the silver mines at Laurium, which paid tithe to the gods.

The hymn of benediction being ended, a solemn procession is formed to escort the Eumenides to their temple. The way is led by Pallas; behind follow women bearing torches. As the procession slowly passes out the Escort Hymn is sung:—*

ESCORT HYMN.

Childless children of the Night, goddesses of awful might,
Homeward be your footsteps guided by our friendly company;
Raise, ye people, songs of glee!
Where in dim-recessèd caves which the twilight never leaves,
With rich gifts and altars blazing ye shall highly honoured be.
Sing, all ye people, joyously!
Gentle now, from anger freed,
Oh dread goddesses proceed,
Neath the pine-brands flaming high,
On your way rejoicingly.
Women, with shout the strain prolong!
Pour libations as ye go,
Where behind the torches glow;
Thus all-seeing Zeus, with Fate,
Hath befriended Pallas' state.
Shout, women all, to crown the song!

END OF THE ORESTEIA.

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* The temple of the Eumenides was a natural cleft or grotto at the base of the Areopagus.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE DERIVATION OF WORDS.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE series of papers on the derivation of words, which, by the kindness of the editor, are now admitted into the *Monthly Packet*, were left unfinished by the late Rev. Dr. William Sewell. The form in which the subjects are discussed seems to have appeared to him more likely to interest the class of readers for whom they were intended than one of a more definitely learned character. The author is therefore introduced in the form of an old acquaintance—Uncle Peter—surrounded by a party of young people of various ages, and the conversations begin under the following circumstances:—

It was a November afternoon; snow and sleet had been falling all the day; no one could leave the house; four o'clock struck; it became too dark to read, and Uncle Peter, as he reclined in his gouty chair in his study, turned himself with some difficulty, closed his book, threw his head back to rest, and also to think a little. For he was reading a book which required some thought, the *Cratylus* of Plato. It very often happens that when the eyes are thus closed for the purpose of thinking, they remain closed for something else, in the shape of a nap; and it is not improbable that such might have been the end of Uncle Peter's meditations, only he was roused by the sound of footsteps coming along the corridor, and of a whispering consultation as they stopped. Then came the gentle rap, and the answer, 'Come in'; and, to Uncle Peter's surprise, the junior members of the party staying in the house presented themselves at the door. Two Winchester nephews, Willy and Harry, with Arthur, who was on the point of going to college; three nieces, Eleanor, Emily, and little Maggy, and two young lady guests, Miss Foster and her sister.

Maggy, as being the youngest and a great favourite, was put forward as the spokeswoman.

'If you please, Uncle Peter, we have such a favour to ask you. Would you tell us another fairy tale? We have nothing to do, and we cannot go out, and it wants an hour to tea-time; and we cannot play, for it is getting dark; and we are tired of reading, and we want you to tell us——'

'Pooh! pooh!' said Harry; 'it is you, Maggy, who want the fairy tale. Arthur and Willy and I don't; and I'm sure the Miss Fosters don't, for I never see them reading story-books. It is always German, or Italian, or Spanish, or some strange language.'

'What we really want, Uncle Peter,' said Willy, 'is to ask you a question which will help us in this abominable, atrocious weather.'

'Not abominable, not atrocious, Willy. The weather is not wicked. It is not even unendurable. We, at least, in a large house, with good fires, and every luxury around us, can manage to exist through it without feeling either horror or indignation at it. If an act or an object is abominable and atrocious, what is to be said of its author?'

The whole of the party were silent, and Uncle Peter continued—

'May I give you all, now that I have you here, a warning?—to be very cautious in your use of words. They are not empty sounds, mere signs, which you may toss about without danger. "The tongue is a little member," but we know what the Scriptures say about it. Above all, never accustom yourselves to use strong language; it must be almost always false and mischievous; and few things so destroy the confidence of others in your judgment and good sense.'

There was another pause, until Harry, who was just initiated in the life of a public schoolboy, ventured to break the silence. 'But then, Uncle Peter, the weather is not jolly, is it? It is not like that stunning fine weather we had in June.'

'No, Harry, you are quite right, it is not jolly, and it is not stunning. Jolly, I believe, implies the kind of noise we should hear if we peeped in at the Blacksmith's Arms, in the village, late on Saturday evening, after the consumption of a considerable quantity of beer. I do not exactly know what the feelings of the weather itself may be—if it has any—but the aspect of the sky and the howling of the wind certainly do not indicate any very great state of merriment. And as for stunning, though the wind certainly is roaring in the chimney, it has not yet deafened any of us. None of you have fallen to the ground in a state of unconsciousness as you listened to the storm.'

'O Harry,' said Eleanor, 'you are always using your Winchester slang. What is slang, Uncle Peter?'

'My dear,' said her uncle, 'if you wish me to give you my idea of some of its characteristics, I should say it is vulgar and disagreeable. But this you seem to know already. The strange thing is that all boys, more or less, delight in it. It breaks out in them like the measles or whooping cough. We bear it patiently, hoping it will pass away. But that does not help you to its meaning, about which I wish to speak dubiously, because to trace the pedigree of a word often involves an inquiry into history and literature of an obsolete kind, and therefore open to mistake.'

'It might be the past tense of slang,' said Arthur.

'I think it is connected with sling,' replied Uncle Peter; 'to sling, is to whirl some missile against a person or object at a distance, so as to annoy or do injury. Thus I was reading the other day an account of the French Civil War—called the War of the Fronde, or

the Sling. It was a movement of some of the nobility, with a few clever witty women amongst them, who indulged themselves in sharp satires and epigrams against Cardinal Mazarin and the Government. Just at that time the idle boys of Paris were very fond of slinging in the trenches round the walls, to the great annoyance of everybody; and as the proceedings of the opposition political party consisted also in flinging out a number of the abusive pasquinades, this name of the Sling was applied to it.'

'That was in the early days of Louis the Fourteenth, was it not?' asked Miss Foster.

'Yes; and I need scarcely tell you,' continued Uncle Peter, 'that mankind in general are very fond of abuse, of hurling at each other terms of reproach. Thus in the religious processions of Egypt, in the Roman triumphs, in Greek councils (as Homer shows us), and in the vintage of Italy, it was the practice to discharge a volley of abuse, more or less bitter, at the passers-by, or some antagonistic party. Arthur will tell us the meaning of vituperation—to vituperate or abuse.'

'Is it not literally *vitem operare*,' said Arthur; 'to labour the vine, to work in the vineyard?'

'Yes. The workers in the vineyard, especially at the time of the vintage, gave a loose rein to their tongues and their jollity. They amused themselves in fact with abuse of the passers-by, and of each other. They slung their terms of reproach, as so many annoying missiles out of a sling. Such terms so used are coined out of men's own heads, from associations peculiar to themselves. Thus slang came, I think, to signify not merely reproachful abusive terms, but words which allude to some private joke, or special circumstances known only to a little clique. This is one reason why slang is ungentlemanly. It is like talking French in the presence of persons who only understand English, whispering in company, giving each other signs of secret understanding before persons who are not admitted to our confidence. The formation of slang is very curious, and often throws light on the history of language in general. The same indeed may be said of the formation of all words. When you came into the room, I was just preparing to try if I could detect some old acquaintances of mine—words with which I am very familiar—in some new words of which I do not precisely know the meaning. For words are constantly indulging, as it were, in masquerades. They assume different forms and different meanings; and it is interesting and useful to try and detect them as they pass through their disguises.'

'Oh, then,' cried Harry, 'I know, uncle, what you were about! You were doing *derrys*.'

'Yes, Harry. I see the old Wiccamical slang term is still in vigour I was doing *derrys*, or to explain our Winchester dialect to the

uninitiated here present, I was tracing out the derivation of some words, their origin and etymology.'

'But I always thought,' said Arthur, 'it was all nonsense. We used to amuse ourselves with making anything out of anything. The consonants were to go for little, and the vowels for nothing at all. What can be the use of etymology?'

'That is a large question, Arthur, and would require a long answer. But let me refer you to Laura, whose great ambition is to become a perfect polyglot of modern languages. She is busy, I am sure, this very day upon no less than four—German, French, Italian, and Spanish. And her fingers are worn with turning over the leaves of four dictionaries to find the meaning of every word. Yet, Laura, if you ran your eye down the page of any one of these dictionaries, a German dictionary especially, you would be astonished to find how few words you met with which we do not possess in English in some form or other. They are not strangers, but old friends in a masquerade. This kind of inquiry makes every word a problem and a discovery of our own.'

'But we don't study German at Winchester,' said Willy.*

'No; but you learn Latin,' replied Uncle Peter; 'and you told me the other day that you wished you knew Italian. Now take some simple Italian word, strip it of its extremities as you would pull off the head and tail of a shrimp; shift this or that consonant, try the word with another vowel, see if then you do not recognise some well-known Latin word. In a short time the process will become easy, you will learn where the words are jointed, which are the parts that can be stripped off, how letters are altered in passing from Latin into Italian, what general laws regulate the change; and thus in a short time you may make for yourself a comparative grammar of the two languages; and you may be tolerably sure that the laws which you have discovered in this case will be found to prevail in others. Grammar and philology, indeed,—the art of putting words together, and of taking them to pieces, tracing their analogies, their resemblances, their varieties,—calls into play and sharpens the finest faculties of the intellect. It embraces such questions as these—What was the origin of language? Was it first invented by man, or given to man by God? How do words—which after all are only sounds, or signs of sound—affect the mind as they do? Are words purely conventional signs of things, or is there some real external fitness and propriety which regulates their use?'

'I was reading the other day,' observed Laura, 'a book upon language, which said that there were two branches of philology; one tracing the history of the word itself, and the other the history of its meanings.'

* This remark applies to a time when foreign languages were not taught in public schools as they are now.

'Yes,' replied Uncle Peter, 'the masquerade of words is of two kinds. Sometimes one word as it passes into other languages, or through grammatical inflexions, becomes so altered that scarcely a letter of the original root remains. And sometimes, without any alteration, it assumes a multitude of meanings, which seem to have no connection with each other. You look out a word in your dictionary and find a dozen different senses. How they all come to be denoted by one and the same word you are not told. And this is one great defect in our dictionaries. As an illustration of the subject I should like to give you a few instances of the masquerade of meaning in words—where one and the same word, without dressing itself up in any disguise, assumes a variety of meanings, just as my dear old friend Mr. Bartley, when he read Shakespeare to us, became, now Prince Henry, and now Falstaff, and now Portia, and now Othello, whilst there was still before us, through all those varieties of thought and character the one figure in his black coat, sitting in his arm-chair with his spectacles and book.'

'Dr. Crawley was saying something of the same kind yesterday at dinner,' remarked Arthur. 'Some one asked the meaning of the word *toast*—what connection there was between buttered toast and drinking a toast.'

'And what account did he give?' asked Uncle Peter.

'He suggested,' said Arthur, 'that the word might probably have been first used in the sense of drinking a toast at Bath, where it was the practice in former days for the bathers to remain for some time in a large reservoir of warm water, walking about, and reading, and having little floating tables before them, on which were placed their coffee, or chocolate, or books, while their friends paraded at the side of the reservoir and talked with them. The ladies, of course, wore an elegant bathing toilette, and of course those who were most beautiful were most admired by the gentlemen, who when they met at the dinner-table, would probably talk of the beautiful persons they had seen floating in the bath, as the delicate morsels of toasted bread floated on the mulled wine, which was then so much drunk. From this the passage, he said, was easy to calling all the ladies *toasts*, and to proposing their health as *toasts*.'

'Do you think this is a correct account of the origin of the expression, "to drink a toast"?' asked Miss Foster.

'I think it likely,' said Uncle Peter. 'But to establish the proof, we should have to ascertain that the word *toast* was not used in the second sense, of a health to be drunk, before the time when persons used to bathe in that manner at Bath, and that it was so used then and there with such associations. This we are not likely to find noticed in history, or in any but reminiscences, and pictures of daily life in Bath at that day. I will not say that Dr. Crawley was not right, yet perhaps there is a simpler history of the word without

having recourse to the bathing. For as a bowl of spiced wine or beer with a toast in it was a favourite beverage, perhaps the whole beverage was shortly called a toast, and then as this was drunk to the health of some one, to drink a toast became the same as to drink a health. This brings us to the history of that curious custom of drinking healths. Why should we not eat to a person's health as well as drink to it? You see where etymology may lead us, but we must not be tempted in this direction, and I will only add that there is one fact in favour of Dr. Crawley. I think when the word *toast* first appears in our literature with the connection of drinking a health, it was restricted to ladies—only beautiful young ladies were *toasts*.'

'Dr. Crawley said that the word *toast*—to drink a toast—has now passed from England into Germany and France,' said Miss Foster, and that it is pronounced as if it were two syllables—*toe hast*.'

'Then the foreign etymologists may be inclined to fancy that it has some connection with a person having a toe,' replied Uncle Peter. 'Or they may forget that the word comes from England, and was coined in England, and endeavour to derive it from a German or a French word. It is impossible, indeed, to say what absurd speculations such a word may give rise to. It comes into use from some trifling fact which has acquired a temporary notoriety, but then is buried in a heap of rubbish. For instance, what is the meaning of the verb to *quiz*?'

'It means to laugh at people,' said Arthur.

'Yes; but what was its origin?'

'There is *quis* in Latin,' said Arthur.

'And *squeeze* in English,' observed Laura.'

'No doubt. And there is also the Latin *quies*, "rest," and the English *queasy*, "sickly." But I believe *quiz* really came from a pratical joke in Dublin, a bet laid by a man that he could throw the city into alarm by a single word. He employed persons to chalk in the night over all the public buildings, and on many private houses the word *Quiz*, which had really no meaning at all. But in the excited state of public opinion at the moment, when persons were expecting every day a rebellion in Ireland, some alarming mystery was supposed to be involved in the word—some secret sign, known only to accomplices. The city was thrown into consternation by it, and the bet was won.'

'It must be difficult,' said Miss Foster, 'to trace the progress of a word from one country to another.'

'Yes,' replied Uncle Peter. 'The Greeks made sad mistakes in that way. They had a number of words which came originally from the East, where they had their own meaning. But the Greeks insisted they were Greek words, and derived from Greek, and built the strangest theories on this false affiliation. Half of Plato's *Cratylus* is occupied in ridiculing the erroneous speculations of philosophy connected with this notion. When you read the *Cratylus*, Arthur, you will not, I

hope, suppose that Plato was serious in his etymologies. But suppose we explore the mysteries of some other words.

'Oh!' said Laura, 'Dr. Crawley was just going to tell me the meaning of *explore* when the ladies went into the drawing-room. And so I lost it. Has it anything to do with *imploring—deploring?*'

'Yes,' said Uncle Peter; 'it has, I think, a great deal to do with those words, and also with the French word *pleurer*, "to weep"; though it is not easy to see what connection exists between *exploring*, the North-West Passage or the ruins of Babylon, and either beseeching, or lamenting, or weeping, but we must leave this inquiry for another day; it would take us too long to enter into it now, and I must, I fear, break up the party till to-morrow.'

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE expected descent on the Isle of Wight did not take place, for though Prince Rupert was High Admiral, so large a portion of the fleet was disaffected that it was not possible to effect anything. Before long, he went back to the ships he had at Helvoetsluys, taking the Prince of Wales with him. My brother Walwyn yielded to an earnest entreaty that he would let us take care of him at Paris till there was some undertaking really in hand. Besides, there was his cause respecting the Ribaumont property in Picardy, though it must be confessed that it lingered a good deal, in spite of the zeal of the young advocate, M. Clément Darpent. Nay, my mother and my brother De Solivet sometimes declared, because of his zeal; for the Darpent family, were well known as inclined to the Fronde party.

They had been Huguenots, but had joined the Church some twenty years before, as it was said because of the increased disabilities of Huguenots in the legal profession, and it was averred that much of the factious Calvinist leaven still hung about them. At this time I never saw the parents, but Eustace had contracted a warm friendship with the son, and often went to their house. My mother fretted over this friendship, far more, as Annora used to declare, than if he had been intimate with the wildest of the roystering cavaliers, or the most dissipated of the *petits maîtres* of Paris. But Eustace was a man now, made older than his twenty-five years by what he had undergone, and though always most respectful to my mother, he could not but follow his own judgment and form his own friendships. And my mother's dislike to having Clément Darpent at the Hôtel de Nidemerle only led to Walwyn's frequenting the Maison Darpent more than he might have done if he could have seen more of his friend at home without vexing her.

I do not think that he much liked the old Counsellor, but he used to say that Madame Darpent was one of the most saintly beings he had ever seen. She had two daughters, nuns at Port Royal, and she was with them in heart, the element of Augustinianism in the Jansenist teaching having found a responsive chord in her soul after her Calvinist education. She spent her whole time, even while living in the world, in prayers, pious exercises, and works of charity, and she

would fain have induced her son to quit secular life, and become one of those recluses who inhabited the environs of Port Royal, and gave themselves to labour of mind and of hand, producing works of devotion and sacred research, and likewise making a paradise of the dreary unwholesome swamp in which stood Port Royal des Champs. Clément Darpent had, however, no vocation for such a life, or rather he was not convinced in his own mind that it was expedient for him. He was eight or nine years old when the conversion of his family took place, and his mother had taught him carefully her original faith. Her conversion had been, no one could doubt, most hearty and sincere, and her children had gone with her in all simplicity; but the seeds she had previously sown in her son's mind sprang up as he grew older, and when Eustace became his friend, he was, though outwardly conforming, restless and dissatisfied, by no means disposed to return to Calvinism, and yet with too much of the old leaven in him to remain contented in the Church. He was in danger of throwing off all thought of the faith and of Divine things at all in his perplexity, and I know many of our advisers would say this was best, provided he died at last in the bosom of the Catholic Church; but I can never think so, and as things stood, Eustace's advice aided him in remaining at that time where he was, a member of the Church. My brother himself was, my mother ardently hoped, likely to join our communion. The Abbé Walter Montagu, who had himself been a convert, strove hard to win him over, trying to prove to him that the English Church was extinct, stifled by her own rebellious heretic children, so soon as the grace that was left in her began to work so as to bring her back to Catholic doctrine and practice. His argument was effectual with many of our fugitives, but not with my brother. He would continue to declare that he believed that his Church was in the course of being purified, and would be raised up again at last; and his heart was too loyal to desert her, any more than his King, because of her misfortunes. No one shall ever make me believe that he was wrong. As to Annora, I believe she would rather have been a Huguenot outright than one of us, and she only half trusted me for a long time.

We had begun to settle down into our regular habits; indeed except for the evenings, our days were almost more alike than when in the country. I had gone, as Madame de Rambouillet had advised me, to Father Vincent, and he introduced me to the excellent Madame Goussault, who had the sweetest old face I ever saw. She made me a member of the society for attending the poor in the Hôtel Dieu, and my regular days were set apart, twice a week, for waiting on the sick. We all wore a uniform dress, of dark stuff, with a white apron and tight white cap, and unless we were very intimate, were not supposed to recognise one another.

There was good reason for this. At the next bed to my patient there was a lady most tenderly comforting a poor patient, if a little awkwardly bathing his face with essences. Her plump form, beautiful hands, and slightly Spanish accent, could only belong to one person, I thought, but I could hardly believe it, and I turned my eyes away, and tried the more diligently to teach my poor ignorant patient the meaning of his *Pater* and *Ave*, when suddenly there was a burst of scolding and imprecation from the other bed. The essence had gone into the man's eye, and he, a great rough *bucheron*, was reviling the awkwardness and meddling of ladies in no measured terms, while his nurse stood helplessly wringing her white hands, imploring his pardon, but quite unaware of what was to be done. Happily I had a sponge and some warm water near, and I ran up with it and washed the man's eyes, while the lady thanked me fervently, but the man growled out—

'That is better; if women will come fussing over us with what they don't understand——You are the right sort; but for her——'

'Do not stop him,' hastily said the lady with her hand on my arm. 'I love it! I rejoice in it! Do not deprive me! For the love of Heaven!'

I knew who she was then, and Madame de Montausier told me I was right; but that I must keep the secret, and so I did till after Queen Anne of Austria was dead. She would not let her rank deprive her of the privilege of waiting on the poor, unknown and unthanked; and many hours, when those who blamed her for indolence, supposed her to be in bed, she was attending the hospital.

Cécile was never strong enough to give her attendance there, but she made clothes which were given to the patients when they came out. We spent our mornings much as of old; the two elder children generally went to mass with me at S. Germain l'Auxerrois, and if the day were fine, I would take them for a few turns in the Tuileries Gardens afterwards before I gave them their little lessons, and gave my orders to the servants.

Then all the family met at breakfast, after which Gaspard had half an hour more of study with the Abbé, for he was beginning Latin, and was a very promising scholar. He prepared his tasks with me before breakfast, and got on admirably.

Then unless I had to be at the hospital, we sat together at our embroidery, Cécile, Annora and I, while the Abbé read to us. It was very hard to poor Nan to sit still, work, and listen. She had been used to such an active, unsettled life during the war, and had been put to so many shifts, having at times for months together to do servant's work, that she knew not how to be quiet. Embroidery seemed to her useless, when she had cooked and washed, and made broths and scraped lint for the wounded, and she could not care for

the history of the Romans even when Eustace had given her his word they were not Roman Catholics.

She used to say she had the cramp, or that her foot was asleep, and rush off to play with the children or to see if my mother wanted her. My mother did not care for the reading, but she did want Nan to learn to sit still in her chair and embroider, like a *demoiselle bien élevée*, instead of a wild maiden of the Civil Wars. However, my mother spent most of her day in waiting on the Queen of England, who was very fond of her, and liked to have her at her *levée*, so that we really saw very little of her.

My brother, when not needed by his queen, nor in consultation with the cavaliers, or with his lawyers, would often join in our morning's employment. He was not strong, and he liked to recline in a large chair that I kept ready for him, and listen while the Abbé read, or sometimes discuss with him questions that arose in the reading, and this was a great relief to Nan, who seldom declared that her feet tingled when he was there.

After our dinner we either walked in the garden where the children played, or went out to make visits. In the evening there were receptions. We had one evening to which, as I said, came our poor exiled countrymen, and there were other assemblies, to some of which we went by invitation; but at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and one or two others, we knew we were always welcome. There we heard M. Corneille read the *Cid*, one of his finest pieces, before it was put on the stage. I cannot describe how those noble verses thrilled in our ears and hearts, how tears were shed and hands clasped, and how even Annora let herself be carried along by the tide. Clément Darpent was often there, and once or twice recited again, but Madame de Rambouillet always took care first to know what he was going to say. A poem upon S. Monica was the work of his that I liked the best, but it was not so much admired as verses more concerned with the present.

The Prince of Condé came back to Paris for a few weeks, and my poor Cécile was greatly disappointed that her husband remained in garrison and did not come with him. 'But then,' as she said to console herself, 'every month made the children prettier, and she was trying to be a little more nice and agreeable.'

Two appointments were made for which I was less grateful than was my mother. My little son was made one of the King's gentlemen of the bedchamber, and Mademoiselle requested me to be one of her ladies in waiting. She was very goodnatured, provided she thought herself obeyed, and she promised that my turn should always come at the same time as my son's, so that I might be at home with him. I was a little laughed at, and my former name of Gildippe was made to alternate with that of Cornelia; but French mothers have

always been devoted to their sons, and there was some sympathy with me.

I own that my presence was required at home, for Gaspard generally came back a much naughtier boy than he went, and with a collection of bad words that I had to proscribe. Before the Queen Regent, the little King and the Duke of Anjou were the best boys in the world, and as stately and well-mannered as became the first gentlemen of France; but when once out of her sight they were the most riotous and mischievous children in the world, since nobody durst restrain, far less punish them. They made attacks on the departments of the stewards and cooks, kicking and biting any one who tried to stop them, and devouring fruit and sweetmeats till their fine clothes were all bedaubed, and they themselves indisposed, and then their poor valets suffered for it. The first time this happened my poor Gaspard was so much shocked that he actually told the King that it was dishonourable to let another suffer for his fault.

'I would have you to know, Monsieur le Marquis,' said Louis XIV, drawing himself up, 'that the King of France is never in fault.'

However, I will say for his Majesty that it was the Duke of Anjou who told the Queen that the little Nidemerle had been disrespectful, and thus caused the poor child to be sent home, severely beaten, and with a reprimand to me for not bringing him up better.

I leave you to guess how furious I was, and how I raged about the house till I frightened my mother, Annora backing me up with all her might. We were almost ready to take Gaspard in our hands, and escape at once to England. Even in its present sad state, I should at least be able to bring up my boy without having him punished for honourable sentiments and brave speeches. Of course it was the Abbé on the one hand, and Eustace on the other, who moderated me, and tried to show me, as well as my son, that though the little Louis might be a naughty boy, the kingly dignity was to be respected in him.

'Thou wouldst not blame thy mother even if she were in fault,' argued Eustace.

'But my mother never is in fault,' said Gaspard, throwing himself into my arms.

'Ah, there spoke thy loyal heart, and a Frenchman should have the same spirit towards his King.'

'Yes,' broke out Annora; 'that is what you are all trying to force on your children, setting up an idol to fall down and crush yourselves! For shame, Walwyn, that you, an Englishman, should preach such a doctrine to the poor child!'

'Nay, you little Frondeuse, there is right and safety in making a child's tongue pay respect to dignities. He must separate the office from the man, or the child.'

All that could be done was that I should write a humble apology for my son. Otherwise they told me he would certainly be taken from so dangerous a person, and that fear always made me submissive to the bondage in which we were all held.

Was it not strange that a Queen who would with her own hands minister to the sufferers in the hospital should be so utterly ignorant of her duties in bringing up the heir of a great kingdom? Gaspard, who was much younger, could read well, write, and knew a little Latin and English, while the King and his brother were as untaught as peasants in the fields. They could make the sign of the cross and say their prayers, and their manners *could* be perfect, but that was all. They had no instruction, and their education was not begun. I have the less hesitation in recording this, as the King has evidently regretted it, and has given first his son, then his grandsons, the most admirable masters, besides having taken great pains with them himself.

I suppose the Spanish dislike to instruction dominated the Queen, and made her slow to inflict on her sons what she so much disliked, and she was of course perfectly ignorant of their misbehaviour.

I am sorry to say Gaspard soon ceased to be shocked. His aunt declared that he was becoming a loyal Frenchman when he showed off his Louvre manners by kicking the lackeys, pinching Armantine, and utterly refusing to learn his lessons for the Abbé, declaring he was Monsieur le Marquis, and no one should interfere with him. Once when he came home a day or two before me, he made himself quite intolerable to the whole house, by insisting on making Armantine and her little brother defend a fortress on the top of the stairs, which he attacked with the hard balls of silk and wool out of our work-baskets. Annora tried to stop him, but only was kicked for her pains. It was his *hôtel* he said, and he was master there, and so he went on, though he had given poor Armantine a black eye, and broken two panes of glass, till his uncle came home, and came upon him with a stern 'Gaspard.' The boy began again with his being the Marquis and the master, but Eustace put him down at once.

'Thou mayst be Marquis, but thou art not master of this house, nor of thyself. Thou art not even a gentleman while thou actest thus. Go to thy room. We will see what thy mother says to this.'

Gaspard durst not struggle with his uncle, and went off silent and sulky; but Eustace had subdued him into penitence before I came home. And I can hardly tell how, but from that time the principle of loyalty to the sovereign, without imitation of the person, seemed to have been instilled into the child, so that I feel, and I am sure he will agree with me, that I owe my son, and he owes himself to the influence of my dear brother.

Had it not been for leaving him, my services to Mademoiselle would have been altogether amusing. True she was marvellously egoistical

and conceited, but she was very goodnatured, and liked to make those about her happy. Even to her stepmother and little sisters, whom she did not love, she was never unkind, though she lived entirely apart, and kept her own little Court separately at the Palais Royal, and very odd things we did there.

Sometimes we were all dressed up as the gods and goddesses, she being always Minerva—unless as Diana she conducted us as her nymphs to the chase in the park at Versailles. Sometimes we were Mdlle. Scudery's heroines, and we wrote descriptions of each other by these feigned names, some of which appear in her memoirs. And all the time she was hoping to marry the Emperor, and despising the suit of Queen Henrietta for our Prince of Wales, who, for his part, never laughed so much in secret as when he attended this wonderful and classical Court.

THE SIEGE OF YORK.

BY HOLME LEE.

XV.

THE QUEEN COMES TO YORK.

'Twas sorry comfort, but nevertheless comfort it was, that we were allowed to fight out our quarrel between ourselves. France, Austria, and Spain were too busy with violent wars of their own to intermeddle with ours. Always and always there is a lower depth of misery that we have not fathomed yet. But 'twas a dreadful time. After Wetherby Battle, York was quarters for the whole army. Three hundred and fifty soldiers were billeted in our parish, and our parish was not the worst served. Twelve of these guests my father was charged to house and feed. They were lodged in the hay-chamber and upper loft, and Madget spread them their table in the stone hall. They were civil and contented enough; and when she murmured at the work they made, which 'twas human nature she should, Job, who enjoyed good company, bade her reflect how much harder it would be if they were the enemy. Her foresight was not like to be lost, for the soldiers were marvellous consumers of food, and so raised the prices that there was soon sharp suffering amongst the poor, and the prisoners in the goals. Such tumults in the city also! Never a night but there were outbreaks of disorder, mutinies, murders. So many thousand fierce spirits, withdrawn from the rude life of the fields, and pent up in our close streets and lanes, found no outlet but in violent contentions. Twice Sir Thomas Glenham was in danger of his life quelling their furious brawls.

What a Christmas that was, both within and without the city! Fighting and bloodshed went on for six weeks after Wetherby Battle. Leeds, Wakefield, Bradford, Sheffield, Halifax, were taken one day for the King, and the next retaken for the Parliament. Sir John Ramsden fought for the King and himself at Huddersfield; Sir Harry Strickland and others, good neighbours in peaceful times, furbished up their old weapons, and came out with servants and tenants to strike a blow for Church and Crown, or for Law and Gospel, to choose which flag they ranged under. In other parts of the kingdom the gentry were forming associations of counties to keep the war out of their borders; but Yorkshire was deep in the bloody business already, and continued the scene of war for many years to come.

'Twas expected the Queen would arrive in York in the last week of February; but her Majesty did not come until the 7th of March. The road was beset with dangers from the place of her landing, and she appeared with a convoy of troops, liker a fugitive than a Queen. The

Lord Mayor met her on Heworth Moor, and she entered the city by Monk Bar, and so was conducted to the Manor.

The Marquis of Hamilton was in attendance on her Majesty; and the next morning there he was riding about the city with Sir Thomas Glenham and Sir Francis Cob, governor of the castle, to inspect the fortifications. 'Twas in a forward state of defence, nor yet resting from its preparations against siege. At every lane end were ditches and banks, and all ladders and stees were ordered to be brought in from the suburbs. Job Twynam had an errand at daybreak to Nunnery Lane to bring in ours, and brought besides a bunch of violets from the sheltered garden, and a report so delightful of early greennesses that I intreated Roger to let me take Boy, and go thither for the sake of our health and spirits. Not that much ailed our health and spirits, but Job's report made me long to taste again the freshness of the fields and country air. Roger consented on condition mother went too, and Joan to carry Boy; and so heavenly blue was the sky, that after we had passed the Bar we took courage, and determined from Nunnery Lane to go on to Acomb, and give Aunt Cecily a surprise to please her.

I always loved the weather turning towards the spring. March winds are bracing, and when the sun shines as it shone that day, to walk in the breeze puts new life in us from top to toe. God be thanked that he gave dear Roger and me our being from healthful and Christian parents. Boy had that blessing for his inheritance too—and it is a blessing. A happy child he was, and of a most courageous disposition. Nothing affrighted him. At any strange, amazing sight, he drew back his head, knit his pretty brows, and set his eyes full on it; and when he was assured it would not harm him, then he leant his soft cheek against mine, to communicate what he had discovered. Dear little heart, more precious and tender every hour!

Joan carried Boy through the streets of the town, but in the Holgate Fields I took him on my back, as the gipsy mothers carry their babes, and carried him the rest of the way to Acomb, which made Aunt Cecily wonder at my strength. I rejoiced in my strength! Aunt Cecily was pious and good, but fearful somewhat, and even of our Father in heaven. 'Nan, thou art making thee idols,' she said. I held Boy aloft, and danced across the floor with him, to show her that neither of us was spent with fatigue. My dear mother was watching us—she understood. 'I am glad,' she said, 'very glad and thankful that Nan hath such delight in her Boy. 'Tis God's gift to 'em both, Cecily. Who knows what straits we may come into these troublous times, or what long endurance awaits us? The burden love helps to carry never quite weighs us to the earth. And often they be such a care, these helpless little ones, with their humours and sicknesses, that mothers' love must needs be strong and tender never to tire.' My dear mother's words were fruit of experience, wise and true.

We lingered at Acomb later than we ought. Aunt Cecily was loth to part from us, not knowing how or when we might meet again; but she had an excellent neighbour in the curate, Mr. Spence, who kept a boat on the Ouse, to row to York when he had occasion, which presently he came and offered us. 'Twas a seasonable kindness. Aunt Cecily set us down the fields to the river, and stood to watch us out of sight in the boat as well as she could see for tears. Mr. Spence took one oar, and a slim country lad, his servant, the other, and I steered; Boy sitting up wide-awake in Joan's lap, and mother taking care he did not spring out of her arms in a gust of his wild spirits. The river being in flood we drew well into the middle of the stream, which bore us swiftly along with but little toil of the rowers, whose task would be in returning. The waters were out on the awful Clifton Ings, red as blood with a sombre glare from the sunset sky, and running with a rapid, swirling current round the Scoop; but we arrived soon and safe at the Manor shore, and landed there to walk up Marygate to Bootham. Outside the Bar were the volunteers drilling under Sam Breary, and a group of gentlemen looking on, from amongst whom appeared Roger, and inquired how this came to be the way from Nunnery Lane. Then I confessed we had been further afield than Nunnery Lane, and it had done us good—which also Boy's liveliness witnessed. 'It hath put a fresh rose in both your faces,' Roger said; 'we must have you out to Fulford again.' I wished with all my heart he would; the days were lengthening, and there was yet no positive peril about Fulford.

We went to Fulford, Joan and Boy and I, early in April, but soon came back again to the Pavement. The weather was beautiful, and the garden full of daffodils and crocuses, but Jaffray, who was left sole governor, and garrison too, had stowed away the furnishing and stuff so close that 'twas like an empty house, and she had no mind to make needless work for herself by setting it in array; because she was sure I should not be willing to continue there long, which, indeed, I proved ere the week was out. When Roger left us in the morning I had nothing else to do but wait for his return, and sing songs to Boy, and admire Jaffray's numerous litters of pigs, and laying hens, and young broods of chickens, which were her living joy in our absence. She was as good as a farm-wife in the poultry-yard, and indeed she had been bred on a farm, which made these duties to come natural to her. And this was the reason we fared well in the Pavement longer than most in the city. Our cows were safe in the byre, and we lacked neither milk nor butter yet, and all because of Jaffray's handiness. Roger knew well what he was about when he left her in charge.

'Twas on the third day, Boy's father failed to come home to Fulford at nightfall, and though he had warned me that so it might be, I could not keep my mind from imagining mischiefs that might have befallen him. Then, on the fourth day, Joan, who had run over to Lamel Mills to see her father and mother, returned weeping, and saying that

they had taken fright at the siege, and wanted her home. I said, if the siege were close pressed they would stand in as great danger at Lamel Mills as we in the city. However, go she would, and I was sorry, for she was a stout young woman, very clean in her ways, and a faithful, kind nurse to Boy, who doted on her—and she on him, as she testified after. 'Twas one mouth less to feed, Madget said for consolation, when at the week's end we came back to the Pavement without Joan, bringing as much else of the country into the town with us as we were able.

And after all 'twas happier to be in heaviness with those I loved than to be divided and filled with anxieties. There was distress around us, piteous and sore, which we could cheer and relieve a little. Dear Roger and my father were of the same mind to succour the necessitous at our gates. This wretched state of things could not last for ever, and to tide over it, though with bare life, was better than to see others perish of want while we had enough and to spare.

I pitied most the prisoners of war. Close confined, starved with cold, hungered for lack of bread, there they had lain through the winter, and still lay by hundreds in the castle, in Davy Hall and Merchant Hall, with no help but grudging charity, sick of raging fevers, so frenzied with misery some, that they chose death rather than a bitter life, and became their own executioners. Mr. John Wrotham, a well-disposed gentleman of my father's acquaintance, who had his lodging not far from the castle gate, spoke to us of them, saying that the worst extremity of their distress was occasioned by their avaricious, merciless gaolers, steeled against compassion by being familiar with misery, who would not suffer them to buy food save of themselves, and demanded threepence for a pennyworth. Mr. Wrotham's neighbours made request to him that he would be a suitor to the judge of assize at his next coming, to have this rule of the gaolers set aside, and an order made that the prisoners should send to buy in the town such things as they were able. The alms of the benevolent were all they had to subsist on that were without means or friends, and the alms-boxes at the prison doors and windows were but scantily replenished in these dreadful times.

The Queen had a tender compassion and mercy for all. She gave food and twenty pounds from her own purse to the prisoners in the castle. The King's service stood in need of all the money and supplies she had brought into the city from abroad, and there were some who grudged the crumbs given to his enemies; but we felt, in a manner, of one kindred in Yorkshire still, and for the most part looked beyond our bleeding miseries to the healing of wounds and forgiveness of injuries—which must ensue at the last. On her Majesty's solicitation the governor of the castle allowed the prisoners threepence *per diem*. Threepence *per diem* might suffice to keep body and soul together in a pure air, but as the crowding in the gaols became worse,

the diseases bred of it became worse too, and struck down them that were not in bonds. Grymston the keeper's wife at the castle died of fever this summer, and was buried under the chancel of S. Mary's Church, where daily in the graveyard one or more of his poor prisoners took up their rest.

XVI.

THE QUEEN DEPARTS OUT OF YORK, AND ROGER WITH HER.

'Twas terrible wet weather in May; all the better for cleansing the city and watering the lime-trees we had planted in front of Sir Arthur Ingram's hospital in Bootham, but all the more disastrous for the soldiers in the field. The Earl of Newcastle had united the northern counties in a league for the King, and in spite of the Fairfaxes had overrun Lincolnshire, and garrisoned Newark-on-Trent. The smoke and flame of civil war cover the ill-deeds of men that be marauders and plunderers more than soldiers; and there were loud outcries against bands of roistering blades who stole horses and hay and corn, and drove off cattle in the King's name, or any other name that might seem to lend a colour of right to their robbing raids. Camdeners they were called, and Candishers, from a young Colonel Cavendish, who carried a broom for his standard, and brandished it with many fierce, brave words of sweeping the Roundheads out of the Fens. Cattle-driving went on at a great pace nearer home; but no wanton waste or impoverishment of the country, no burning of houses or barns, no cutting down of orchards, or destruction of food for man or beast. In Gloucestershire the last autumn Prince Rupert had not been content to pillage where he passed, but raised fire continually, which was, and is, the cruel, awful way of war where he learnt it. And 'twas currently reported that he was carrying the same scourge through Wiltshire and Hampshire now, since the opening of the spring campaign.

By and by came news that the Earl of Essex had retaken Reading for the Parliament; and next that Mr. Cromwell—Colonel Cromwell in the Republican army—was sent into Lincolnshire to rout out the loose rabble of fellows who fought for their own hand, to make their profit out of the common misery. Young Hotham, Sir John's son, was one of them, a scapegrace, and as ready to level his piece against the one side as the other. Before it was long, Cromwell reported of himself that he had won a glorious victory over a party of the King's forces near Grantham. 'Twas in a news-letter that was brought to York on a day when we were sick at heart because of a beating Lord Fairfax had given Newcastle's army at Wakefield. Cromwell said the King's men stood firm till his men charged, when immediately they ran away, and he had the execution of them two or

three miles on the Newark road. He believed his soldiers did kill two or three men apiece, though how many they killed altogether he was not sure. They took the royal colours and forty-five prisoners, and much arms and horses—spoil so large that he was not exact to count it. 'Mr. Cromwell is an able man, and one that will go far,' my father said. 'Pity his face is not set the right way,' my dear Roger answered. 'Twas Newark-on-Trent Cromwell aimed at, whither the Queen was shortly to remove from York, on her way to rejoin the King at Oxford.

The Republicans made bitter complainings that Newcastle's army was officered by renegade Scots, and full of Papists besides—even Irish Papists; and threatened, they did, that Irish Papists should not have customary law of war, but be hanged incontinent wherever they were taken in arms against the Parliament,—which after was a public proclamation, and rigorously executed. And amongst the loyalists there were complainings too. 'Twas impossible the murthering Irish should advantage the King's cause. Honest English gentlemen had neither faith nor friendship with them. Their very name was a curse; and if any such there were in the Royal army, 'twas a sure seed of our misfortunes.

Mutterings were not wanting even against the Queen's Majesty, because of her French priests and masses at the Manor. Poor lady, she had need of all the comfort God gave her in her prayers. Perils surrounded her on every side, and the Parliament impeached her presently of treason. They had got a new name for the King's friends—MALIGNANTS, we were called now; but I think the spirit of malice was rather in them that invented it. The fanatic Puritans in London had a gaudy day this month, executing the Commons' decree and pulling down the cross in Cheapside and Charing Cross. Charing Cross was torn down to the sound of music, soldiers blowing on trumpets and all the people shouting. The *Book of Sports* was cast on a bonfire made of the ruins, with other so-called monuments of idolatry, Popish relics and vestments. 'Twas an evil lesson the new authority taught the mob. To burn and destroy is ever a passionate delight with unruly spirits, and they mind not ever much what it is they make an end of, so there be noise enough and no loss to themselves. While the devil of mischief was up in them, little doubt but they would as gladly have seen a plump Roundhead tossed on the fire, to raise a broader blaze, and would have shouted the more merrily for his bellowing.

Cousin Danby sent us a letter about it, but refused to come away from Westminster. He loved the beautiful Abbey too well to forsake it, and believed not he was in danger. He was well known, and had the respect of all his neighbours. He was a man ever kindly affectioned, one of the moderates who go softly, would live and let live, and pillory no man for his religious opinions. His friends, the Cambridge doctors and heads of houses in custody at Lambeth, were

having, he said, a bitter time of it with the baiting and badgering of the Parliament divines, but by patience and discretion might hope to regain their liberty. His Grace of Canterbury, poor old man, was not like to be so fortunate, and indeed he was close kept in the Tower till he went to his death on the scaffold two years after.

The Queen's presence drew to York certain gentlemen who had entered on the perilous game of playing fast and loose with both sides in the Civil War. The Marquis of Montrose came to offer her his services —then seeming a light-hearted, gay young man, no great accession to the Royal cause, and the Marquis of Hamilton hindered him of her Majesty's favour, advising her to put no confidence in one so young and fickle. The two Cholmleys came from Scarborough, and the Hothams also sought to make their peace, and had but poor success. Sir John Hotham had been the first to defy the King's authority in the great affair of Hull, and resisted it when all Yorkshire intreated him to forbear. He was not well received by the Queen; and after his visit to York, was summoned in a hurry to London to give an account of himself to the Parliament. His journey ended in the Tower. The Puritan leaders knew well there was but a step between them and a traitor's death, and were disposed to give but short shrift to any servant of theirs who turned and looked behind him.

On the 6th of June it was that the Queen departed out of York, and Roger with her. I was not prepared to lose my dear husband at that time, but he had won such a name for good riding, daring, and bold device, that he was chosen to go in command of her Majesty's vanguard, when she set forth to rejoin the King at Oxford. I had no warning of his commission beforehand, nor had he. 'Twas necessary to observe secrecy in such matters, for spies and intelligencers were very active in the enemy's service. About eight o'clock of the evening he arrived in haste from the Manor, and said not much, but only—'I am come to bid thee farewell, Nan. I am ordered off with my fellows to clear the Queen her way to Newark. Thou must be patient till thou see me again, and pray God it be not long.' His countenance was full of courage, as I fear mine was of sudden tears. I rose trembling, and put my hand in his, and so we went together to kiss Boy in his little bed; and there his father blessed us both, and tenderly committed us to Christ his keeping. As he went out, he stood at the door a minute silent, looking back into the room. The light was on his face from the sun setting behind All Hallows' steeple. I know not whether he saw us, or some vision passed before his eyes, but 'twas a strange, beautiful expression he had, good and pitiful, and with a wondrous sweetness in it. Indeed he loved me very dearly, as beyond words he was dear to me. Thus I saw him in absence before me till he returned again, which was not till after many a day and night of weariness and loneliness. My mother was exceeding grieved at his going because of me, but I had promised never to deny him of his duty, and danger was

everywhere—here, there, everywhere. The summer skies shone on cruel scenes. All our prayer was for peace, peace!

In due time a messenger brought news to York that the Queen and her escort were safe beyond Trent, and proceeding to Oxford. The King rode out one evening to Edge Hill and espied her approach. There they met. What a meeting on what a field! The next word that I had from Roger was that my sad game of patience was not like to end yet. It was his Majesty's pleasure to keep him and his Yorkshire troop near at hand, ready for any work that called, and work of their sort never failed that summer.

When Roger had been gone a week or a little more, my father reminded me that we had left unfinished some considerable while ago Mr. Shakespeare's play *As You Like It*, and persuaded me to take up our old custom again, but 'twas to divert not him, but me now, to stay my heart from sinking amidst the troubles thickening around us. I was wont to be so merry that since I was quiet they feared that I must needs be unhappy and depressed. But 'twas not really so. I read often with mind astray, but never failed to find comfort in good thoughts. In the night, when I lay wakeful on my bed, I took to reciting the Psalms that Roger's beloved mother was accustomed to say in the darkness when sleep was coy, and unawares sleep stole on me, God gave me rest, and I was refreshed; but if slumber forsook my eyes before the morning then I rose, and kneeling in the window watched for the dawn, reciting those other Psalms and the *Benedictus*, which she, too feeble to rise, breathed on her pillow. I remembered now her counsel to learn by heart a store of Psalms and hymns, to use in times of trouble and distress: 'which will surely find thee out, Nan, as they do all whom Christ loves,' she said. 'The Psalms of David are the treasury of all Christian souls,' she said, and told me that those I heard her forming with her lips at certain hours were appointed by her Church. For lauds, the first office of each new day—they were Psalms of joy and gladness, giving God thanks and praises for life and breath and all things,—cxlviii., cxlix., and cl. For complines, at bedtime,—they were Psalms of supplications, of death and salvation, of hope and sure trust in our Lord and Saviour,—iv., the first six verses of xxxi., xci., and cxxxiv., with the *Nunc Dimittis*, and the antiphon to conclude: 'O LORD, keep us waking, guard us sleeping, that we may wake with Christ and rest in peace.'

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast set me at liberty when I was in trouble; have mercy upon me, and hearken unto my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye blaspheme my honour: and have such pleasure in vanity, and seek after leasing?

Know this also, that the Lord hath chosen to himself the man that is godly: when I call upon the Lord, he will hear me.

Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still.

Offer the sacrifice of righteousness: and put your trust in the Lord.
There be many that say: Who will show us any good?
Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.
Thou hast put gladness in my heart: since the time that their corn and wine and oil increased.
I will lay me down in peace and take my rest: for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety.

In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion, deliver me in thy righteousness.
Bow down thine ear to me: make haste to deliver me.
And be thou my strong rock and house of defence: that thou mayst save me.
For thou art my strong rock and my castle: be thou also my guide, and lead me for thy Name's sake.
Draw me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.
Into thy hands I commend my spirit: for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth.

Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the most High: shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my stronghold: my God, in him will I trust.
For he will deliver thee from the snare of the hunter: and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers: his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid of any terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
For the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.
A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.
Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold: and see the reward of the ungodly.
For thou, Lord, art my hope: thou hast set my house of defence very high.
There shall no evil happen unto thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.
Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him up because he hath known my Name.
He will call upon me, and I will hear him: yea, I am with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and bring him to honour.
With long life will I satisfy him: and show him my salvation.

Behold now, praise the Lord: all ye servants of the Lord;
Ye that by night stand in the house of the Lord: even in the courts of the house of our God.
Lift up your hands in the sanctuary: and praise the Lord.
The Lord that made heaven and earth: give thee blessing out of Zion.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

O Lord, keep us waking, guard us sleeping, that we may wake with Christ, and rest in peace.

MY PAUL AND VIRGINIA:

A STORY OF SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF TWO AMERICAN CHILDREN.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THAT CARPET AGAIN!

WHEN I gave the order to Thomas to have that ruined carpet (of which I have written in an earlier chapter of this book) hung up in the great barn, I thought that was the end, so far as any use I might need to make of it, was concerned. I had heard of Brussels carpeting being turned wrong side out, and painted by a thrifty housewife, till it grew into a plain brown oil-cloth of enduring character and proportionate value; but my carpet had cost me such a pang, and so bitter a disappointment, that in my heart of hearts I only thought of never willingly seeing it again. It was a loss complete and irrevocable so far as I knew, and so I accepted the facts, and thought no more of the once beautiful fabric hung across the beams of the great barn, until Thomas said to me—

'Mrs. Somers, won't you sometime or other, when it is convenient I mean, ma'am, just step to the barn and take a look at that bit o' carpet?'

'Why should I, Thomas? I would far rather hear of its being burnt up than ever again see it!'

'That's just it, ma'am; it is because it is so improved I want you to look at it.'

'Improved, Thomas! What has been done to it?'

'Just nothing, ma'am; it's a way kerosene has to fly off.'

In my heart I wished it had taken the carpet with it in its *fly off;* but I could not refuse the old man, so I put on my waterproof and went down with Thomas to the barn. He had laid the carpet down on the floor to have it ready for my inspection, and to my delighted surprise it looked wonderfully spotless and bright.

'Why, Thomas, it seems quite fresh; have you really done nothing to it?'

'No, ma'am; not even so much as to carry a brush over it. I wanted you to see it just as it is.'

I had it opened out in all its length. Yard by yard it passed before me, and only a few spots appeared, and those were wherever the children had watered with *water* after the kerosene had all been used.

'I need not tell you, Thomas, how glad I am. It seems a strange chance; and now, when I really do not need it, it comes back almost

as good as new. Let it be carefully brushed, and then roll it together and see that it is safely stored away in the house.'

'I will see to it, ma'am; and I am main glad that it turns out all right. I have kept my eye on it for a good many months, and I knew it was coming right!'

A day or two after, Dick, who as yet knew nothing about the carpet save that I had bought it, met Thomas with the roll upon his giant shoulders. He was a square, solidly-built Englishman, who, for the first thirty years of his life, had worked in a tan-yard, and grown used to lifting enormous burthens. 'Five hundred pounds is nothing to me,' he said many a time, when I had wondered how he would manage to lift my husband in his long illness.

'I have just met our Son of Anak, Anna, carrying a few hundred pounds on his broad shoulders. Have you been buying more carpeting?'

'Oh, no, Dick; that is my magical carpet,' I replied. 'No fairy tale ever seemed more wonderful to me than it is. When you want a fairy tale, just ask me to tell you the story of my carpet!'

'Let me hear it *now*, Anna. Paul and Virginia are just ready for a story, and I never was in fitter mood.'

'Very well. I must make the children a promise first—and that is, that they are not to be blamed for anything in this story that may *seem* to have been very naughty in their conduct, but really was not.'

The promise was given, then Dick stretched himself full length on the sofa, Paul standing near him, delighted to be with his father. Virginia, as usual, was in my lap, and both the little faces were kindled with interest and curiosity.

Then I began:—'It was not "in the old, old time," but in the year my friend sent to Virginia's mamma many beautiful gold dollars to spend as she pleased for something to remember this dear old friend by. So Virginia's mamma bought a beautiful carpet, and paid for it every one of her bright gold pieces, meaning to have a new carpet in the drawing-room and library. Then, one day, it happened that a good deal of money was suddenly needed by the little girl's mamma——'

'Paul, ask what the money was needed for,' whispered Dick quite audibly to his bright-faced boy.

'No, Paul, do not ask, for the story never tells that—and I went on; and in order to get that money this pretty carpet was to be sold. So it was brought down stairs and spread on the drawing-room floor, and the carpet agent promised to give just as many gold dollars for it as Virginia's mamma had paid for it. Then the carpet was believed to be sold; and while it was spread out, waiting for the carpet agent to call and take it away, those dear little children amused themselves by watering with kerosene oil all the pretty flowers and ferns that seemed to bloom brightly over the carpet.'

Here Dick gave a sudden start and turned over, so that I could not see his face any more; and Paul roused up, and with crimson cheeks looked fixedly at me.

'Go on,' Dick said, in a queer choked voice; 'what happened next?'

'When the time fixed for the carpet agent to call for the carpet had almost come, the mother of the children suddenly found out what had been done to the carpet; she knew too that it was worth nothing after that, and she wrote a note, telling the carpet agent that she had changed her mind, and would not dispose of her carpet. Of course he was disappointed; people always are when they try to make money and fail!'

'What did you say, Dick?' for I thought he spoke, and said something like—

'We have queer experiences in this family in oil-stock.'

Dick answered, 'I said nothing worth repeating; do go on. Did the money ever come in any other way?—say by selling a handsome horse, or anything of that sort?' And then my story went on.

'Thomas, when Virginia's mother and father, with her and her brother, were away, took very good care of the carpet, and a day or two since told Virginia's mother that he thought the kerosene stains had all *flown off*, and had left the carpet almost as good as new. And so they have; the only places that are stained now are where water was poured when the kerosene gave out.'

'The kerosene must have come from a veritable oil well to do so *much* mischief,' Dick remarked; and then he clutched Paul, and half smothering him against his breast, said—

'Where do *you* think all that kerosene came from?'

'Oh, I know,' Virginia cried. 'Dan, the grocer-man, brought it on his cart that morning.'

'That was it! Now Anna, I think,' Dick continued, 'your story is complete, and if *ever* Selim can be bought, you will find him stealing oats in his own stable once more;' and then Dick swept Paul and Virginia and me into a great embrace, and he declared I was better than Scheherazade herself as a story-teller.

I saw that Paul realised the wrong he had done, but he only showed this by an unusual quiet, and such devotion to me as made me feel how beautiful and tender a thing a young penitent soul could be.

The story of 'my carpet' was a popular one, and many a time, at the children's request, I have told it since then. Paul had acquired a fashion of making a grand climax to the history by asking of every fresh auditor—

'Don't you think these children were dreadfully naughty?'

Which Virginia would be sure to supplement with—

'I think they were *verry* naughty indeed!'

Well, I went to work and ordered the re-carpeting of the library

and drawing-room. Dick liked the stained floors, which we had long before adopted as one of our home economies, and rather demurred when I arranged for the laying of the magical carpet. So by way of compromise it was put together with a wide border and handsome fringe, and laid in the centre of the two rooms, and the wide margin of dark wood surrounding the carpet enhanced its beauty, and enabled me to have cut out all that portion which the water had stained. Dick would walk all round the carpet and never set foot upon it, sometimes when he was inclined to tease me, or to revenge himself on me, as he would say. And the story of the *flying carpet* was added to my story, until the children began to think of the carpet as something beyond measure extraordinary. Dick was ordering a new monogram, and was about to send the letter in reference to it when I entered the library. He called me to him, and asked my opinion of the design. I could not at first make it out, but after a careful study I found that it represented a roll of carpet, on one corner of which, as it were unrolled, he had written—

'Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer!'

'Oh, Dick! this is not a monogram. Why do you delight so in teasing me?'

'I was quite delighted with that,' he said; 'but perhaps you will like this better.'

And then he showed me for the first time the beautiful seal which he had engraved, with my full name written in cipher, and tied with an engraved ribbon, which bore the date of our Litchfield journey.

'You see, Anna, you have won your spurs upon the field of honour!'

And all I could do was to lean over my husband's shoulder; and, as I watched him touching with his delicate etching a line here and there in the design of the seal, I whispered—

'We are still lovers, Dick, are we not?'

'I should think so—only more really in love than ever before!'

And so the shining links of my home life ran on smoothly through our united hands. Bright skies were overhead, tender witnesses of our common interests, and reminders of past joys or sorrows everywhere about us; to remind us of that better and brighter home, to which, in the spirit of little children, we, if at all, should come at the last.

Paul, in imitation of his father, would tread along the edge of the fringe just so as to be able to say in a droll little voice in imitation of Dick's—

'You see, I like *wood*-carpeting best.'

Well, I am glad I have had these memories of the children and Dick to add their bordering to the one belonging to my carpet.

(*Concluded.*)

APRIL SHOWERS: AN IDYL AND A PASTORAL.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

I HAD intended calling the following pages 'Recollections of My Girlhood,' but I have been forestalled by recollections with which mine could bear no comparison. I have therefore given them a title which I feel is in some degree appropriate.

Perhaps I ought to say why I have written them down at all. It is at the earnest request of my grandchildren, to whom the history of my youth has been as entertaining as a fairy tale, and because I perceive it will soon become as fabulous as one unless I leave some record of it; for the other day my four-years-old grandchild came to me, and begged me to tell her about 'the poor little girl and her naughty, cross old uncle.'

My father was a certain Henry Howard, who had once been band-master in a cavalry regiment, and who was afterwards, and at the time he married, organist at a well-known and popular London church. In spite of his aristocratic name, he had nothing to boast of in the way of family. My mother was the daughter of a broken-down naval officer, who, though he had escaped dismissal, had not had principle enough to keep himself in the rank of life in which he had been born. Captain Haughton ere he had reached old age had sunk out of all society save that of men no better than himself, and died before he was sixty of *delirium tremens*.

In his youth he had been very handsome, and had made a run-away match with Miss Trower, of Trower Manors. Unfortunately, to marry him she jilted the gentleman to whom she was engaged, a distant cousin and a near neighbour, and the intimate friend of the elder of her two brothers. She was left in consequence to brew as she had baked, and a very miserable brewing it was. It was not until her husband's death that either his family or hers afforded her any help. Then her father-in-law settled on her an annuity of 100*l*. a year and her brother made her an allowance of 50*l*. On this and her pension as a post-captain's widow she and my mother lived in lodgings in London, and there my mother married, much to the displeasure of her relations on both sides. Mr. Trower indeed told her that if she persisted in marrying a music-master he would never do anything for her.

I cannot remember my father. He was something of a musical genius, and had he lived might have made himself known as a composer, but he died, comparatively young, before I was two years old. My mother also was very musical; she had a very accurate ear and a

splendid voice, and he had taught her carefully and had intended her to sing at concerts and oratorios, but she gave up the idea at his death, and gave lessons instead.

She and I lived with grandmamma, and we were very poor. Grandmamma had no friends and no acquaintances. Those who would have associated with her she would not associate with. She could not forget she had been Miss Trower, of Trower Manors, and her chief pleasure was in talking to me of the home from which she had eloped. She was never weary of describing its beauties, inside and out; the trees, the bowling-green, the moat, the oak-panelled rooms, the carved ceilings and the crimson-and-silver hangings.

As long as I can remember anything, I can remember the almost awe with which I regarded a certain old china chocolate-basin, on which the arms were emblazoned, *i.e.* argent, three bears' heads erased proper, whence the name *Trois ours*, which time had corrupted into Trower.

Grandmamma was very good to me. Of a morning I read and wrote with her, and did my sums, and learnt a little geography, and she taught me not only to use my needle, but to love it; French and music my mother taught me of an evening. For music I had inherited much of her and my father's taste and capacity. I really delighted in it, and from babyhood one of my chief happinesses was her sweet singing. We lived in a very old-fashioned street, but were the only lodgers in the house, in which we had three rooms.

As I said before, grandmamma had no acquaintances, though my mother's occupation gave her plenty. I also had none. I had no playfellows, scarcely any toys, and my library consisted of two old, closely-printed volumes of fairy tales, which I read with unvarying delight from six to sixteen; and so, although I lived in London, I knew about as much of the world as a primrose does of paving-stones. Once I went with mamma to a pic-nic in Greenwich Park, otherwise all I knew of the country was the inside of a square garden, of which, in August, the key was most kindly left with her when the family went out of town. And what a boon it was to us! It was near enough for even grandmamma to walk there, and under the delicious shade of the trees we used to spend nearly all the day.

I was a merry, happy, contented little girl, making my own plays and living in a world of my own, which no one shared but my mother. She and I occupied the same room at the top of the house. It was poorly furnished and crowded with boxes, and everything in it was ugly and mean, but *that* was my bower of bliss and my fairy palace. There my mother and I played at being great ladies, queens, and duchesses, and enchanted princesses, with golden combs and dresses of sunshine. There too I had my own small bed close beside hers, into which I always crept of a morning for an early chat.

I was scarcely sixteen when I began earning my own bread. Mamma

procured me a situation in a large girls' school as a junior teacher. I went daily, and I liked it very much, for I had been kept in so strictly that to me it was liberty and the world, and moreover a world in which I found every one very kind. I soon grew fond of the children, and they of me, for part of my business was to play with the little ones out of doors, and I enjoyed it as much as they did.

I am an old woman now, and I hope I may say without vanity that in the days of which I am writing I was a very pretty girl. I had a clear, fair, white-and-pink complexion, a small, round, babyish face, light shining brown hair, thick and long, and large bright hazel eyes. Grandmamma said I was like her mother: I was certainly like my own, who, with all the sweet partiality of a mother's love, deemed me the most lovely creature the sun ever shone on. I was so healthy and vigorous that life was all enjoyment to me, and I went about the world, from very lightness of heart, with a gleam in my eyes and a smile on my lips which often procured me from the passers-by a good deal of admiration, more genuine than well bred. A conventional young lady would have called it impertinent, and so no doubt much of it was, only I did not know it, and called it all 'kindness.' Does any one ask what I had to be so happy about, seeing I was nothing but a poor little drudge in a girls' school? Why, life was before me. I had all the possibilities of the future to dream of, and my mother and I used to invent the most wonderful romances, of which I was the heroine, and I lived in the belief that somewhere or other there was saving up for me the most charming of princes, whom I might any day meet in the streets!

Grandmamma, if she heard us talking over our castles, would often say, with more truth than politeness, that we lived in a fool's paradise, and would reproach my mother with stuffing my head with nonsense. The consequence was we were rather afraid of her, and when I really did meet with a small adventure we did not tell her.

Every morning, as I was walking to school, I met a fair, good-looking young man, apparently wending his way also to his day's work, who seldom passed me without a glance, and sometimes I knew stood still and watched me till I had disappeared at the next turning.

One wet, blowy day in the autumn, just as we approached each other, a little boy, from not looking which way he was going, ran against me, and but for the ready hand of this stranger would have knocked me down; and this accident was the beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Summers,—Prince Percinet, as I used to call him to my mother, after my favourite fairy prince. In my stumbling I ricked my ankle, and was obliged to stand still until the pain subsided. He was full of concern and wanted to call a cab, and when I declined, said he must at least see me safe to the end of my walk. So we moved on together, talking of the slippery streets and the weather, which was, he said, not fit for me to be out in.

'But I must,' I answered. 'I am obliged to go out every morning, and I do not mind it at all.'

'So am I,' he replied, 'which accounts for our always meeting. I have been feeling for days that we ought to make acquaintance, and now that—thanks to that dirty little boy—we have done so, may I not know your name?'

'Howard,' I answered, pleased at having so good and pretty a one to give.

'Howard,' he exclaimed, I thought with some surprise; and so I added, proudly, 'My father was in the army, and my grandmother was a Trower, of Trower Manors.' This was a formula I had been taught as a child, and repeated now with a pride that amused him; and he answered, with a laugh—

'Everybody has, I believe, a grandmother who was a Trower, of Trower Manors; I have myself.'

'You!' I exclaimed, not the least understanding him.

'Yes,' he replied. 'Not that she is exactly a Trower, of Trower Manors, because she happens to be a Greville, or a Nevil, or some such thing; but it is all the same.'

I felt he was laughing at me, and coloured; and he saw I was vexed, and added—

'Don't be offended at my treating your grandmother with such irreverence. My own are not much worth inquiring after excepting Grandmother Nevil, and she is a bore.'

He did not leave me until we reached Mrs. Ford's door. 'Do you go here,' he asked, 'to learn or to teach?'

'To teach,' I said; 'though it is only the little ones at present.'

'I wish I were one of them,' he answered. 'I think if I had had you as my teacher I could have loved'—and he hesitated, and finished his sentence with the word 'book.' And then we parted, with the hope on his side 'that we should meet to-morrow.'

I thought him so handsome and delightful! but it was not until the evening that I had leisure to meditate on his charms. Then I sat working in silence, recalling his words and the sweetness of his smile, until grandmamma testily remarked, 'Well to be sure, if no one talked more than Annie does to-night, we might all be mutes at a funeral!'

I told my mother all about it when we went to bed. Most mothers would have said, 'Go some other way to your school, and don't meet him again.' But mine did not. I suppose she was not a sensible woman, but she was so tender and sweet-tempered!

'It is like a chapter in a story-book,' she said. 'I wonder what will be the end. Perhaps he will prove the fairy prince after all, though he does live in London.'

And so I was allowed, unwarned, to glide into an intimacy with this stranger. I had, however, two safeguards—one was my consciousness

that grandmamma would not have allowed it, and the other that I always repeated everything he said to my mother, and he knew I did. I remember his annoyance when I told him so. He had asked me to take a walk with him on Sunday, if I could.

'Oh, yes,' I answered; 'I will ask mamma, and I am sure she will let me.'

'Cannot you come,' he answered, in a voice of entreaty, 'without asking her?'

'Oh, no,' I exclaimed, 'that is impossible; and besides, perhaps mamma would come too.'

'Would she?' he said, with a sneer, palpable even to my blinded ears. 'She is kind! I should not have supposed she knew of my existence.'

'Not know!' I said, looking up at him with the most genuine surprise and some displeasure. 'Why should you think so ill of me as to suppose she does not know? Of course I tell mamma everything—everything I do, or even say. I am not deceitful.' And I felt ready to cry at his suspicion.

Such a queer look came over his face when he saw my eyes full of tears; something of shame as well as of astonishment.

'You are a good little girl, I do believe,' he said; 'but perhaps some day I may be able to make you feel that any third person is *de trop*. Don't be vexed. Bring your mother if you please; I must try and get her on my side.'

And when our walk really took place, he devoted himself so entirely to her that he quite won her heart, and I felt almost jealous.

I cannot at this distance of time recall much that passed. I remember we talked of music, and I said how much I loved it; and she told him what a sweet, clear voice I had, and she only wished he could hear it; and I laughingly repeated, 'And I only wish you could hear mamma—nobody sings as she does.'

'I must hear you both,' he replied. 'What do you think, Mrs. Howard, of giving me singing lessons? Could not I come to your house to receive them?'

'I do not give lessons at home,' my mother answered, 'because we have only one sitting-room. I should have to hire another room on purpose.'

He said no more, but when the Christmas holidays drew near, which took him into the country, he again recurred to the subject. 'I must manage it,' he said. 'It would be so delightful. You will persuade your mother to think of it, will you not?'

Of course I promised, and we walked up and down together, loath to part, while he spoke of his regrets and his regards, and hinted at wishes he could not yet venture to express, though he could hardly control the warmth of his feelings. I listened in tearful silence, and found nothing wanting in his half-declarations of attachment and

equivocal language, though I felt they required no answer. 'He talked of his feelings, mamma,' I said, 'but he did not ask about mine.'

'That will come in time,' she answered. 'His wish to take singing lessons shows he is determined to seek your society.'

His absence was not to be a very long one, and there was no fear of my forgetting him, for my mother and I talked of him daily; indeed, I think she was more in love with him than I was.

It was some weeks before we parted thus that grandmamma had received a letter from my great-uncle, black-bordered and with a large black seal, to announce the death of his nephew, Major Henry Trower, the only child of his brother, Colonel Trower, who had, while still young, fallen at Waterloo, and whose death was announced to the family in a note from the Great Duke, written by his own hand, in which he spoke of him as 'a brave and most excellent officer.' That letter was our Victoria Cross, and is still looked at with reverence.

The loss of this nephew was a terrible blow to my uncle, and grandmamma also felt it much. Her poor old wrinkled face seemed to grow older and sadder as she read the letter, for he was the last heir male of the family she so dearly loved.

'It is a sore affliction,' she said to my mother, 'and will break your uncle's heart, for it makes all his past sacrifices vain. He gave up every luxury to save the property and keep it in the old name. When it came to him he found it heavily mortgaged, and he sold his hunters and laid down his carriage, and left off drinking wine, ay, and abandoned the hope of marrying, though I know he wished it, and by slow degrees and economy he has paid off the encumbrances and freed the estate, and ever since has been repairing and rebuilding, until, as he said to me in one of his last letters, there is not a tumble-down cottage or a broken gate in the whole place; and all for the sake of the good old name, and all in vain. It comes hard.'

'And what will he do with the property now, I wonder?' my mother said.

'It ought to come to you,' grandmamma answered; 'but he is a stern man, and never goes from his word. He has never once mentioned you since you married, and won't think of you now. No, he will leave it to that young Wyford, of whom he is so fond. His father was the man I ought to have married, the dearest friend of your two uncles and a distant cousin, for he was descended from a Rachel Trower, who was an only child, and who carried some of the land into the Wyford family. When he was killed from an accident out hunting he left this lad to the guardianship of your uncle who was his godfather, and after whom he was named; and he has been brought up at Trower Manor, and been to him like a son. I call him a lad, but now I think of it he must be past thirty.' And then she sighed, and after a pause added, 'And if I had married his father it

would all have come to me and mine!' And for many days grandmamma was the sadder for the major's death.

Christmas brought us my uncle's usual cheque, but it was inclosed without a word more than necessary. About a fortnight afterwards, I was sitting singing over my work up stairs, when I was interrupted by my mother calling me down. I found her looking flushed and tearful; and grandmamma sitting with a certain stately uprightness in her chair, her keen dark eyes sparkling with excitement, and holding a black-bordered letter in her hand.

'Come here, child,' she said, motioning me to sit on a footstool at her feet; 'this is from your uncle John,' and she paused.

'Oh,' I exclaimed, 'he has sent you some more money, or perhaps he has invited you to Trower Manor.'

'No,' she replied, 'he has done better than either; the money would soon be spent, and a visit soon over. No, Annie, he writes to say that, under certain conditions, he will, if you please him and conform to his wishes, adopt you as his heiress. You, if you behave yourself, are to have house and lands and money at his death, and be Trower, of Trower Manors. Why, what ails the child?'

She might well ask, for the shock was so great I fell back against her knees in a momentary faint.

She laid her hand tenderly on my head as I revived. 'No wonder,' she said. 'It is a change! No more teaching and drudgery for you! No more running about the streets alone in all weather! No more exposure to evils from which I could not save you! You will be placed not only in affluence but in safety. Only he should have remembered your mother.'

'That is so unjust, grandmamma,' I exclaimed. 'Why does he pass her by for me?'

'For more reasons than I can tell you,' she answered; 'but I will read you part of his letter.'

But as I listened I shuddered, he wrote so hardly. Something he said of making the offer to satisfy the sense of justice of John Wyford. 'He kept no society, and he did not intend to keep any. He had no neighbours, or rather he knew nothing of those he had. He lived in a corner of the old house, with old servants, who must not be put out of their way. I must make up my mind to lead a quiet and retired life, and if I behaved well and pleased him he would leave me the property. He would give me such and such an allowance for my dress, and in addition to what he already did for grandmamma, he would allow my mother a hundred a year as long as I stayed with him. I was to come per coach on such a Saturday to Easthampton, where he would meet me with the carriage.'

Not a word of my happiness, or any expression of interest or kindness. My spirits sank. I felt as if some dreadful prison were closing round me. A great horror seized me. I seemed at that moment

to feel the agony of parting with my tender mother, with Mr. Summers, with grandmamma, with the streets and the shops, the bustle and the stir of the city life I loved so much, and to understand what it would be to be shut up with that stern old man in the stagnant country. And when the letter was ended I burst into hysterical tears, and sobbed out, 'Oh, grandmamma, I cannot go away from everybody and everything I love, and lead that dreary life, seeing no one. I would much rather go on working hard in London. I am too young to be buried alive—I am indeed. Don't send me away. Mamma, why don't you speak for me? You do not know how miserable you will be without your child.'

The tears were streaming down my mother's cheeks and kept her silent, but grandmamma laid her hand kindly on the head I had rested on her knees.

'Hush! my dear,' she said. 'Remember he is an old man, and however dull it may be it cannot last long. Try and bear it, and to please him, for your mother's sake. It is earning a hundred a year for her, recollect that, and the power hereafter of making her independent and comfortable. She will miss you, and so shall I. I shall miss your pretty, fresh, innocent face and sweet voice; but we must not make a misery of what is really such a blessing. So leave off crying, and thank God for your good fortune.'

And then she wandered off, as she often did, into accounts of the former greatness of the family; how all the places around were Trower this, or Trower that; how her grandfather had been high sheriff and had driven four horses, and had spent his money at so bountiful a rate that he had left his heirs to pay his debts.

And she laid her hand tenderly on the old china cup which was beside her as usual, and said, 'It used to stand in my mother's room, full of rose-leaves and lavender. When the summer comes round, Annie, mind you send me some to put into it; I dare say the bushes grow still where they did. You will not find the place much changed; your uncle has had too much to do in paying off mortgages and in substantial repairs to spend money on papers and paint indoors, or needless alterations out. Well, he is a rich man now!' And, after a moment's silence, she looked up at mamma, and said, with a smile, 'My mother's pearl necklace will look pretty round her throat, won't it? It is worth three hundred pounds.'

And so she comforted us, and the image of the terrible uncle faded away in the sunshine of the coming wealth.

His next letter contained the first quarter of my mother's allowance, and a present to me of twenty pounds, wherewith to add anything that was needful to my then scanty wardrobe and to pay for my journey. It was our first taste of the pleasure that money can give, and it helped us all to keep up our spirits. My mother indeed, as she held her notes in her hand, said bitterly they were the price of her

child; but nevertheless they did sustain her, though her best comfort arose from her firm belief that Mr. Summers would be sure to follow me and soon bring me back from Trower Manors. She and I talked about it until we had almost settled the month in which I was to be married. It was not until the last day that our spirits gave way, and then we wept over our packing as if we had been parting for ever.

'Not that I am unhappy, my darling,' my mother said. 'I know you will soon return. *He* will bring you back.'

'Don't talk of him, mamma,' I sobbed, hugging her with all my heart. 'I don't seem to care a bit about him. It is *you*, it is *you*, it's *you* I cannot bear to leave. I know I shall be miserable without you.'

Grandmamma was very kind to us both that evening. She cheered us by promising to press my uncle to allow me to pay them a long visit in the spring, and said she was sure he could not refuse what was so proper and reasonable. I was to start very early the next day, and she hurried us off for fear her own firmness should give way. Her last words to me, as she blessed and kissed me, were an injunction to remember my mother, and to show I could bear something for her sake; and then she almost pushed me out of the room, and turned away to hide her own sorrow.

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENTS OF STORIES.

(Founded on Fact.)

'My dear child, don't you see I am busy now? Your sister's dress has just come from the dressmaker's, and it is all wrinkles in the back, and not drawn tight enough in the skirt, and indeed fits badly altogether. It must certainly be altered; she could not possibly appear in it to-morrow at the ball. Dressmakers are excessively tiresome and stupid! I wonder how they *can* make such mistakes! And now you come teasing me about these poor-clothes—as if it could possibly matter what shape they are cut, or how they are sewn. The people they are intended for will be thankful to get them, however they may be made. And such good material too! It would be unheard of impudence and ingratitude if they were to grumble at a bad fit, or bad sewing!'

These remarks were addressed to a little girl, who, holding some garment nearly completed in her hand, was asking her mother for directions as to how to proceed.

'But, mamma,' she said, 'this frock is just as long as Ethel's, and I coaxed her to let me try it on, and it will not meet round her waist, and it is so loose about her neck, and so uncomfortable in the arms, that she cried for me to take it off.'

'What strange ideas my children have! Why, of course, Ethel would cry when so common a frock was put on her! You surely do not expect poor-clothes to be cut according to the shape of little ladies' dresses, do you? But there, dear, go away, and you may ask your sister, or the servants, to show you what to do.'

Nora lifted her large wondering eyes to her mother's face, and with a wistful expression, as if she felt that something was wrong, she went back to the room in which her sister Hilda's poor-work was scattered about. She had been summoned away to look at her new dress, and little Nora in the meantime had been trying to help by doing some of the sewing. But using her small wits to compare the relative proportions of the frock in hand, she was led to make the experiment of trying it on Ethel, and the unfortunate result was the occasion of bringing her into her mother's boudoir when the ball-dress was being tried on.

She sat down again to her sewing, and tried to satisfy herself with the thought that as poor-children have not much to eat, perhaps their waists would be much smaller than Ethel's. But that theory would not satisfy her with regard to the loose neck and uncomfortable sleeves.

No, she must leave it; it was evidently beyond her powers of comprehension.

At last her sister Hilda returned, and her temper not being improved by the dressmaker's carelessness, she was not in a good frame of mind to bear Nora's questionings. She had undertaken to make some poor-clothes at the request of the clergyman's wife, who, with the help of several ladies in her husband's parish, sent annually a supply of garments to four or five necessitous town parishes. The clothes were cut out, but the ladies were left to their own devices in sewing them, and some sad mistakes resulted from want of thought and attention. At present Hilda was using her sewing-machine vigorously in the manufacture of some petticoats, having laid aside, as finished, the little frock which had so puzzled Nora's inquiring mind. But her heart was not in her work, and she had not troubled herself to think about shape or fit.

At last, with a sigh of relief, she threw down one of the petticoats on the floor. 'There, that is finished! Give me another, Nora? I must go out with mamma soon, and this work takes *such* a time! but I think I shall get it all done to-day.'

The machine was busy again, and Nora examined the finished garment; it was for a girl of ten or twelve years old, but this time she was sure it would go round her old nurse's waist, and it looked so funny besides. The body was high in the front, and low behind; it must surely be wrong somewhere, and then, if very young children were so thin in the waist, owing to having so little to eat, how could they grow so immensely in a few more years? 'When Hilda goes out, I will ask Nurse,' said Nora to herself.

'Oh, Nurse, do come here; look at this funny petticoat!' exclaimed Nora when her opportunity came, spreading out the garment for inspection. Nurse examined it attentively; then shook her head.

'What is it?' said the child. 'Can poor children grow so big when they have not enough to eat?'

'No, Miss Nora, they are often thin enough, poor little dears, but the width does not matter so much, though of course they will not be so comfortable as if they had been made more according to actual size. But all these skirts have been sewn on back to front! Oh deary me, what a mistake to be sure! And it will take hours and hours to undo them and set them right again! And Miss Hilda has left directions that the work is to be sent off to-day!'

Many parcels of work came in to the Vicarage that same day. We will not stay to examine their contents, but will follow some of the gifts to the homes which eventually they reached.

It was about Christmas time. In a very barely-furnished room, with a small fire burning low in the grate, and signs of poverty in all the surroundings, a delicate-looking woman sat, nursing a baby. A

child of four or five years old, miserably clad, but as clean and tidy as circumstances would allow, was begging to be allowed to go to the school Tea-party. 'Do let me go, mother! Teacher says I may, and there will be cake and buns, and a magic lantern.'

'You can't go, you haven't a frock, Maggie. I can't send you in rags.' Poor little Maggie looked down on the shabby frock, and tears gathered in her eyes.

Just then, a knock was heard at the door, and the mission woman came in. After a few kind words to the sick woman, she drew a pretty little frock from under her shawl. 'Here, Maggie, this is for you; I learn you want to go to the Tea-party, and now you'll look quite fine. It's just your length,' she added, holding it up.

With a low cry of delight, most pleasant to hear, the child came up and took the frock, her whole face illumined by happiness. 'I cannot stay to try it on, but the Ladies have made it; it will be sure to be right,' and with a pleasant smile the visitor was gone. Maggie made haste to pull off her ragged frock, and try on her new treasure. 'Come here, dear, and I'll help you,' said her mother. But alas! the frock could not be got to fasten round the waist; the poor little arms were pinched, and the neck left all bare. It was piteous to watch the change on the child's face. The vision of delight had all melted away; utter despair was reigning in its stead. There was no loud outburst of crying, but large tears rolled down her face—it was such a cruel disappointment after her previous rapture of delight. At this juncture their next-door neighbour suddenly appeared. 'Why Mrs. Moss, why Maggie, what's to do? I never saw such a face!'

'Oh Mrs. Jones, it's this frock that has just been given to her, so as she should go to the Tea-party; and it won't come near her; it fits so bad, there's no making it do nohow, and she'll just cry her eyes out with the disappointment.'

'Let's see,' said Mrs. Jones, turning the little girl round, and speaking in a cheery voice, as if help would follow. 'Well, I never! this beats all as ever I saw for stupidity. Why, who did you get to make it for the child? for I know as you did not do it yourself, for you couldn't have been so thoughtless—let alone being laid up with sickness, so as you haven't strength to hold a needle. Who *did* you give it out to? for they should be made to pay for it by giving you another frock as good; and properly made into the bargain.'

'I didn't put it out to nobody; it is a present, and the Ladies have made it. The mission woman brought it just now; but I'm sure she didn't know it was such a bad fit, else she'd not have given it.'

'Ladies made it! Well! it's little enough I know of the quality, and little enough I'd care to know, if that's the way they make presents—making game of one i' that fashion! A poor sort of practical joke, *I* call it! Or do they think as poor folk's children ain't formed the same as their own? But come, cheer up! Maggie shan't be disappointed of

her Tea-party if I can help it. I'll see if I can alter this, and if that beats me, I'll make up an old frock of my Sarah Jane's, and if I have to sit up all night for it, I'll do it.'

With that, she snatched up the frock, and with an indignant '*Ladies*, indeed!' she hurried away.

It was late at night before she could take her charitable work in hand, for she was a busy woman, with husband and children to look after, and small means for the support of the family. She began undoing the offending frock; she tried it this way, and that way; but there was no extra material to add the required width, and such extensive re-modelling was needed, that finally she gave it up in despair, and ran to search in her own stores for something she could patch up for Maggie. She consoled herself by giving free expression to her thoughts as she worked. 'I wonder what them Ladies could have been thinking of, when they cut and hacked good material i' that fashion! They *do* contrive to make guys of theirselves by screwing in of their waists, but could they think that young children are ever formed with such deformities? As I was coming home yesterday through the Square, I saw one of them fine ladies looking for all the world like a scarecrow. I stood up agen the wall, and stared at her with astonishment; she was that fine in silk and satin, with a big fur cape on; and her little arms stood like akimbo, while her waist was so small as my two hands could clasp easy. I thought, if it happened as a sudden fit of coughing came on, and bent her double, she would snap in the middle like a bit of old iron with a sharp crack. Her skirt was so tight, it swathed her round like a baby in longclothes, only they was short; and she shuffled along with her high-heeled boots in a way as a heathen might be expected to walk in, but not a Christian! And this sets me thinking on them poor Chinee ladies as cripples their feet, by pinching of 'em up—but if all's true as I heerd at them lectures on health, I'm thinking it's better to pinch your feet, and walk lame for ever after, than to pinch your heart and lungs and stomach, so as you can't ever be healthy. And, for sure, as all parts depends on one another, perhaps these poor Ladies' brains are affected too, and they really don't know how to use their intellects to guide their hands! Well! thank goodness I was born a working woman, and if ever I find my Sarah Jane a trying to screw in her waist like the quality, I'll——but there, she's a good girl, she never would do such a thing. She has sense both in her head and fingers; she'd never make a frock like this. It *is* queer though, how ladies, because they have nothing to do, should lay violent hands on theirselves, and torture their poor bodies till they have not the natural use of any member God has given them. Us working women are only too glad to have the free use of all our limbs. It would be a good thing if a society of mission-aries was formed to visit these poor ladies in their homes, and convert them to common sense, teaching them the capabilities of their own bodies

and minds if they only obey natural laws, as our lecturer pointed out. I'm glad I went to them lectures—it's given me summut to think about. But there, I think I can finish in the morning, and my John's a calling of me to come to bed. He's been very good to be quiet all this time—so now I'm off.'

The frock was finished the next morning, and Maggie went to the Tea-party.

It is now summer; the air is hot and sultry, and in a room in a narrow town street the atmosphere is so oppressive, that a poor woman, who is dying of consumption, gasps for breath. The perspiration rolls in heavy drops down her face; her daughter stands by with a fan. 'Can you find me another bedgown, dear? this is all wet through, and it would be such a relief to have a clean one.'

'I am so sorry, mother, but the one you took off fell to pieces in the wash, and I have tried and tried to mend it, but it breaks out all the more when I put a patch on; but I will try to get one somehow before the evening, if father will take my place by your bedside.'

The door was now gently opened, and a lady came in, bringing two bedgowns. She read a few verses to the invalid, and as soon as she was gone the parcel was opened. The poor woman's eyes grew bright as she saw the soft, clean calico; but her daughter glanced in despair at the small opening at the neck. 'How could mother ever get it on in her weak state?'

'Air it well at the fire, dear, and let me have it at once.'

The poor woman raised herself in the bed with difficulty, and with her daughter's help divested herself of the damp garment, and endeavoured to put on the new one.

'You must lift up your arms, mother, and drag it over your head; it is like a child's nightgown.'

The attempt was made, but the result was hopeless. Mrs. Myers could not raise her arms and keep them in the necessary position to enable the bedgown to be dragged on.

'Oh, Mary, I can never get it on! I have not strength for it; take it away,' and she sank back, utterly exhausted.

'Mother, there is another, and this is open all down the front like your own—try this, do.'

Mrs. Myers thought she might perhaps manage to raise herself once more, and this time the bedgown was safely put on—but oh! the sleeves were gathered up to be so small that she could not move her arms without discomfort; and at last she begged her daughter to wash the old bedgown as quickly as she could, and let her have it. 'And when I am gone, dear, you can cut up these two new ones for your little brother.'

A sad fit of coughing ensued, and Mary thought indignantly, 'I wish the Ladies would make things properly, or else give the calico

away in the piece! I would gladly have screwed time to sew for mother, and now I have only made her more tired than she was before.'

And now let us follow one of Hilda's petticoats to its destination.

'Look, Jenny,' said Mary Smith, coming quickly into the room where her little sister was crouching before the fire one wintry Saturday night. 'Look! as I was coming back from the mill, I met the Rector's wife, and what do you think she gave me? Why this,' unfolding a parcel before the eyes of the delighted child. 'Such a nice warm petticoat for you!'

'Oh, Mary!' said Jenny, clapping her thin little hands, 'how beautiful! now you will let me go to school to-morrow, and I shall get my prize after all.'

Little Jenny was very delicate, and Mary had to be very careful of her motherless little sister.

Her father was a bricklayer, and the frosts were so keen that there was no work to be done. For the last three Sundays, Mary had not dared to let Jenny go to the Sunday school, for want of warm clothing, and the poor little girl was in great grief, fearing to lose her prize for regular attendance.

'Did Mrs. Foster make it on purpose for me?' demanded Jenny, as her sister shook out the folds with a criticising air.

'No, dear, the Ladies made it, with a lot of others, and have sent them to her to give away.'

'How good of her to think of me,' said the child; 'and oh, Mary! what nice, warm stuff! Do make haste and put it on, it's sure to fit.'

'Well, I'm not so sure of that,' said Mary, 'for a child of twelve the waist looks uncommon big; however, we'll see.'

Just at this moment John Smith entered, tired, after a hopeless search for work.

'See, father, what the Ladies have made! It's mine, and I can go to school to-morrow, and I shall get my prize.'

'Well, well, little lass,' said her father, kindly, patting her head, 'I'm glad you are pleased. Come, Mary, where's my pipe?' and the tired man threw himself wearily in a chair by the fire.

'Mary, it's so queer,' said Jenny as she turned herself round for inspection. 'It's all full in front, and nothing at the back, and if I put it on so as to fasten the body behind, it's all up to my chin in front, and down ever so low at the back. Why, what's the matter with it?'

Her sister examined the petticoat ruefully, and exclaimed, 'It's all wrong from top to bottom! You might as well have had no hole for the neck, and the arms sewn up. Take it off, child, and let's see what's wrong. I thought as much; those fine Ladies have sewn it back to front. You must give up all thought of your prize,

Jenny, for you can't go to school in this to-morrow, and I 'm too busy to alter it to-night.'

'Oh, Mary, do let me try! See, let me turn down the body, and button the petticoat round the waist.'

'What's the good, child? Why, the waist is over thirty inches round, and it will slip over your hips. The idea! To send out a thing like that. I should like them to wear it themselves for a bit to see how they'd like all them folds in the front, that I should.'

'Why Mary,' said her father, looking up from his pipe, 'can't ye turn down th' top part, and stick a string through, and tie it round t' little lassie's waist, like a clothes line? It'll be fine and tidy with the white part tucked underneath, and fine and warm, *I* say. Cheer up, little 'un, and Polly shall try and tie it up for you.'

There was no time to do anything better, so Mary adopted her father's suggestion, and sent Jenny to school the next morning in the ill-fitting garment, and she gladly bore the discomfort for the sake of getting the prize she so earnestly desired. On the Monday, hard-working Mary got up an hour earlier than usual, and did her best to render the 'Ladies' work wearable.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XII.—THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(*Published* 1623; *supposed date* 1596–7.)

WHAT a world of trouble Shakspere might have saved posterity if he had chosen to act differently respecting two points in his dramatic work. If he had edited his own plays, what volumes of controversy we should have been spared, and if he had always invented his own plots, and got all his plays straight out of his head, how much the studying of them would have been simplified; but he did neither. One sometimes fancies that no real genius should be beholden to any one else for ideas, that if little-minded men may patch together borrowed notions, the greater-gifted ones should have an inexhaustible exchequer of thought from which their work should come out all bran new and original, owing not a single touch to another hand; but this is not Shakspere's usual fashion of working. If an idea suits him, he does not care a jot whether he found it in his own head, or somebody else's; he takes it as it comes, and makes the best of it. He may throw himself most vigorously into bringing his own beautiful or terrible creations to perfection, but that by no means hinders him from exerting himself in working up characters sketched by somebody else, as in the play before us. *The Taming of the Shrew* is one of those plays where we get Shakspere's writing mixed up with that of other people, and we must look very closely if we would see where the bits of the patchwork join. The case is something complicated, and the critics disagree over it; but when do they do otherwise over anything? First, there is an anonymous play, published 1594, called *The Taming of a Shrew*, now to be read in Hazlitt's Shakspere's Library, and deserving to be read and compared carefully with our play. Whoever wrote it must have had a good deal of fun in him, as well as cleverness in arranging stage situations, but not much power of showing character, or giving any sort of artistic finish to his work. Rough as is the play, we find in it outlines of all the best scenes in *The Taming of the Shrew*; it contains a rude sketch of the Induction, of Baptista's difficulties with his daughters, and all the story of Katharine and Petruchio. The best character for distinctness is Sanders, the original of our good friend Grumio, some of whose sayings have been transferred unchanged from the older play, especially in his dispute with the tailor. He could have been no mean humorist whose fun Shakspere preserved amidst his own. We might then suppose that Shakspere just re-wrote the play as he did *King John* on the lines of the *Troublesome Raigne*; but the critics incline to think that some third

man intervened and wrote all the story of Bianca's lovers, which is almost entirely new, and that then Shakspere took up the work, and recast the Induction, and all the Katharina and Petruchio scenes. This division is not insisted upon as certain, as he may also have supervised the whole and touched it up; but there is an undefined difference between all connected with the Shrew and her husband and the rest of the play. So much, at any rate, we may safely consider Shakspere's. We should not have thought the plot was one to attract him much, as it was so extravagant, and gave him so little room for poetry and imagination; but the life and spirit of the thing may have atoned for other defects. Maybe Shakspere felt he could develop the spoilt naughty Shrew and her provoking tamer into real characters, while giving the world a hearty laugh with a hint of meaning behind it. The Induction, too, may have interested him, as the main idea of it is comic and dramatic at once, and worth a complete working out. So from one cause or another, Shakspere came to do his share of the patchwork, and probably enjoyed the fun as much as anybody, while retaining that dash of extravagance which reminds us that the whole play is something of a farce after all.

We need hardly ask where the story of the Induction came from, for such stories have been told again and again from Abou Hassan, the 'Sleeper Awakened' of the *Arabian Nights*, to our present friend, Christopher Sly. Our only quarrel with the Induction, as Shakspere rewrote it, is that it is almost too good to be where it is, of necessity cut short by the beginning of the real play. In itself it is thorough good fooling with the 'Sly, who came over with Richard Conqueror'! the lively contrast between the hero in his delusion and all the people about him, his struggles to get back to reality (mostly represented by small beer), and his fatuity when persuaded of his dignified position. All this was faintly suggested in the old Induction, but it lacked the small effective touches which give life to Shakspere's slightest work. As he puts them, the drunken clown, the scolding ale-wife, the merry servants, are all clearly defined, as well as the nobleman, Theseus-like among his hounds, moralising over the drunkard, welcoming the players, who arrive as pat as those in *Hamlet*, and helping his servants to carry out his whim. The very flowery language which the jokers use to the transformed Sly heightens the absurdity of the scene into a sort of burlesque on Titania and Bottom. The old play provided for the disappearance of the clown and his restoration to his previous condition, which should have been done here also, as there is now no finish to Sly's adventure.

We now pass on to the play itself as Shakspere and his unknown fellow-worker reproduced it from *The Taming of a Shrew*. All the first scenes are so completely transformed that they may be considered as new. Lucentio is quite a different person from Aurelius who represents him in the old play, and all his part of the story is correspond-

ingly changed. He is the hero of one plot, the romantic, as Petruchio is of the comic one, and the two plots only touch occasionally. Lucentio has the start in our acquaintance (Act i. sc. 1), and disinterestedly explains who he is, and how and why he comes to Padua after the convenient habit of stage heroes. And this is precisely the right description of Lucentio, a regular stage hero who says and does and is everything which is correct for a hero of intrigue comedy. Of course he falls in love at first sight, he betakes himself to disguise, woos secretly, befools his future father-in-law, runs away with the lady of his affections, and bursts out afterwards into full glory, all in the most approved fashion. He is too much like hundreds of other young heroes to be deeply exciting, but he is well enough in his conventional way, and helps to throw Petruchio's originality into stronger relief. Always excepting Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio, we notice something of this conventional stamp on all the other characters: there is the stock arbitrary father, the demure heroine, the rich old lover, and the gay young one, who figures in numbers of comedies, and of course the confidential servant who goes along with them.

What would our dramatists have done if they could not have sent their young gentlemen travelling about? The arrival at a fresh place makes an excellent point whereat a story can begin and the characters be quickly introduced, as we find it here. Lucentio has not been five minutes inside Padua, before we are in the midst of most of the characters of the piece, and know exactly the state of affairs, by means of another familiar stage conventionalism which makes people discuss all their private matters out in the street (in winter too) to the great convenience of the newly-arrived hero, who is always listening unobserved. He does not always come in for such a lively conversation, however, nor see such a remarkable group, for every figure here is of a different type. First there is Baptista, the prosperous gentleman, 'affable and courteous' as he is described, able to command everything but peace and quiet, worried out of his life by not knowing either how to control his daughter or get rid of her. He is a selfish old fellow too; coolly sacrificing Bianca's prospects to his anxiety to marry off Katharina, and when that is done, putting up Bianca's hand to auction in a most barefaced manner. Now he stands fretting between her eager suitors, Gremio, with the withered face and grey beard, and Hortensio, a commonplace sort of youth, sleek and shallow. But the most interesting figures of the group are, of course, the sisters, two fair creatures contrasting at every point. Bianca's soft gentleness is almost overdone to heighten the contrast between them, but allowing something for this, and the slight exaggeration of all the characters, she does suggest a pretty idea of a gentle young girl, putting up cheerfully with the disagreeable points in her home life, and consoling herself with her books and music for her sister's temper and her father's arbitrary disposal of her future. Not that she wants

character when circumstances develop it, and concealed under her demureness is the less pleasing feature of a certain aptitude for intrigue. She is in no hurry to be married when we first see her; no one yet has caught her fancy, and indeed she somehow gives a feeling that she is one of those slight, delicate, fairy creatures who are hard to please, and whom most men instinctively want to protect and caress. Very different is our notion of the stormy heroine, the tall nut-brown maid, handsome, scowling Katharina; there is nothing conventional about her at all events! Everything is upside down with her; and to her feeling nothing can happen rightly, as she has got out of her own control, and that of everybody else. She is a spoilt child on a large scale, not able to manage herself, and too strong for those about her. Baptista has no authority, and Bianca no influence over her, so there is no check on her wild passion. Then she wants to be married; the notion of seeing Bianca disposed of first annoys her desperately, but on the other hand, her pride fires up at being offered by her father to Hortensio and Gremio. In fact, Katharina does not know what to do with her unhappy, irritable self, and she is half crazy with long-indulged temper, and while she is in this condition nothing can please or soothe her. Perhaps Shakspere did not mean us to take her very seriously, but with all the childish absurdity of her rages, one is half sorry for her as one is for a child or animal in a passion; it is so much worse for her than for the objects of the storm. She has put herself entirely out of her natural position as a woman, and as nobody can do anything with her in an ordinary way, something extraordinary is required to right her, which is the key to Petruchio's success. She had got herself to a pretty low level when Hortensio can tell her to her face that she is too bad to be a mate for him, and certainly in this first scene she is outrageous. However, the tamer is not far off, and shortly we see Petruchio at the door of Hortensio's house (Act i. sc. 2) bringing a sense of life, and fun, and superabundant energy in with him. Nobody could set Petruchio up as a hero of romance, he is essentially unromantic and likes to represent himself as entirely prosaic and mercenary; but his sharp wits, his overflowing spirts and vivacity, make him worth a dozen of the sentimental type. He never could take the world calmly; he must be doing something, the harder it is the better he likes it, and if people are in his way, they must get out somehow or take the consequences. Then what a companion he has in his 'ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio'! In respect of humour Grumio stands between the witty, blundering of Bottom, and the wittier craftiness of Sir John Falstaff, sometimes recalling both. He has a funny admiration for his master, a sort of pride and proprietorship in his eccentricities, even while suffering from them, and unbounded faith in his capacity for getting his own way. From the moment this lively pair arrive on the scene, the whole story seems to brisk up and get along faster; partly, perhaps, because Petruchio's

willingness to marry Katharina releases Bianca's lovers from their previous deadlock, and sets them all going again. Already the disguised Lucentio is slipping through Baptista's barriers; now Hortensio takes up the same idea, while the false Lucentio, Tranio, complicates the whole position by joining the ranks of Bianca's avowed suitors. Petruchio remains the centre of all, both because the others are obliged to push him forward, and also he is so much the most active and vigorous of the set. We need not take literally all his laughing talk about only desiring money with his wife. Without crediting him with over-refined feelings, one may imagine that it is quite as much the pleasure of outdoing every one else which attracts him to Katharina as the charms of her money. Something to get the better of, and a girl with beauty, birth and wealth, to be won, form an irresistible combination to Petruchio, and he longs to be at it directly.

The Shrew's domestic manners are vividly shown in the stormy scene between her and Bianca (Act ii. sc. 1), when poor Bianca's soft words do not at all avert her sister's wrath and Baptista's scolding only makes matters worse. Katharina is absolutely unreasonable, for, knowing how Bianca has been refused to her suitors, she yet storms at her father's injustice in marrying his younger daughter first; in fact, she is in a chronic state of passion, and Baptista can only wring his hands. There is something irresistibly droll in the way Petruchio marches in upon him saying, in effect, 'Good morning; I want to marry your daughter,' before even telling his name! Baptista, we know, is not sentimental, but he seems startled by this way of going to work, and fussy old Gremio is quite aghast at the new comer's coolness, not only in his proposals, wherein Tranio promptly imitates him, but in his introducing a tutor for the young ladies before he has been two minutes in the house. However, Baptista gladly catches at any suitor for Katharina, and would doubtless treat the proposal with dignified consideration when irrepressible Petruchio cuts in with the bluntest questions as to her dowry, and will get to the point at once. With all his mercenary talk, we may notice that he has no idea of defrauding his wife of the full equivalent for her dowry, and wishes this to be clear from the first. Once this is settled, Petruchio can turn his mind to the lesser point of getting Katharina's consent rather stimulated than otherwise by the return of unlucky Hortensio, decidedly the worse for his first attempt at giving a music lesson! Petruchio takes care to have his plan of action all ready before the lady appears. The main forces on which he relies are determination, imperturbable good humour, and audacious flattery, all three novelties to Katharina, and he holds to them throughout. The scene almost acts itself, the girl coming sweeping in, proud in her beauty, expecting to frighten the stranger like everybody else, and getting the greeting, 'Good morrow, Kate,' flung in her face like a dash of cold water! She is startled into a sort of self-control, and instead of storming,

tries to crush Petruchio with dignity; but that won't do at all, the offence is only repeated, and she shifts her ground, to find Petruchio ready for her at all points. He laughs at her and contradicts her, and is impudent and flattering till the puzzled girl does not know what to do. After all, it might not be quite disagreeable to find a man who openly admires her and laughs at her temper instead of calling her a fiend, and who will not let her go, instead of shrinking away from her. He is not a bit afraid of her, so the spoilt child begins to be a little afraid of him. Suddenly he tells her he means to marry her, and her breath is so taken away by the shock that she does not try to speak to him, only makes a sort of stand when her father appeals to her. At this point the Kate of the old play makes a confession aside that she means to take her queer suitor, because she has been long enough single, and we may suppose something of this feeling to lurk under this Kate's spasmodic efforts to deny Petruchio. She certainly says, with more force than elegance, that 'she'll see him hanged' before she will have him; but she would make much more to do if she really wanted to get quit of him. Whether Petruchio's promises of the finery to come from Venice have a soothing effect upon Kate, we need not inquire too curiously.

Now the intrigue-plot becomes the most prominent, though in an unromantic form, the bidding for Bianca's hand by Gremio and the disguised Tranio. On the whole, a girl had better be taken by storm like Kate than sold by auction in this cold-blooded style, and Baptista thoroughly deserves to be outwitted in the end. One must laugh at Tranio's assurance and the ingenuity with which he trumps all Gremio's cards and deludes Baptista. Meanwhile, the real Lucentio is making good use of his chance with Bianca, as we see in the delightful scene of the mock Latin lesson (Act iii. sc. 1), at once so pretty and so comic. There we have the two sham tutors each wanting the undivided attention of the charming pupil, who takes the law into her own hands, and puts them into their proper places with pretty resolution. She has a turn for contrivance, and we fancy her sitting with perfectly demure face while Lucentio rolls out the sounding Latin, and whispers his much more interesting construing of the same. The impatient musician fumes to and fro, causing Lucentio to come out with edifying scraps of classical information, which do not, however, throw him off the scent. Hortensio cannot get anything but mere civility from Bianca, even his original gamut does not make any impression. The other Shrew had two sisters, one of whom Hortensio's counterpart married; in this play the third girl is replaced by Hortensio's 'widow' to provide another wife for Kate to exhort at the end. To lead up to his change of mind, Hortensio now begins to cool a little in his pursuit of Bianca. The next stage of the Shrew's cure is reached when Petruchio is late for his wedding (Act. iii. sc. 2). Probably nobody else dares to keep Kate waiting a minute, and the

new experience forces home the conviction that her future husband is not the least afraid of her. The interval has so far reconciled her to the marriage that she is heartily vexed when she thinks he is not coming. It is somewhat base of Petruchio after his talk about Venetian finery, to go so far out of his way to startle his bride and his friends by his extraordinary appearance; but here the spirit of burlesque seems to have caught Shakspere, and he could not resist the fun of the grotesque figures of master and man, as described by Biondello. By a curious slip, perhaps arising from the joint authorship, Tranio is here made to assume the position of Petruchio's intimate friend, acquainted with his usual habits, when to our knowledge they had only met a few days ago.

In the midst of the absurd scene before the wedding comes a sudden touch of meaning thrown into Petruchio's wild extravagance, showing something better underneath—

> 'Could I repair what she will wear in me,
> As I can change these poor accoutrements,
> 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.'

But it is but a momentary lifting of the mask, and the game of astonishing everybody presently absorbs his whole energy. The wedding is got over in impossibly short time, considering all the antics with which we hear Petruchio diversifies it, all directed to the object of bewildering Kate as to her bridegroom's character. Doubtless he is judicious in carrying her off at once, though we regret he ignores her first attempt at gentle entreaty. Perhaps he could not safely yield, and when she tries the other line and defies him, how his strength comes out. If she brings on a trial of force between them, why, he is the stronger in will and body, and there is an end of it, and he throws an irresistibly comic air over all by assuming that he is beset, and that 'sweet Kate' requires to be bucklered against thieves. We may notice that this is the only time that Petruchio distinctly claims authority to force Kate to do what she disliked. When once he has so far mastered her, all his future operations are veiled under the appearance of considering her wishes, and what is good for her. There is an old German story containing something of the Shrew-taming idea; but the hero there is a brute compared to Petruchio, and merely crushes his vixenish bride by sheer cruelty and violence into good behaviour. Petruchio, on the contrary, knows that to lose his temper with Kate would be to give her an advantage over him, and besides, being a good fellow in his way, he would never dream of really hurting her.

The wit and spirit of the play perceptibly increase after we leave Padua and go home with the bridal pair (Act iv. sc. 1). Now Grumio comes to the front, half-frozen by his own account, but overflowing with whimsical drollery, as if Shakspere revelled in his own fun.

Grumio's teeth may chatter, but his tongue goes faster as he pathetically adjures Curtis—'Fire, fire, good Curtis, cast on no water.' Then his story of the homeward journey, which he is *not* going to tell, how inimitable it is; but we hope he exaggerates when he says Petruchio left Katharina under her horse; we could not quite forgive him for that, and it would be out of keeping with the rest of his policy. Evidently the journey affords Petruchio plenty of opportunities for startling Kate and showing her the inexpedience of quarrelling with him, and the home-coming matches the journey. Poor Kate comes in half-dazed with fatigue, almost too tired to speak, and her inexhaustible husband promptly shows her a caricature of a violent temper, storming, fuming, issuing all sorts of orders at once, mixed with welcomes to herself and encouragements to be 'merry.' Merry indeed! The poor soul is far enough from that as she feebly tries to get Petruchio to be quiet and let her eat her supper in peace. After making her father's house miserable for so long, it is only fair she should suffer something too, but one feels sorry for her in her comical misfortunes. Her position would not be so bad either, if Petruchio were not so abominably affectionate with his 'good Kate' and 'sweet Kate,' and his proposal that she should say grace when he never means to give her any supper! How one can fancy him coming back to have a quiet chuckle over the success of his plan. All this elaborate scheme for wearing out Kate's physical power of resistance seems barbarous; but hitherto she has been able to tyrannise over her surroundings in the pride of her strong will, so she has now to realise her true weakness. In the bullying, overbearing line which she took at home, Petruchio can easily beat her, and never give her a chance to quarrel with him, and slowly she is forced to the conviction that it is best to yield with a good grace and not struggle hopelessly. The process of conviction is necessarily slow, and Grumio has no business to mock at her hunger in the famous offer of 'the mustard without the beef' (Act iv. sc. 3). We confess to being glad Kate boxes his ears for the impudence, if it *is* unladylike.

However, Petruchio won't let the hungry state last long enough really to hurt her, at the same time very properly exacting from her the ordinary courtesy which she has forgotten. The sudden revival of her temper after the food, by the way, partly justifies him in his method of curing her of her great defect.

Who does not know the scene with the tailor? and what woman does not feel for Kate, thwarted in her own private province? If she may not have her way here, what is the use of fighting for anything? But how one enjoys Petruchio's way of baffling her, and his sham rage with the tailor, which is so droll that we almost wonder Kate does not see through it. Then Grumio's share in the business heightens the fun. His excuses and admissions and evasions; his argument with

the tailor—'I bid thy master cut out the gown; I did not bid him cut it to pieces, ergo, thou liest!' Finally, his proposed fight—'Take thou the bill, give me thy meteyard and spare not me!'—nobody could be more delightfully ridiculous. We may notice that, with all his tricks, Petruchio pays his bills like an honest man, and so perhaps, after all, Kate got the cap and gown of her affections when she next came home. It would seem that he thinks she is progressing favourably, as he now proposes a return to Padua, prefacing it with moral sentiments about beauty which sound like the headings of copy-books. Possibly the whole proposal is only another delusion put upon Kate to lead up to his wicked test of how far she is broken in, and he has no intention of going at all just yet.

Meanwhile Bianca and Lucentio get on swimmingly, thanks to the indefatigable Tranio, who, not content with diverting Baptista's suspicions, manages also to pique Hortensio into giving up Bianca and rewarding the long attachment of the rich widow. We may suppose that this rapid wooing and wedding of Hortensio's takes place after his visit to Petruchio, which visit is a great convenience to Tranio, as it temporarily puts Hortensio out of the way, and prevents him from reminding his late rival that they had both sworn to give up Bianca. Lucentio devotes himself entirely to the love-making part of the business, leaving the intrigue to be done by Tranio, who evidently enjoys it, and delights in beguiling the old Pedant into being his confederate. If these scenes have nothing very remarkable about them, they go off lightly enough, with little sparks of fun here and there, and all lead up to the general climax. Tranio having drawn Baptista out of the way (Act iv. sc. 4), and given Bianca an excuse for leaving her father's house in Lucentio's company, all is favourable for the lovers' stolen marriage; but some extra confusion of affairs is required before the proper degree of mystification ensues, which is the appropriate prelude to a general clearing up of all things. The meeting of Petruchio and Katharine with old Vincentio on the Padua road supplies this extra complication (Act iv. sc. 5). Somehow they have managed to start on their journey without any fight over the time, and now comes their last wrangle. It is all nonsense to talk as if this bit of merry comedy expresses Shakspere's serious ideas of the proper relations of husband and wife, for when both are thus drawn in exaggerated style all through, how can we expect to take their sayings literally? Petruchio's comic demands are matched by Kate's comic submission, and there is consistency in making her go to the furthest extreme. When once she gives in at all, she is just the creature to have no medium. Besides, she has learnt to take a joke by this time, and instead of getting angry, she just meets her madcap husband on his own ground, and gaily tells him she will call the sun a rush-candle rather than fight about it again!—which surely is only a forcible way

of expressing that she has recovered control of the temper which has so long run riot, and has begun to love the man who forced her to conquer that fiend. After having managed herself so badly, Kate seems to find a relief in letting herself drop completely into Petruchio's rough but not unkindly hands. To please him she catches up his wild jest on Vincentio, startling the good old man with her strange salutation, and then apologising neatly and prettily; indeed, from this point a gentler grace comes over the young beauty, as if her whole nature had become refined by the removal of the one blot, till we hardly recognise the virago of the first scene. Petruchio, too, drops his fantastic behaviour, and treats Vincentio with a frank courtesy contrasting strongly with his assumed violence. Between this scene and the last we imagine Hortensio to get married, though why the lady continues to be styled a widow, when she is really a bride, we do not clearly see.

Now all the threads of the story are drawn together (Act v. sc. 1), and produce a most lively scene. Apparently it is evening; old Gremio waits in the street for his *protégé*, Cambio, little guessing the present result of Bianca's Latin studies; above him gleam the lights in Lucentio's house, where the mock Lucentio and the Pedant are solemnly deluding Baptista. The true Lucentio and his Bianca slip over the scene; we fancy we see them disappear into the church, dimly seen in a distant corner. Then, with some stir and bustle, comes in Petruchio's party, he goodnaturedly guiding Vincentio to his son's house.

On Vincentio's knock, out comes the old Pedant's head, and a glorious confusion begins. The Pedant acts so surprisingly well, that even sharp Petruchio thinks his fellow-traveller must have assumed a false name, and that this is the right Vincentio. As each fresh person appears, the confusion thickens, and no wonder Vincentio becomes bewildered between the stranger who personates him and the well-known Biondello, who refuses to recognise him; and when Tranio appears as a gentleman, it is too much altogether. One hears his gasps of dismay: 'Oh, immortal gods! Oh, fine villain!' Of course Tranio is forced to brave it out, and poor Vincentio's efforts to get at the truth and discover his real son only make the confusion ten times worse, for Tranio has to take strong measures to silence him, not knowing whether Lucentio is yet safely married. At last that young gentleman appears in the nick of time to relieve his father and explain matters all round, now that he has secured Bianca in approved romantic fashion. How Petruchio and Kate must laugh in their corner as the whole storm dissolves away. Here we may notice that though Kate used to rave and scold in the streets in old days, she objects to being kissed in public now that she is so changed.

Obviously Petruchio's success would lose half its value if it were never

to be made visible to Kate's old circle, and therefore the last scene has to be added. It is plain that, during the time which elapses between Lucentio's wedding and the banquet in his house, Petruchio has abstained from parading his power over Kate; and in the entertainments to which Lucentio alludes as taking place in the interval, the change in her temper has not been remarked. In the judgment of her former friends she is still the shrew she used to be, and her husband a fit object for sarcastic pity. Even at Lucentio's feast that disagreeable bride of Hortensio's cannot keep her tongue from insinuations which make Kate fire up into insisting on knowing what she means. The old impetuous nature is still in Kate, but now so controlled that to the more explicit rudeness she can answer quietly, 'A very mean meaning,' and there let it drop, though encouraged by her husband to snub the 'Widow.' Petruchio has probably some pride in his handsome wife as she withdraws with the other ladies, and is not disposed to let her be undervalued, and therefore, when her father and her brother-in-law join with Hortensio and Tranio in disparaging her and mocking at him, he thinks it is time to stop this once for all, by showing them the real new Kate. If he had not been thus provoked, he might have let them find her out by degrees.

Everybody knows the scene which follows,—the confident bridegrooms sending their polite messages and not receiving quite such civil answers, and then Petruchio's blunt command at once producing 'bonny Kate,' to the startling of her old father into recognising the change which has befallen his once wilful daughter. Bianca's petulance and the Widow's imperiousness make excellent foils for Kate's new-found sweet temper; and how prettily she begins with them, slyly hinting that they look ugly when they are cross. Of course the vehement girl goes right to the utmost extreme of submission, and pushes her doctrine of the inequality of the sexes as far as it will possibly go; this is just what we might expect from her. And then her fair picture of the man, toiling, fighting, enduring for the woman's safety and comfort, readily leads to the idea of the woman's willing tribute of 'love, fair looks, and true obedience to his honest will.' Kate has no idea of making all the sacrifice come from either side, or of erecting her husband into an eastern sultan; but she must have fallen far in love with Petruchio before she imagined him to correspond with the ideal husband of her speech. Her self-surrender is so complete that one gets a sort of feeling that it should have been to somebody higher than Petruchio. If Kate gives in to him, she is careful to show the other women that it is not because she is inferior to them; she asserts herself there with a delightful little flash of energy, to let them see that they need not hope to succeed where she had failed—in the bad old path of violence and temper. One can fancy the pride with which Petruchio would take her hand to lead her

away, throwing a merry joke at the other two bridegrooms, that after all his mad marriage was the best of the three. Indeed a man might do much better with the reformed Kate, trying heartily to make him happy, than with either sly little Bianca or the bold-mannered 'Widow,' and it might well happen that Kate found herself in the end able to twist her sturdy Petruchio round her little finger by realising her own true strength. After all, he does deserve well of her, by making her a much better and happier woman than he found her, though in the serio-comic fashion which accords with the style of the whole play. Anything wholly serious or even sentimental would have been inappropriate, and an artistic blunder such as Shakspere would never have committed in a play in which he had a hand.

The abruptness of the ending suggests the idea that some finish to Sly's adventures was intended to be added here, as in the old play. Possibly this has been lost, or perhaps some dumb show represented Sly's return to ordinary life after his astounding experiences.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

SOUND:

A LESSON FOR SEPTUAGESIMA (GEN. ii. 19).

BY DOROTHEA BEALE, PRINCIPAL OF THE CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

How wonderful is sound! Look at the ocean in which the fishes float. You see and feel it; strike it, and you *see* the waves which ripple on its surface, and the fishes *feel* the blow as the ripples go down below.

We, too, are living in an ocean; we creep along the bottom, but birds and insects float in it, and every stone we throw, and every word we speak, causes ripples in it—ripples which we can often feel with other parts of the body, but which the ear feels best; this ocean consists of gases so soft and yielding, that it parts as we move—so transparent, that for ages people lived without knowing it existed. Yet it supports our life, and it is full of wondrous uses. Let us, however, think only of one, because I want you to float upwards with the birds, and then still higher, above this world and its atmosphere.

Think of it, not now as our breath, the life of animals and plants, not as the lifter of the rain-clouds, the diffuser of heat and light, the curtain to shelter us from scorching heat, to protect us from piercing cold, but as one of the great means by which soul communicates with soul, as one vast musical instrument, universally diffused round this earth, for all living creatures; for, I suppose there is not one single living thing which dwells in the air, that is unable to strike some note, and draw forth some sound, loud or soft; from the murmuring hum of the fly, the monotonous cry of the cricket, to the flood of harmony from the lark's throat, and the sweet melodies of the warbler and the nightingale—songs which tell us that God cares for the fowls of the air, that He would have joy and gladness in His creation. And so too man utters songs without words; music, which seems more than speech to be the immediate utterance of the emotions of our souls, which moves other souls to sympathy; the science, *par excellence*, of feeling is not painting, but music. And so if we want to express feeling, we do not tell how people looked, nor even how they spoke; we tell of the wail of agony, and of the cry of joy, and when we would utter our most exultant notes, we break the air with hallelujahs: music responds to the march of conquering armies; it stirs us to courage and hope, it gives voice to the sorrowful complaint.

But how much more is sound to man! To him has been given the organs for, and the faculty of, articulate speech. So Adam, we read, gave names to every living thing. Consider the instruments of speech. How simple, and how complex. A few gases, a soft tongue and throat, the winding passages of the ear, &c.—things familiar and easy to talk about, but the mysteries of which no human understanding can

fathom. Something we know indeed of the length and number of vibrations that make musical notes, something of tone and timbre, something of the nature of articulate speech. Every one of these studies is full of beauty and delight, especially if we approach them in a spirit of reverence.

I hope you will never—*never* say, when you leave school, 'I know enough of God's works,' but rather 'endeavour an endless progress or proficience.' I hope you will never say, 'I shall learn just to get on, and be thought much of,' but learn, because to know more of the wonders of God's wisdom and love makes your spirit grow, because it is a joy to know Him better, and to help others to do so. What stunted beings are many women who think and talk only of their looks, their dress, their neighbours. Never say, 'What is the good of learning?' It is good to know God through His works. The more we know Him, the more truly we live. 'This is life eternal, to know Thee.' In proportion as we are able to see His wisdom and goodness, we are drawn into His likeness, and if we fail not of what God intends for us, we shall one day be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

Now look more particularly at the organs of speech; see that strange, uncouth-looking, soft thing, the tongue. How marvellously it moves, it changes its shape so as to receive the vibrations at different parts of the mouth; and then from that exquisite network of air-cells which we call the lungs, finer than the most delicate lacework, comes the expired air, swift or slow, striking the vocal chords, and making music as it passes, and then taking articulate shape it forms itself into words, and passes out in speech or song into that great instrument, the air—an instrument never out of tune, never broken, never lost; not like those which man makes for the rich only, but one which God has placed in the humblest cottage, as well as in the palace, one which He has given to the birds of the air as their special possession, in which to float, to revel, to tell out their joy too in song.

We know all nature is symbolic, sacramental, the visible sign of the inward, the revelation to us of a Father; this universe is God's schoolroom, the things we see are patterns of things in the heavens, and therefore it was that the Son of God was able to teach man out of His Father's book. The corn, and the lilies of the field, the dove and the lamb, the fountains of water, the bread and wine of earth, all were the means of teaching heavenly lessons. So too, this air in which we live and move, without which we could not live five minutes, out of which all creatures are drawing with every breath their very life—is a type of spirit. All languages speak of it as an emblem of the Spirit. *Spiro* means, I breathe; ghost is the same word, a gust. Think, we are in it, and it must be within us; it changes and purifies the blood, which is the life; with every breath

we draw it in. It tells us of that one Life in which we all live, of one Spirit into which we are baptized, whence we draw that inward life, not once for all, but moment by moment. It tells us of that one life through which we are brought into relation with *all* other lives, for we have been all made to drink into one spirit; thus it would speak to us of spiritual truth, if speech were not. But when we think it is the wondrous medium, too, by which soul communes with soul, then we *must* feel that God is a God not of the material universe alone, but of the spirits of all flesh, that there is a harmony between the seen and the unseen; that for spiritual ends He has made this world. It is true that air is not the only medium through which soul communicates with soul. I shall speak later of the mysteries of sight, only remarking here that written characters are in nearly all languages representations of vocal speech. When souls no longer live in this earthly atmosphere, we hold converse with them, as we do with distant suns through sight; the souls of the dead speak to us through that finer æther—that æther which fills the whole universe; they speak though written words, through the eye, not the ear.

God has given us, then, this vast organ; He has given us the key, so to speak, by which we open and shut the pipes. He has done more: He has given us the faculty to play upon it, and the understanding to interpret the mystery of this articulate music, the revealer of thought.

How many words of blessing have we to thank God for, from the time when the accents of a mother's love comforted us in our baby troubles; later, the sympathy of a friend helped us in the warfare of life, and in the ears of us who are older, the voices of beloved teachers, now silent in the grave, still sound. It was their voice that encouraged us as we climbed the steep mountain to get a larger view of God's creation; it was their voice that led us onward by a way which we could not see, as the priest in the mystic temples of Egypt, into a hidden shrine, where we learned some divine mystery—learned to interpret the motions of the stars, to understand the building up of the world in ages past, to feel the trembling of the storms, by which visible things take form and shape. Where should we be, as intellectual beings, without that gift of speech, by which one soul communicates with another, by which each individual soul is developed, and enabled to share in the thoughts of the wise and the holy? Let us thank God for the utterances of the seers of old, by which our soul has been nourished, for the poetry which interprets to us the inner teachings of the visible, and delights us, and fixes itself in our memory by its sweet cadences; thank Him for those eloquent words, which, uttered perhaps long ago, so stirred our souls that they have never since ceased to vibrate to the heavenly music; and let us pray God that we may never use His own precious gift to dishonour the Giver, but use it as He would have us.

Surely it is a part of religion to take all gifts from His Hand, to

use them reverently, to do our best to perfect that gift of music and of speech. Our love for the Giver ought to make us not mind the trouble of this. Many of you would be of more use in the world, especially you who are training for teachers, if you would ask God to bless your endeavours to learn the tongues of different nations; each language may be used as a key to some new treasure-house of thought; but especially should we desire to use well our own; we may ask for the gift of utterance as a very precious one, by which we may bless others; and we should try to express ourselves clearly both in speech and writing. We ought not to use any of God's gifts in a slovenly way.

I can hardly think any of you would wilfully, sinfully, ungratefully turn the gift against the Giver. He has bestowed on us the power of soul communion that we may glorify Him, and bless one another. Can those angry tones be the utterance of one of God's children? Is that unkind speech the language of Heaven? Is there conversation which you would blush for a good man to hear, and yet to which God is listening? Is fretful, complaining, rebellious talk the utterance of an obedient child, who said just now 'Thy will be done'? Are there untrue words like Jacob's, which, if they deceive man, deceive not God? Are there ill-natured speeches about others?—foolish and sinful boasting about ourselves—boasting perhaps of some gift of God which we are misusing? Think of what speech is, and consecrate it. 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.' Yes, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; not by a few words are we to be judged, but by the total of those uttered when off our guard; not when we want to make a good impression, but when we are with brothers and sisters. I do not say 'Watch over your words'—that is what the world says; but love others, and you will speak kindly; watch the heart, for out of it are the issues of life. Desire to be true, pray to God to make you true, and then only will you speak truly. Grieve over sin, and you will never take pleasure in talking of wickedness, in telling of others' faults. So you see it is necessary to be a perfect man, as S. James says, not to offend in tongue.

But there are people who say it is so easy to sin in speech that we should be silent, talk as little as possible. Well, it is a very good thing to be silent sometimes. In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin. Time is wasted and power of thought destroyed by constant chattering. It is a special fault of women. Always keep some time for silence. There is a reserve which is right, it is the expression of modesty; but there is a kind which proceeds from evil—a dumb spirit, which Jesus would cast out—a selfish, unsympathising spirit, which prevents us from understanding or feeling with others, which will not let us help them. It shows itself in sullen tempers, in dwelling upon one's own grievances; not going forth from self, entering

into the souls of others, as it were; not feeling with them, not rejoicing with those that rejoice, and weeping with those that weep; some are full of their own dignity and importance, their own learning and wisdom, their own cares, their own wants, without the divine Charity which seeketh not her own. We want Jesus to cast out of us that dumb spirit, and give us instead His own Spirit of Love, by which we shall bless others. Do not you know some such to whom one goes when one's heart is heavy, and who share our griefs and lighten them, and make us more glad in our joys, and animate us to greater efforts, and do not flatter, but help us to see and overcome sin? I can think of some in my school-days. Will not you be such? You will not let wrong go on that you can hinder, you will be brave.

Lastly, there is another dumbness. Look at the 11th chapter of S. Luke. The disciples had been permitted to be near Jesus as He prayed, spoke to His Father. What must it have been to hear some words of that blest communion of the Son of Man with God—to be near one to whom God's presence was as real as yours to me, and His promises all certain! When He ceased, they said, 'Lord, teach us to pray;' and He taught them, and bade them ask in faith—knock, seek. He taught them not to be afraid to speak to God, to tell Him all they would, for He was their Father. He taught them the Lord's Prayer, and then He cast out the dumb spirit which makes us silent to God, cold and prayerless like some naughty child, sullen and discontented, because perhaps He will not give us some stone which we cry for, thinking it bread; some serpent, which we thought was a fish.

Or may be, we are dumb to God; we cannot pray, because there is some sin which we will not give up, and in sullen rebellion we are silent. Better even, if we feel rebellious, to tell God so, than to remain thus sullen, for surely it must make us see how wrong and foolish we are. 'O God! I am wiser than Thou. I know this is good! It is not true that if I eat of this tree I shall die.' And as we say so, we find that we are speaking the devil's words. Yes, even to utter our rebellious thoughts is better than to be dumb to God. We can bear all things with prayer. If the child can lay its fevered cheek on its mother's shoulder and speak of its pain, is it not easier to bear? Learn to come with confidence to God; never believe that He does not love you. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. Do not for any sins say, I will wait; I must not pray now. Put away at once the sin which makes you dumb; and if you are getting to feel alone, to feel shut out from that unseen world which lies about us, claim the promise, 'I will pour out the Spirit of grace and supplication;' cry to Him for the Spirit which, when we cannot pray for ourselves, makes intercession in us with groanings which cannot be uttered. Say to Him, 'Open my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

LIFE OF THE REVEREND CHARLES F. LOWDER.*

Spider. I am so full of this book. We must talk it over.

Arachne. Yes; it must be a beautiful history. It cheers one to know there are such men among us.

Spider. Is it not altogether a realising of the S. Matthew's Day hymn in the *Christian Year*?—

> 'There are in this loud, stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of th' everlasting chime.'

Arachne. Tell me about it.

Spider. Have not you read it?

Arachne. No. I have only known Mr. Lowder's name, and have read from time to time the reports of the S. George's Mission. As *Against the Stream* says, it is a great thing not to miss knowing the saints and heroes of one's own time. What was his beginning?

Spider. His father was a banker at Bath, and there were four sisters and one more brother. They seem to have been very good people, and most helpful to each other in all that was right.

Arachne. One of the good homes that send out the best men and women! How I wish all fathers and mothers would see the good they do by really taking trouble to guide their children's minds themselves.

Spider. And the happiness they gain. For Mr. Lowder went on through life caring for no one like his father and mother, and leaning on them for sympathy and help in all he did. They lost a great deal of their money, and behaved with such resignation that every one was struck with it. First they had the care of the infirm old Bishop; and after his death went to live at Frome Selwood, and the daughters kept a school there for many years.

Arachne. Where was Mr. Lowder educated?

Spider. He was in King's College School first, and then at Oxford, at Exeter College, when Dr. William Sewell was tutor there.

Arachne. Those were the palmy days of Oxford. Nothing seems to me to have been like them for influence since the days of Colet and Erasmus.

Spider. You remember them?

Arachne. Oh yes! I remember men of my own age deeply impressed with those great sermons at S. Mary's and at Littlemore, which did so much to mould the habits of thought and action of that generation.

* Kegan Paul.

I remember the men young, who are growing old now, who were, with all their enthusiasm fresh and eager, throwing themselves into the spirit of Church work and devotion. Then a daily service, or even a monthly Communion, was a precious thing, to which people, yes, young laymen as well as young ladies, went eagerly, and much that is now a matter of course was greatly valued, like a fresh discovery.

Spider. Mr. Lowder was trained in those times?

Arachne. Yes; and Dr. William Sewell had a great influence over the men of Exeter College. I have known several of his pupils who looked to him with great reverence, and who began most holy and earnest careers under his guidance.

Spider. Mr. Lowder had a curacy in the country at first, and stayed there till he was one-and-thirty; and then he went to be one of the curates at S. Barnabas, Pimlico.

Arachne. How much that name brings back to me! In those days S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was *the* Church looked on as a pattern—I will not say the most advanced Church, for the expression had not been invented, but there was daily service at eight, and members of Parliament, men of business, and many ladies went to it. There was weekly Celebration, a surpliced choir; and Mr. Bennett's sermons and catechism were memorable. But oh, how ugly the place was! Built in the worst of times; it was a parallelogram, with the chancel formed by cutting off the corners with vestries, and there was a great east window with only one set of compartments painted, in which all I ever could make out were the green legs of David dancing before the Ark; great blocks of pews, with the free seats up the middle, and a gallery at the end. It was scarcely possible to have what we now think a really beautiful service in it, but it was filled with the Belgravians, and there was absolutely no Church-room anywhere for the poor. I was there on the day when Mr. Bennett preached a stirring sermon on the freehandedness of S. Barnabas, and the first collection was made expressly that the rich might build a Church for the poor. I saw one pencilled note of a grand donation go into the alms-dish. Well, S. Barnabas Church was built, with all that ecclesiastical architecture could do for 'glory and beauty,' and with a full and complete ritual, though no more than we should think moderate nowadays, while there was a clergy-house close by with a staff of clergy, who devoted themselves heart and soul to the neglected district. S. Barnabas became 'the show church.' People would crowd into it, squeezing out the poor for whom it was intended, and cavilling against whatever was new to them.

Spider. Yes, the book tells of all that; and how absurd they were about men and women sitting apart, which they said was contrary to the law of Heaven. It says Mr. Lowder came to London just when Mr. Bennett had had to resign. How was that?

Arachne. As well as I remember it was thus: The Bishop of

London, Dr. Blomfield, a most earnest, hardworking man, who did much in every way for his diocese and for the whole Church, but was wanting in moral courage, was so far carried along by the stream of improvement that he put forth a Letter recommending attention to the rubric, and especially the preaching in the surplice in the morning, and using the Offertory sentences and the Prayer for the Church Militant.

Spider. I don't understand.

Arachne. The black gown, which is really the university badge, had come to be viewed as the dress for preaching in. If there were only one clergyman at a Church, he used to retire to the vestry and put it on, while a psalm was sung after the Nicene Creed, and, if there was a Celebration, go back and change again for it. If there were two the preacher never took part in the service but sat in a pew in his gown till he was wanted. As to weekly Communions, they were so rare as, hardly to be taken into consideration; but it was thought by those who attended most to the rubrics that the right place for dismissing the uncommunicating congregation was after the Church Militant prayer, and this the Bishop of London suggested. You would hardly believe the storm this advice raised, and Lord John Russell made it a good deal worse. Hitherto Roman Catholic Bishops in England had refrained from bearing the titles of English places, but were called after old extinct sees in the East. For instance, the Bishop, really of Winchester, signed himself Bishop of Melipotamus. However, Pius IX. decreed that there should be Bishops of Westminster, &c., and this Papal aggression naturally provoked and offended the whole English Church. Lord John Russell, being in the Ministry, was expected to resent it; but it did not suit the general policy to do so, and probably it *could* not have been prevented. However, he wrote a letter which bade people look at home, and beware of the Popery growing up among them. It is strange to look back and recollect the uproar there was in many places, and how Popery was supposed to be symbolised by the innocent surplice; how people marched their families out of Church the moment it was seen in the pulpit; and how clergymen, even highly respected ones, were mobbed in the streets. The Bishop of London took fright, and revoked his recommendation of the surplice.

Spider. Ah! there's a letter of Baron Alderson in the book, saying, 'a coward, as the Bishop always was, and always will be.'

Arachne. That was said, no doubt, in a private letter—never meant to see the light, though I am afraid it was only too true. It is very hard, where the standard is not fixed, to judge what is expedient.

Spider. But was it not fixed?

Arachne. Not in his mind, I think, or so good a man would not have faltered before ignorant clamour. The clergy, who had put on the surplice and improved their ritual in obedience to the Prayer-book and with his sanction, felt it hard to be thus deserted, when the law of the

Church was exactly the same as before, and it really was only the outcry—not right and reason—that was against them. So a great many continued the practices they had begun, and the opposition gradually died away. But S. Paul's and S. Barnabas being much before the public, the struggle was there at its height—S. Barnabas being then not separated, but under the same incumbent as S. Paul's. A bookseller named Westerton was elected churchwarden by people who owned houses in the parish but were not of the congregation, and he was put forward to try the question whether it was legal to have a cross and flowers on the Altar.

Spider. Is it not?

Arachne. The judgment then was that it is not lawful to have a moveable cross or flowers on the Altar itself, though a cross built into the wall or upon the reredos is permitted; and afterwards it was decided that the cross and flowers are perfectly legal on a shelf or retable above the Altar.

Spider. As we always see them. But what did these judgments go by?

Arachne. On the injunctions and orders that were issued at different times during the Reformation days, and the touching and retouching of the rubrics. The difficulty is very great, for the two parties then did and undid more than is fully or authoritatively recorded anywhere, and feeling and custom vibrated very much, just as it has done now, and always will. And there is the further puzzle how far obedience is due to the written rule or to the living authority, and whether the voice of the individual diocesan is to be obeyed when the entire synod has not spoken, or has not been able to speak, as to the interpretation of these laws, or the revival of practices fallen into disuse from ignorance or carelessness. Some thought that, as the Ordinary, the Bishop had authority. Others thought he had not such power; and further, Bishop Blomfield's first recommendations showed his real mind, while his second merely rose from alarm at popular outcry. Then, on the other hand, he held that the objections meant that the voice of the people was against changes that they believed Popish; while the clergy maintained that it was wrong to sacrifice what was done for the glory of God, and greatly aided the devotions of their congregation, because of the ignorant clamour of outsiders. So Mr. Bennett refused to change the more important customs of his Churches, but offered to resign, and it was a thunderclap when his resignation was accepted. However, the parish was offered to Mr. Liddell, who was an earnest Churchman, and whose great object it was to preserve due loyalty to the Bishop without offending devout feeling, or scattering the congregation. He pruned down the observances at S. Paul's in obedience to express command, but he retained the same curates at S. Barnabas, and left most, though not quite all, to go on as before. The life of Bishop Blomfield says he

complained that the High Church party did not keep faith with him; but it is impossible to distinguish between what they engaged to do, and what *he thought* they engaged to do.

Spider. It was just then that Mr. Lowder came to work at S. Barnabas, under Mr. Skinner, who was senior curate; and there he fell into a great scrape by letting his young cousin and some other boys throw rotten eggs at a placard-man of Westerton's. Only think of his being suspended for six weeks!

Arachne. No doubt he would have been the last person to complain of harshness, for it was a return of reviling in which a priest should not have had the remotest concern, however richly the other side deserved it. But I have no doubt the lesson prepared him all the better to go through what was yet to come, when he entered on his true field of labour.

Spider. The S. George's Mission? What an awful place that S. George's in the East must have been, especially Ratcliff Highway!

Arachne. There is a wonderful description of it in Mr. Harry Jones's history of the parish; all the extraordinary people of all sorts of nations that are to be met there, and the still more extraordinary articles, including actually a live tiger loose about the streets. Yes really, one of the clergy once told me he had met one, escaped from its cage, on its way to Jamrack's.

Spider. Ratcliff Highway is not in S. Peter's district, where Mr. Lowder worked, but it was all the same horrible seaport-kind of wickedness all through Wapping and those streets.

Arachne. As described in the darkest colours in Mrs. Craik's book, *A Legacy*, the history of that remarkable John Martin, whose home was there, and who was truly a testimony to what the Mission work did for those who received it.

Spider. One can hardly believe a Christian country could have let all that horrible wickedness go on quite unchecked.

Arachne. The saddest thing was that there was a provision for meeting it made long before by Queen Philippa.

Spider. S. Katharine's do you mean, as described in the *Caged Lion*?

Arachne. Yes, with her school, and her brethren, and her bedeswomen, the good Queen had a staff ready to meet the influx of strangers from the London Docks. But she lived in evil times, and the cinque-cento queens did not trouble themselves much about pious foundations. As a special property of the queen's, S. Katharine's survived the Reformation, and the school continued, but otherwise the purpose was forgotten, and the Sisterhood—whose property had become far more valuable—came to be a pleasant retirement for the old governesses and dressers of the royal family, while all the awful evils of the Docks went on unmitigated. So entirely was the whole purpose forgotten, that in Queen Adelaide's time it was thought an excellent thing to transplant the church into the Regent's Park.

Spider. It was only when Mr. Bryan King came to the place that any consistent effort was made to struggle with all those horrors; and he worked on with little help till the Mission, with Mr. Lowder for its head, came to the rescue.

Arachne. And then came the storm!

Spider. The book says it was altogether kept up by the horrible tavern-keepers, who were afraid of losing their gains.

Arachne. And so it was; while people who ought to have known better thought it was Protestantism. However, the brunt of it fell on the parish church, and though Mr. Bryan King was driven away, the work has gone on.

Spider. Indeed it has. On the bridge where the mob once tried to drown Mr. Lowder, they came flocking in tears to his funeral four-and-twenty years later. But you must read the book, and all about the S. Agatha's Mission, the daughter of S. Peter's.

Arachne. It ought to have been S. Petronella's.

Spider. But she is not in the Prayer-book. One thing is striking—or rather many things are—but this one is in my mind, that Mr. Lowder won his way not by being what is called an affectionate, eager man. He was grave and rather stern in his ways, and rebuked strongly, but it was to the sick and penitent and the little children that he was so winning and tender. He played with them, and they clung about him, and there is a description of him going down the street with them crowding under his long cloak like a tent, like some mediæval picture I have seen of S. Ursula and all her virgins quite small under her cloak.

Arachne. He was the more respected.

Spider. Mr. Linklater's parts of the book are charming; he seems to have appreciated Mr. Lowder so thoroughly. And there is a buoyancy and brightness in his way of looking at everything—a little humour too that carries one along. Altogether it is a grand picture of single-hearted devotion and perfect purity.

Arachne. Ah! I suppose that is typified by the Edelweiss on the cover?

Spider. It must allude too to his death just after the mountain-climbing, which he enjoyed so much.

Arachne. What a grand vision it is to think of the devoted priest toiling through obloquy and persecution in the most foul and gloomy parts of the city, wearing out his life there, and finding his refreshment from time to time in the home circle of his childhood, or in those most glorious works of God, the snowy mountain-tops, where pure water and pure light make the nearest approaches here below to the Celestial City. Truly even in these days we have saints and heroes among us!

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL IN SERAJEVO.

HAVING just returned from a three months' stay in Serajevo, it has struck me that perhaps an account of the above-named school would interest those of your readers who so kindly responded to an Appeal made on behalf of the Bosnian refugee children three or four years ago. A visit to Miss Irby of some weeks has enabled me to see how well and thoroughly the school is managed, and what a happy and useful life the children are now leading. It is difficult now to realise from what a miserable existence of misery and destitution the greater part have been rescued.

The school itself is a large two-storied building, and the rooms are unusually lofty and airy, a great contrast to the low one-storied Turkish houses all round. A new roof has been put on this summer, and extra rooms built in order to make room for more children who have been taken into the school. The house stands near the entrance of the town in one of the principal streets, and at the back has a capital long garden sloping down to the river Miljatehka, which runs through the town. In holiday time the children were generally to be seen disporting themselves in the garden, sometimes dancing the kolo, the national dance, or playing some of our many English games which they have been taught. On Sundays, too, one found little groups sitting out under the trees reading their Serbian Bibles. They belong to the Greek Church, which seems to be much more tolerant in this respect than the Latin one.

The views all round are most lovely, for Serajevo lies at the corner of a wide plain just where the mountains begin to close in again. When I left, the grassy slopes of the hills opposite the house were purple with the autumn crocus, and the trees a blaze of red and gold of a brilliancy one rarely sees in England. The children were very fond of a ramble over the hills, and we used to come back laden with crocuses, cyclamens—of such a colour and size—and scarlet hips. In the spring primroses and violets abound.

But to return to the children. They are now thirty-one in number, all girls save two, besides about eight bigger boys in an adjoining house, under the charge of a worthy Serbian widow. Until this summer there were more boys, but twenty-two have been lately put out as apprentices, or have returned to their native villages, as they wished. Those who remain go to a day school in the town. At the present moment an elder lad is staying there; he is about twenty years old, and is one of the eldest of the refugees from Plavno; he has just got a post in the Customs' Department, at about 2*l.* 10*s.* a month. This good luck of his is an example and encouragement to

the younger boys, over whom he has great influence. The girls in the school house range in age from four to twenty years old. The two elder ones, Sophia and Mara, are bright, intelligent young women. They understand English well, and can talk it very fairly too, though they have never been regularly taught it. They, as well as the younger ones, are now learning German and arithmetic thoroughly from the German lady who teaches in the school. Miss Irby hopes when things are more settled in these provinces to find them places as schoolmistresses among their fellow Serbs, so as to carry out the original aim of the foundation of this school, which, it should be remembered, was begun before the war broke out, and the necessity for providing for the refugees arose. As long ago as 18—, Miss Irby and Miss Mackenzie in the course of their travels in these lands, had seen the need of bringing the means of education within the reach of the Serbian women under the Turkish rule, and had so impressed Mr. Ernest Hawkins, the late secretary to the S.P.G., with this need, that a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held in Willis's Rooms, the Association for Promoting Female Education in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey was formed, and the first money was collected to enable Miss Irby to set her schemes on foot.

The school at Serajevo was built in 1868, and was going on well, though with but small numbers, when the disturbances began. The children were then removed to Prague, where they attended an excellent day school. After the Austrian occupation of Bosnia took place, they returned to Serajevo, and their numbers were greatly increased by many of the refugee children from Kuin and Pakratz, whom readers of the *Monthly Packet* have already so generously assisted with money and clothing. I can now, from personal knowledge, assure all those kind friends that never was money more worthily bestowed nor has borne better fruit. The poor half-starved, half-naked, and wholly uneducated little refugees are now bright, merry children, who can read and write their native tongue, know something of the history of the Serbian lands, are, as I said before, well grounded in German and arithmetic, and, in addition to this, are receiving a good industrial education. They make and mend their own clothes, knit their own stockings—boys as well as girls—do all the washing and the housework, and assist the cook in the kitchen. Some of them, indeed, can do more than assist, for more than once when the cook happened to be ill, her place was very well filled by one or two of the girls in turn; and when one remembers that there are no less than forty-three persons in and out of the house to be provided for, it will be seen that the place of cook is no sinecure. At six o'clock every morning a big bell is rung, and by 7.45 most of the housework is done, breakfast is over, and the children then assemble for prayers before lessons begin. They read a chapter from the Bible every morning, each child reading a verse in turn; they then sing a

hymn, a prayer is read, and then some child is called on to say the Lord's Prayer. The hymn tunes are mostly our own familiar ones, such as 'Jesu, lover of my soul,' 'Abide with me,' 'Rock of Ages,' &c. and the hymns themselves are translations from English hymns. The children are very fond of singing; one often heard snatches of hymns of Serbian national songs, of German Volkslieder coming up from the garden or from the schoolroom as they sat at work. On Sundays they always practise hymn-singing for an hour. There is no attempt at proselytizing, it may be well to mention; the children attend their own church, keep all their feast days, their priests are welcome to give them what religious instruction they please, only those who have their welfare so much at heart try to make religion come more home to them, and encourage them in the study of the Bible, in which they have special teaching every Sunday. They are very affectionate, warm-hearted children, and struck me as being sharper and less shy and awkward than most English children of the same class. The motherly affection shown by the elder ones to the younger ones is very pleasant to see; quarrels seemed quite unknown, and crying was quite the exception. Two new children arrived one day very unhappy at first at being parted from their mother, a widowed schoolmistress in Slavonia. The younger, who is only four, was at once handed over to a little girl of ten, who was told that she was to be 'mother' to little Mileta, who was soon to be seen walking round the garden clinging to her 'little mother's' frock. They are very ready to work, and most eager to learn, and long before the holidays were over were longing for school to begin again. The two elder girls have just been taught the sewing machine, to their great delight, and were very proud of being able to cut out and to make with its help some clothes for the younger ones.

And now may I not hope that those who have read so far may have been stirred up to again help Miss Irby and Miss Johnston in this excellent work of theirs, for the expenses of feeding and clothing so many children are necessarily great. Those who have already helped will see the necessity of enabling them to carry it on, that through these children, should life be granted them, some of the privileges of our more favoured little ones may be brought to poor benighted Bosnia.

MARGARET EVANS, *née* FREEMAN.

Spider Subjects.

ONLY five Spiders have had time or inclination to answer this Christmas. Bubbles and Vögelein have taken the Queens Regnant. The one has thirty-eight, the other twenty-three; but Vögelein has a few unmentioned by Bubbles, namely, Cleopatra (who was Ptolemy's daughter), Hedwig of Poland, and Elizabeth of Russia; also, strange to say, our own Queen Anne, unless she views these two as having reigned without right, legal or moral. Ignoramus and Smut have both chosen *Mors Janua Vitæ*. Bog-Oak has given us Francia's picture. It is a pity no one has taken interest enough in that beautiful and accessible picture to describe it.

QUEENS AND EMPRESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.

In the history of almost every monarchical government, with the great exception of that of France, we find examples of the occupation of the throne by female sovereigns. With many of these we have not, however, now to deal, as not a few of them reigned as the representatives of deceased kings, while there are not wanting some who usurped the throne without any legal or moral right, too often staining their hands with the blood of their near relatives in the attainment of the coveted position. The present question relates only to those empresses and queens who have reigned in their own hereditary right. As, therefore, we must exclude the most ancient queens of whom we have any record, namely, the warlike Semiramis and her less illustrious namesake, those before the Christian era may be limited to the *Queen of Sheba*, whom we may assume in all probability to have reigned in her own right; the unfortunate *Dido*, who ruled over the African colony she had herself founded, and built Carthage (B.C. 869); and, if we may believe the Celtic traditions, *Machadh Mongruadh*, who succeeded her cousin on the Irish throne and 'reigned magnificently' (B.C. 478) until she fell a victim to her successor's ambition!

In Ethiopia, as is incidentally noted by Eusebius, there was a dynasty of hereditary queens all known as *Candace*, in honour of the prudent and popular queen of that name in the time of Augustus. One of these, as will at once occur to every mind, is mentioned in the Holy Scriptures as reigning about the year 37, while a Roman writer alludes to a queen of the same name at the time of Vespasian. To the fifth century belongs the Roman empress *Pulcheria*, who combined administrative talent with the life of the cloister and great religious zeal; while some centuries later (1054) the Eastern world was peaceably governed for nineteen months in the name of *Theodora*. Only two queens in their own right are found in the past history of England (for the Empress Matilda can hardly be said to have occupied the throne which was hers by right), namely, *Mary I.* (1553–1558), an unhappy woman, whose temper was soured by neglect, and who incurred the odium of her subjects by religious persecution, and the wise and

popular, though despotic, *Elizabeth*, whose beneficial reign is stained by the murder of Mary Queen of Scots. The sister-kingdom adduces the same number: *Margaret* (1285), the Maid of Norway, recognised as queen, though she did not live to reach her dominions, and the before-mentioned *Mary* (1542–1567), who is invested with a halo of romance by her beauty and her misfortunes, and whose guilt in the crime of which she is accused is ever a matter of doubt. But it is in the history of the Spanish peninsula that we find the greatest number of female sovereigns. In the history of Aragon, we have *Petronilla* 1137–1162), the heiress of Alfonso el Batallador, who married Ramon, Count of Provence. The sceptre of Navarre was often in women's hands, beginning with *Joanna I.*, who temporarily annexed it to France by her marriage to Philip IV., and founded the College of Navarre in Paris, Some twenty years later, from 1328–1349, *Joanna II.*, the wife of Philip, Conte d'Evreux, reigned. The next queen, *Blanca* (1425–1441), married Juan II. of Aragon, who on her death usurped her throne, but it eventually passed through her daughter, Leonor, who reigned three short weeks after gaining the throne by the murder of her elder sister, Blanca, to the house of Foix. In 1483, Navarre again devolved upon a female, *Catherine*, who married Jean d'Albret, and half a century later upon her grand-daughter, the last Queen of Navarre, *Joanna III. d'Albret* (1555–1572), who was a zealous protector of the Reformed Faith, and solicited the help of Queen Elizabeth for the French Protestants. In 1109, the throne of Castile was occupied by *Urraca*, but she abdicated (1126), unable to cope with the difficulties attendant on civil dissensions and foreign wars. To Castile belongs also *Isabella* the Catholic (1474–1504), a pattern of queenly and womanly virtue, though mistaken religious zeal made her sanction the Inquisition. Her kingdom and subsequently that of Aragon devolved upon *Joanna*, but being imbecile she reigned only in name. To the present century belongs *Isabella II.*, Queen of Spain (1838–1868), whose succession was disputed by Don Carlos. After a troubled reign she abdicated. Portugal has twice been ruled by queens: *Maria I.* (1777–1816), whose mental derangement during the greater part of her reign rendered a regency necessary, and *Maria II.* (1826–1853), an amiable and virtuous queen, who entered at an early age upon the functions of government, and showed great discretion.

To return to the smaller kingdoms of the middle ages, *Constance* succeeded her father William II. on the throne of the two Sicilies (1191), and, though a nun, married the Emperor Henry VI. After the partition of Naples and Sicily, *Maria*, the heiress of the latter kingdom, united it to Aragon by her marriage with Martin I.; while Naples was governed by two queens notorious for their wickedness and their neglect of the Government: *Joanna I.* (1343–1361), who murdered her husband Andrea, and was finally herself murdered, and *Joanna II.* (1414–1423), whose crimes were hardly less flagrant. In the close of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries we have four queens of Jerusalem, none of whom had the capacity requisite for the difficult task of sustaining the declining cause of Christian rule in the East: *Sybilla* (1185–1190), in whose reign Saladin retook the holy city, and *Isabella*, *Mary*, and *Yolande*, queens in little else but in name. In 1382, the famous Hungarian crown devolved upon the

daughter of Louis I., the 'apostolic king,' *Mary*. She married Sigismund, afterwards Emperor, who neglected her and oppressed her subjects. This brings us to another German sovereign, the Empress *Maria Theresa* (1740–1780), who ruled prudently and beneficially, showing constancy in adversity and wisdom in prosperity.

The northern kingdoms also have their representatives among queens: *Margaret* of Denmark (1387–1412), surnamed for her valour and success in war, and her wisdom in administration, the 'Semiramis of the north'; *Anne* of Russia (1730–1740), a self-indulgent woman, whose effeminate court was crowded with unworthy favourites, but whose arms were crowned with success against the Turks; and the two queens of Sweden, *Christina* (1632–1654), who resigned the throne, as her tastes inclined her more to learning than to the management of public affairs; and *Ulrica Eleanora* (1715–1741), who, after rendering the Government of Sweden less despotic, abdicated in favour of her consort Frederick I. To a widely different clime belongs *Pomare*, Queen of Otaheite till 1852, in whose reign that island was placed under the 'suzerainty' of France. There remains but to mention the greatest and best of all queens, our own beloved *Victoria*, in regard to whom every true British heart echoes with devoted loyalty, '*Vivat Regina!*'

BUBBLES.

FRANCIA'S PIETÀ.

It is the evening of the awful Day,
The Day which all the race of man with hope
And sorrow mixed have looked for, since the Hour
When, leaving Eden, Adam heard the words—
"The Woman's Seed shall crush the serpent's head;
The serpent, wound His heel." Come here and see,
The serpent's head is crushed for evermore;
But see the wounded Victor in His Death.
The level light of evening softly falls
Upon the pallid Form and Godlike brow,
And on the faces of the Watchers there.
All else is deepest gloom. And there she sits,
The Mater Dolorosa, speechless in her woe,
As silent erst in joy. And this one day
Has left its awful stamp upon her face.
So like to His. The sword is in her heart,
Love, suffering—not despair—are in her face,
Under the Widow's coif. And on those knees
Where once in His fair Infancy the Holy Child
Was sweetly cradled—there is laid
The One Good Man, perished from off the earth.
Now to that Face, fairest of human kind,
Death has restored its comeliness and form,
And the thin features have their youthful grace,
Lost in that awful Fast of forty days.
Yet see the marks of suffering here, the wounds
Wherewith His faithless friends have wounded Him.
Joseph and Nicodemus are not near—
Haply they fetch the myrrh and linen; yet
The mother in her grief is not alone
Here with her Dead. Behold two angels kneel,
One at the Head, the other at the Feet.
These sure had sung in Bethlehem's Christmas choir;
After His Fast had ministered to Him;
Mid the twelve Legions watched His earthly course,
Ready if He should call them. There they kneel—
One gently holds that Head, and looking far,

Seems to appeal in sadness to the world
To come and see its work. The other looks
Upon the wounded Feet, and seems to say,
With clasped hands, "How beautiful are they,
Those Feet upon the mountains, that have brought
The blessed news of Peace in all the earth."
The angels' watch is set on Calvary,
Nor shall it cease, until the Easter dawn—
Oh, peaceful picture, teling us of Rest,
Rest for the weary when the day is done,
Even the mother rests, seeing the end
Of her Son's Passion. To the end of time
Unto all Saints there cometh Rest and Peace
After the strife; before the Triumph Day.
These three—Strife, Rest, and Victory are the lot
Of His dear Body, as it was of old.

BOG-OAK.

MORS JANUA VITÆ.

(*Death! the Gate of Life.*)

'When death is coming near,
And thy heart shrinks in fear,
And thy limbs fail;
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smooths the way
Through the dark vale.' * —SINTRAM.

Sir Noel Paton's sacred picture, *Mors Janua Vitæ*, is an allegory of the completion and perfecting of the Christian life. The central and chief object in the painting is the figure of a dying knight; his earthly armour is not yet cast aside, his cloak is torn, his weary limbs seem unable to move as he kneels humbly and reverently before an angel undrawing the curtain of eternity. This is the messenger of death, but his face is surrounded with the brightness and glory of life. One hand, with skeleton fingers, is placed on the dying warrior, while the other is fair and bright, and with loving compassion the angel gazes on him; for he is the-bearer of the 'promise which He hath promised us—even eternal life.' Beside is the winged helmet of salvation, with the peacock's feather, emblem of immortality. The robe of the angel is white, and it is fastened with a clasp; the shape of which is one that was used by early Christians to symbolise the Saviour of the world. Behind the angel there is a spray of wild roses. At the approach to the better land there stands a white lily, emblem of that purity without which no man shall see God. Across the lily's stem stretches the rank hemlock, and over its root is a tombstone in the form of a cross, on which is a butterfly, spotted with black, just emerging from its chrysalis shell. Tombs may be dimly discerned in the background. A Spider weaves the web close at hand, as if to suggest the snare whence the warrior has escaped. Far above all is a beautiful star, shining brightly and clearly, suggestive of eternity. The waning moon on the horizon speaks of the changes and chances of this mortal life. Life out of Death is the great thought in all these emblems. This Death is the threshold of life.

IGNORAMUS.

* Quoted in the *Heir of Redclyffe*.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The sixteen packets contributed this month in illustration of the two fern families, *Polypodium* and *Cystopteris*, are not, it must be admitted, with the exception of one or two, very remarkable. Probably, as regards the majority of members, the choice of these genera was not a happy one. Through the miscarriage of a proof, certain errors in punctuation were left in the list of subjects for 1882, printed in the January number of the *Monthly Packet*. Members will have no difficulty in making the necessary corrections.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

What is unreality? (Suggested by a Spider.)
The bravest, and the most cowardly action in history?

Stamps received:—Smut, Vögelein, Vis Inertiæ (in August) Mignonette, F. M. L., Bog-Oak.

Notices to Correspondents.

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* tell a little girl the rules of a game called 'Spelling Lotto'? She has the game, but has lost the rules.—*B. M.*

Will any one kindly tell me from whence the following quotation comes:—

'Man's plea to man is that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begged before.
Man's plea to God is that he did obtain
A former suit, and therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve, Who, when we sue,
Makes His old gifts the patterns of the new!'

K. H.—The ideas are good, the lines smooth, but it has not the true construction of a sonnet.

The Sisters of S. Saviour's Priory thankfully acknowledge a parcel of flannel scraps and wool for East End slum from *A. H.*

G. A.—They are popular rhymes; author unknown:—

'Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for his living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is happy and bonnie and wise and gay.'

RULES FOR 'THE SOCIETY FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN ARITHMETIC AND ALGEBRA.'

1. Subscription for each member, 10*s.* 6*d.* per year.

2. Each member is to work three hours per week at arithmetic, algebra, or both (as preferred). The time may be taken as best suits the member, but not *less* than half an hour at a time.

3. A fine of one penny will be imposed for every half hour missed.

4. A paper of sums, questions, and problems will be set, which will be forwarded on the 1st day of every month to each member by the secretary. The paper is to be sent, with the sums, &c., worked, on the last day of the month to the secretary. The paper will be returned, with any corrections necessary, to the member during the month.

5. A card will be sent every month with the papers to each member, on which is to be kept a correct record of the time the member has worked each day, &c., and to be sent with the papers at the end of each month.

6. Each member may use the book on algebra or arithmetic they like best. The name of the book the member uses is to be written on the marking card each month.

Any of the following are recommended :—

Barnard Smith's *Arithmetic for Schools.*
Hamblin Smith's *Arithmetic.*
Todhunter's *Algebra for Beginners.*
Hamblin Smith's *Algebra.*

A prize will be given at the end of the year to the member whose answers have most frequently been correct.

Secretary, *Miss Warner, Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees.*

THE ENIGMA IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

About the middle of the month above named I was returning from London by train in the dark. As usual, there was a lamp burning in the roof of the compartment in a corner of which I was seated. The window beside me was up, and I noticed the reflection of the inside of the carriage from the surface of the glass. When the train came to a station, the reflection disappeared, being overpowered by the stronger lights outside. Well, thought I, here is a thing that vanishes with either light or darkness; for it is certain that without the lamp in the carriage there could be no reflection, as was proved, rather superfluously, by the lamp suddenly going out soon afterwards. Now does A REFLECTION, in one sense or another, fairly solve the rest of the enigma? As to lines 1 and 2, reflected sound is, if possible, sweeter than the original sound; 3 and 4, the sun's rays, reflected from cut glass on the wall or ceiling of a room, might be compared by an imaginative person to 'a bird of gay colours'; though an ornithologist would be apt to say that 'less like a bird nothing ever in nature was seen.' 5. 'Touching earth I expire'; for earth cannot reflect light as water does. 'In water I die.' Light that enters water is not sensibly reflected, when the water is moderately deep, except under special circumstances. Line 6 is clear enough, and 7 has been already con-

sidered. Line 8 seems to refer to mental reflection, for which silence on the part of the person reflecting, is indispensable. The meaning of the final couplet I take to be that the female part of the human family, according to common opinion, is specially addicted to reflections of a certain sort, namely, those which proceed from the looking-glass, which circumstance might well suggest the answer. However, there is an 'if' in the case; and it may be that the riddle was guessed first by

AN OLD MAN.

TO ARACHNE.

FROM AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Allow me to draw the attention of the 'Spinners' upon books to an excellent recent historical novel that supplies a gap in their list—an illustration of the tenth century—*The Vikings of the Baltic*, by Sir George Dasent, which follows in the lines of the ancient Saga of the Vikings of Jomsborg—often verbally identical, or only an amplification of that history; and though perhaps a little rough and inartistic, extemely picturesque and vivid; and as a picture of the times, I think we may safely believe, very superior to *Harold*, or *Hereward*, or the *Camp of Refuge*, or even to better books than these.

SOUTHBANK, EDINBURGH, *March* 11.

TO THE EDITOR.

Would any of your readers send help to Mercers' Hospital, Dublin? Owing to the disturbed state of the country this institution, founded 150 years ago, has suffered much. It is situated in one of the busiest and poorest parts of the city, and is open to the poor of all denominations and countries. During the present year it has received English, Scotch, Welsh, German, Portuguese, Italians, and Americans.

Contributions in money towards general funds; money or work towards Christmas-tree for patients; books for library; illustrated papers sent regularly, will be gratefully acknowledged by ***Miss M. Moffett***, 41, *Upper Leeson Street, Dublin.*

Errata in Cameos for January.

1. Cardinal Pierre de Gondi was only Bishop of Paris. He died in 1616, and was succeeded by Cardinal Henri de Gondi, also only Bishop. He died in 1622, and was succeeded by John Francis de Gondi, first Archbishop of Paris, who died in 1654, and was succeeded by Cardinal John Francis Paul de Gondi, who abdicated speedily.

2. Gregory XIII. was the S. Bartholomew Pope, and died in 1585. Gregory XIV. succeeded Urban VII., and sat for ten months, living into 1591. He was succeeded by Innocent IX. (Giovanni Antonio Facchinetti), who sat only two months, and then came Clement VIII.

3. Sixtus V. never published an Italian version of the Vulgate. He did publish a very incorrect edition of the Vulgate itself, suppressed by Clement VIII.

R. F. L.

Will any one kindly lend the Editor either the volume of Miss Strickland's *Queens of Scotland*, with the execution of Mary Queen of Scots in it, or an account of Fotheringay Castle? Address—***Miss Yonge, Elderfield, Otterbourne, Winchester.*** Stamps for postage gratefully sent.

The Firs Home, Bournemouth.

To the Editor.

Madam,—The descriptions of the various Homes in the *Monthly Packet*, convey so much information to your numerous readers that I venture to ask you to insert a short account of the Firs Home, Bournemouth.

The Home, under its present management, has been carried on for several years; and it was the only one of the kind in England until a similar establishment was opened at Ventnor.

The Firs Home receives patients during the whole year, and as only incurable cases of consumption are admitted, the beds are almost always occupied, and seldom vacated except by death. A few instances of recovery have occurred, but these are comparatively rare, and there are sometimes as many as three deaths in a week.

Advanced cases not being admitted to the Sanatorium, those patients who do not benefit by the treatment are compelled to seek lodgings or to return to their homes.

The Firs Home has most nobly met this difficulty; and it would be impossible to over-estimate the comforts and blessings which have soothed the last hours of many sufferers from this tedious disease.

Cases from all parts of England are admitted, without any restriction as to religious persuasion; and yet this institution has chiefly depended for support upon local charity, although very few cases belong to Bournemouth or its neighbourhood.

Notwithstanding the expensive nature of the treatment—especially as *nothing* which can alleviate suffering in any way is withheld—the cost of each patient is found to be less than in any of the London hospitals. The patient's payment is 10*s.* 6*d.* per week, about one-third of the sum required to provide every comfort and to defray all expenses.

It is admitted on all sides that the Home is admirably conducted, and the attentions of the lady superintendent and the doctors are unremitting, whilst the clergy of all denominations are constant visitors at the Home.

The writer of this letter feels sure that if the readers of the *Monthly Packet* will make some inquiries amongst those who have visited Bournemouth, they will bear testimony to the truth of her statements; and she hopes that as very few people beyond the visitors and residents of Bournemouth are aware even of the existence of this institution, yet, by making it more widely known, many may be induced to contribute to its support, which certainly *ought not to be local.*

Should any of your readers desire further information, there is no doubt but that a report would be forwarded on application to the Hon. Treasurer, A. Arthur, Esq., Edmonsham Tower, or to the Lady Superintendent, Miss J. King, Firs Home, Bournemouth.

Isabel Moore.

The Monthly Packet.

MARCH, 1882.

APRIL SHOWERS: AN IDYL AND A PASTORAL.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

CHAPTER II.

OVER the actual parting with my mother I will not dwell. The coach started at nine; she went with me, and put me inside, and I watched her through my tears, walking away, as long as I could see her. But the presence of my three strange companions forced me to restrain my grief; and soon the amusement of seeing the passengers climbing up to their places, and the endless bags, boxes, and parcels which were somehow stowed away, and hampers and baskets hung round the sides, diverted my attention, and enabled me to dry my eyes. Punctual to a minute, with a cheerful blast on the horn, we rattled off on our journey. I sat gazing at the streets and houses, which seemed flying behind me, noting the stream of busy men and women, the crossing and passing of the many vehicles, the gay colours in the shop-windows, and the flashing and sparkling of the plate and glass, and carrying away with me into the country I had never visited, a last bright picture of all the cheerful stir and animation of the city life I had always found so charming. But ere long we were clear of London, and whirling along a hard turnpike road in a cloud of winter dust. We were soon in the midst of frost-bound fields and meadows white with rime, bare trees, and black hedges. Everything looked empty, dead, and desolate, and I turned away my eyes from the prospect, and gave myself up to thinking of my own future.

I recalled all I had ever read of country homes—great country houses, such as I imagined Trower Manors to be. I pictured myself in the drawing-room, with its crimson and silver hangings, playing on a superb piano, with Mr. Summers standing beside me, with grandmamma sitting in black velvet by the fire, and mamma on the sofa, looking lovely in a rich silk and cap with feathers. How good I would

be to them both, and how happy I would make them when it was all mine!

At one o'clock we stopped at a small town, not only to change horses but to have luncheon. Every one got out, and I followed the example of my companions. We had not yet packed ourselves in again when a clergyman and his wife drove into the inn-yard, and asked if there was room for them in the coach. The lady was old, and looked ill, feeble and very sad, and wanted an inside place. Alas! there was only one vacant corner, and that was on the box. They happened to be standing close to me, and I heard what passed. There was a dying son they were anxious to reach.

'My dear,' said the gentleman, 'you cannot go; I must go on alone.' And she turned away without a word, but with such a broken-hearted look in her face that, on the impulse of the moment, I laid my hand on her arm, and said—

'You can have my place inside, if you please, and if they can make room for me on the top——'

I saw how her eyes brightened as I spoke, but before she could answer the coachman patted me on the shoulder and said—

'Bless your kind heart, missy; to be sure we will make room somewhere for you. Come, ma'am, in with you; there is no time to lose.' And he handed her in almost without giving her time to thank me, but her husband did it for her, shaking my hand as if he would shake it off, with an oft-repeated blessing, which I think went with me.

'I am afraid you will find it cold,' he said; 'but no,' with a smile, 'I do not think you will, for there is nothing that keeps people so warm as a kind heart.'

My proposal caused a considerable bustle, but the result was that I and my new friend found ourselves sitting beside the coachman, and everybody seemed anxious to help me up, and wanted to lend me a shawl or a wrap. We were soon off, but it was many minutes before I could get used to my honourable and lofty position, much more enjoy the pace at which we rattled down the street and bowled along the road.

'I am not afraid,' I said; 'I am not at all afraid.' But it was in a very shaky voice.

'That is right,' said the coachman, cheerily. 'Why, you are as safe up here as if you were sitting in an arm-chair by the fire.'

My other companion was so good in trying to amuse me, in spite of his sorrow, that, before we reached the next place, where we changed horses, I was able to assure his wife, when she put her head out of the window to know how I was getting on, that I was quite happy and comfortable; though only a moment before, the way the heavily-laden vehicle had swayed in turning round a sharp corner, had brought my heart into my throat. What with the rapid pace, the excitement of my novel position, and the attention and kindness of

my fellow-passengers, I had no time to find the journey either long or dull, and was quite surprised when I was told we were not far from Easthampton. As my uncle had said he would meet me there with the carriage, I pictured to myself a handsome turn-out and pair of horses and servants, such as I had often seen in the Park, and a tall, grey-headed old gentleman waiting to hand me into it; and as we drove into the town and through the busy streets at the smart pace in which every coach always finished its stage, my eyes were fully occupied in seeking what I expected to find.

We pulled up at an inn in the market-place, which was full of bustle and activity; carriages of all kinds were driving up and down, or standing at shop-doors, but which was the one I was looking for? No sooner had the coach stopped than a gentleman, who had formed one of a group watching our arrival, stepped quickly forward and approached it—not my uncle, for I saw, as our eyes met, he was comparatively young—a little above middle height, firm and well made, with a very sunburnt, clean-shaven face, pleasant rather than handsome, the sort of man who, if you had met in Bond Street, you would have felt sure did not live there—a thorough country gentleman; such was Mr. Wyford. He came to the coach door and looked in, but not finding what he wanted was turning away, when my clerical friend and the coachman landed me on the ground just before him; then he lifted his hat from his close-cropped dark hair and said—

'Miss Howard, I believe? Your uncle is detained, and has deputed me to meet you; he will be here in a minute. How came you travelling outside the coach? You must have found it very cold.'

But before I could answer he was hearing all about it from my companion, with an eulogium on my goodness which made me turn away, blushing, to wish his wife good-bye, that I might not hear such quite undeserved praises. In a few moments they had rattled off again on their journey, and I was left alone with my new acquaintance.

'They are much too grateful,' I said. 'It was such a little thing to do.'

'A little thing, but a great kindness,' he answered. 'I am afraid you must have found it very cold.'

'No, indeed,' I replied. 'They were all so good to me, and wrapped me up so tightly, I did not know it was cold; and I had a delightful journey when I had left off being frightened at being up so high.'

He looked at me very kindly and said, 'I dare say you had. Shall we *walk* to meet your uncle? You have never seen him, I think. He was, you know my guardian, and I have the greatest possible regard and respect for him, as I hope you will have some day. But he is rather peculiar—better *in* the *inside* than on the out.'

As he spoke I saw some one come suddenly round the corner of the Market Hall, who bore so strong a likeness to my grandmother that I felt he was my uncle, and oh, with what horror I beheld him! What

a ragamuffin I thought him! He wore a wretched old hat on his head, old clothes, rusty and almost threadbare, an antediluvian cloak, which streamed behind him in the wind, and in his hand he carried a large, broken, dark green umbrella, which he used as a walking-stick, though in truth he was so upright and alert he did not need it. And this was the Uncle John, the Squire, the Trower of Trower Manors, of whom I had been taught to be so proud! This almost ragged scarecrow! My hand tightened on Mr. Wyford's arm, and I looked at him piteously, as if to beg him not to give me up to such an ogre.

'Pray do not be frightened,' he said, kindly. 'There is nothing to fear. Don't trust to first impressions.' And then, seeing I needed encouragement, he laughingly added, 'I am preaching what I am not practising, for I trust so much to my own first impressions that I am sure we shall all soon be excellent friends.'

We met as he spoke.

'So you have got her, Wyford,' my uncle said, with a sort of chuckle, as if something amused him. 'And so this is Annie Howard,' giving me one of grandmamma's quick glances.' How do you do, young lady? Come along, and show me your rattle-traps.'

And Mr. Wyford gently withdrew his arm, and said 'he must go.'

'You had better come to dinner,' my uncle called after him as he walked away, and to my great joy Mr. Wyford said he would if he could get back in time.

There was some comfort in that prospect, and, alas! I greatly needed it, for when the carriage was brought out from which I was still hoping for consolation, it proved to be a four-wheeled vehicle of the shabbiest description, the paint scratched and cracked, and the drab cloth lining all stained and torn. That the horse was handsome and well groomed, and the harness silver-mounted with the erased bear-heads on the blinkers, I did not notice at the moment, and as I took my place in it my visions of future splendour vanished away. My two boxes were tied on the back-seat with bits of old rope, and my uncle thumped my carpet-bag down at my feet, and then, getting in and taking the reins, called out to the horse, 'Now, Jack, get along home, old boy. And you, child, wrap this cloak round your knees,' and he stooped down and pulled one out from underneath him, so old and ragged that his own was a beauty by comparison. 'Never mind hiding the holes,' he continued, with a grim laugh, 'everybody in Easthampton knows them well enough, for it has been to market with me every Saturday for the last thirty years, so no wonder it's such a beauty. You will be glad of it before you get home, for country air always makes you poor Londoners feel as if you were skinned, and the downs *are* breezy.' And he stooped again and tucked it himself, not unkindly, well under my feet, with the remark that he 'hoped I could run alone, as it was rather late in the day for him to turn nursemaid.'

Beyond a 'Thank you,' I said nothing, and in silence we drove out of the town, just on the outskirts of which I noticed an old and rather picturesque inn, from which still swung a dingy sign of the Bears' Heads. Here we turned off, and began a long ascent to the chalk downs rising in front. Hitherto I had thought nothing of the cold; expectation and excitement had kept me warm, but now the keen wind which swept over the frost-bound, hard, bare, desolate country made me thankful for the old cloak about my knees and feet. 'Breezy' it was indeed, and so silent, grey, and cheerless! By and by we reached the top of the hills, and then a beautiful expanse of woodlands, into which our road wound, lay before me. The winter sun was setting in a narrow line of scarlet beneath a mass of dark cloud behind the purple trees.

Here my uncle checked the horse and said—

'There, child, I don't suppose you ever saw anything so lovely as that view before in your life.'

But a shop window would have been more charming to me.

'It is a pretty bit of red sky,' I said, intending to be civil; 'but we have very nice red skies in London sometimes, and the streets are very pretty too when the lamps are lit.'

He gave a contemptuous chuckle and a cut to the horse, and bade him 'get on and not keep them waiting there, like a couple of fools.' After another mile or two we came again within sight of human habitations, and seemed approaching a village.

'What house is that,' I asked, pointing to a large mansion standing in undulating meadows.

'That,' he said, 'is Court Place, once Trower Court, the residence of Sir William and Lady Dutton who occasionally do me the honour of asking me to dinner,' and there was a sarcasm in his tone which reminded me of grandmamma. 'There is not much of the property once called by my name which belongs to me now. This,' as we entered the irregular straggling street of a village, 'is Trower Alley, but the cottages are not all mine. There on your right is Trower Woods. That is Wyford's, and behind the trees is the old Manor House. It stands so low you cannot see it until close upon it. Don't fancy you are coming to a palace. It's a poor place, and the home of a poor man who has had a hard struggle to keep the roof over his head.'

A palace? no, indeed. The caution was unnecessary at that moment. My expectations had sunk so low, I hardly now supposed I should think it as genteel as the very second-rate London lodgings I had left behind me. We were driving through a lane dark with overhanging trees as well as with the gloom of the evening; but I saw a sparkle of red light before us, and a gleam of water which showed white in the surrounding blackness.

Presently we passed through a gate, hung between two short stone

pillars, and then along a straight sweep which brought us to the moat. Here we drew up, and at my uncle's bidding I descended from the carriage and crossed the bridge, the cold seeming to intensify around me as I did so. A few steps along a gravel path led to the front doors which my kind old friend, Patience, was holding open with a light in her hand. But she was not my friend then, I only saw a prim, middle-aged woman who I thought looked at me with unkindly eyes; and her stern unsmiling face, and all the dark shadows which her flaring lamp cast made me shudder as I crossed the threshold alone, and stood before her, and looked timidly around. I found myself in a large, low, square hall with heavily carved ceiling, and a wide, quaint mantelpiece on which the erased bears' heads were conspicuous. There were many doors opening into it, dark and paintless, and from one of them streamed the welcome light of candle and fire. Through this I followed Patience and saw a spacious room, low, with the same kind of carved ceiling and fireplace as the hall, and with the walls panelled half way up with oak. Its size impressed me, and in spite of its dingy and even ragged paper, I felt it did not fall, so very, very far, short of my dreams as I had feared. The turkey carpet, the scarlet curtains, the glitter of the beautifully-kept plate and glass on the clean, smooth, white tablecloth, and the bright fire which lit it all up made the aspect of the room, if not stately, thoroughly cheerful and comfortable. There I stood alone for a few minutes, and then my uncle came in. He had divested himself of the hat and old cloak which had so disgusted me, and I thought him a fine, noble-looking old man who quite became the place. He was very upright, with thin high features, marked eyebrows, and grey hair, and carried his head on his shoulders with an indescribable air of knowing himself to be somebody. Taking my hand, he led me nearer the candle and said—

'Come, my dear, take off your bonnet, and let me look at my bargain;' but it was not uncourteously spoken, and when I had complied with his request, he put his hand beneath my chin, looked at my blushing face steadily for a second or two, and then ended his scrutiny with a smile, and a kiss, and a well-satisfied, 'I think you will do.'

I did not know what he meant, but I did know it was personal approval, and was cheered by it. A word or two as to grandmamma's health followed, but I noticed that my dear mother was not mentioned, and then Patience entered to show me to my room. I followed across the hall and up a dark, wide, oak staircase, with many turnings; the faded portraits which hung on its wall seeming to gaze down on me with dead lustreless eyes. At the top we turned into a long, cold, dark gallery, almost bare of furniture, into which many doors opened, and at nearly the end we passed through one into the chamber prepared for me. It was a low room so large that the bed, able, and chairs were quite lost in it, and which, therefore, in spite of

the pleasant wood fire, struck me as bare and desolate. There were such vacant spaces of wall and floor as made me feel it painfully unlike the little overfull room I had always shared with my mother at home. Not that the furniture was handsome, the pieces of carpet round the bed were worn nearly threadbare, and all the curtains were made of what had once been beautiful fine patchwork, but now washed out and faded, and in many places unsewn.

'We thought this room was best for you, miss,' Patience said, as she unfastened my boxes, 'for it is next master's. And that door,' pointing to one near the fireplace, 'opens on the back stairs, and close to Mrs. Garrett's room and mine. If you want anything you will be pleased to ring, and I will send Hannah.'

Will anybody care to know how I dressed myself for the first so-called late dinner I had ever eaten in my life? My hair, which was inveterately curly, would not make into the fashionable wide plaits and smooth bands just coming into vogue, and to keep it out of my way it was tied together at the back of my head, where it hung in a long thick wavy mass. My dress was blue, and its skirt, which was very moderate in width, and left my feet exposed, had many narrow flounces at the bottom. The body was low, and covered with a lace fall, and the sleeves were somewhat puffy and short, with ruffles. I had no ornament excepting a locket with grandmamma and my mother's hair in it which I wore tied round my neck with a bit of black velvet. I felt so shy and frightened that I stood by my own fire unable to make up my mind to venture down stairs until Patience came and fetched me. I found Mr. Wyford with my uncle in the dining-room, and though we had so recently parted he shook hands with me, and had something kind to say as to my journey. There were three chairs placed at the table; but, although the dinner was ready, my uncle seemed hesitating about something, and did not move. Mr. Wyford settled the question he was debating by offering me his arm, and leading me to the top.

'There, sir,' he said, 'now you have something pleasant to look at.'

I thought, from the expression in her face, Patience disapproved of the arrangement, and expected me to be ordered to the side, but my uncle smiled graciously, though he said I was too young to sit opposite anything so old as he was. I was pleased with the importance of my position, and very anxious to behave properly. Grandmamma had told me I must sit still and not jump up and down to wait on others, and bring what was wanted as I had done at home; but before the dinner was over I found the unwonted restraint very irksome, to say nothing of being too much afraid of Patience to ask for anything. Twice she handed something to Mr. Wyford before she brought it to me, and the second time he looked up at her and said, with a very decided accent of displeasure, 'To Miss Howard first, if you please.'

I did not talk, and I did not even understand what they were talking about; my thoughts wandered away to the home I had so recently left, and tears began to creep into my eyes as I pictured my own vacant place in the little parlour, and felt how much I must be missed. The gentlemen talked on about their swedes and their mangels, whilst my thoughts were far away, till suddenly Mr. Wyford recalled me to the present by asking if I had ever heard of such things before.

'I don't know who the Mangels are,' I answered; 'but of course I know that the Swedes live in Sweden.'

Even my uncle laughed at my blunder, and I laughed, too, when it was explained, and called myself stupid and foolish.

'No, no,' Mr. Wyford said, 'only like all the rest of us, ignorant of what you have not been taught;' but I heard Patience laughing outside the door, and that vexed me.

Presently my uncle said—

'A glass of wine with me, Wyford,' and to the usual with 'pleasure sir,' the latter added—

'And we will not leave out Miss Howard,' and both gentlemen bowed to me and to each other, and my uncle said kindly—

'We drink your good health, my dear.'

I bowed to each, and I am sure I blushed, but smiled assent when Mr. Wyford added—

'And to our better acquaintance.'

At last the dinner was over, and the gentlemen turned their chairs to the fire, and my uncle invited me to come also, and very glad I was to move, being as tired of sitting still as a little child. They sat sipping their wine and talking of their crops, and of dogs and horses, and the market, and the railroad that was to connect Easthampton with London and the coast, and which was then quite a new thing that every one regarded with interest and many with doubt, until I sank back in a corner of my arm-chair and dropt asleep, tired out with my journey and all the events of the day. Tea awoke me, and almost immediately afterwards Mr. Wyford left us. Punctually at ten my uncle rang the bell and the servants came into prayers. Mrs. Garrett, the housekeeper, an important-looking dame, at their head, followed by Patience and two others. They all stared at me, I thought, with more curiosity than good will, and I was so afraid of them! When prayers were over I was dismissed. There was no kiss, no God bless you. My uncle said simply—

'You will be glad to go to bed: good night.' And I went.

When I got into my own room, such a sense of loneliness and yearning came over me that I sat down by the fire and began to cry. The large empty bed seemed all at once to bring home to me that I was indeed parted from my mother. How should I ever endure the solitude of the night; I who had never slept alone since I had been born?

The silence, too, appalled me. I wept in silence, listening for I knew not what. Yes, I did know what my ear was seeking, it was the constant hum, and tramp, and roar of city life; it was the horrible silence of the country which was chilling me with fear. The stillness was such I could not sleep. Again and again I started up in bed and sat listening to that strange commingling of all sounds, that mysterious ringing which my aching ears in vain tried to grasp.

The keen, sharp air, and the profound darkness, added to my distress, and when I did fall asleep it was to dream of my mother, and to wake myself again by putting out my hand to touch her, and finding her not; and my last distinct thought was a resolution to return to her on the next day.

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE THANKSGIVING DAY.

THERE was a curious scene in our salon the day after the news had come of the great victory of Lens. Clément Darpent had been brought in by my brother, who wished him to hear some English songs which my sister and I had been practising. He had been trying to learn English, and perhaps understood it better than he could speak it, but he was somewhat perplexed by those two gallant lines—

> 'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more.'

Annora's eyes flashed with disappointed anger as she said, 'You enter not into the sentiment, monsieur. I should have hoped that if any Frenchman could, it would be you!'

'For my part,' observed my mother, 'I am not surprised at the question not being appreciated by the *gens de la robe*.'

I saw Eustace look infinitely annoyed at this insult to his friend's profession, and to make it worse, Gaspard, who had come home that morning from the palace, exclaimed, having merely caught the word 'honour'—

'Yes, the *gens de la robe* hate our honour. That is why the King said, when news of our great victory came, "Oh, how sorry the Parliament will be!"'

'Did he?' exclaimed my mother. 'Is it true, my grandson?'

'True; yes indeed, Madame ma Grandmère,' replied Gaspard. 'And you should have seen how all the world applauded him.'

'I would not have applauded him,' said Eustace sadly. 'I would have tried to teach him that nothing can be of more sad omen for a king than to regard his Parliament as his enemy.'

'My son,' returned my mother, 'if you must utter such absurdities, let it not be before the child. Imagine the consequence of his repeating them!'

'Ah!' sighed Darpent, 'it would be well if only, through child lips or any others, the King and his mother could learn that the Parliament can heartily rejoice in all that is for the true glory of France; but that we place that glory and honour in justice and in the well-being of her people, and that we love above all!'

'There,' said I, glad to turn the conversation from the dangerous political turn it was taking, 'I knew it was merely the language and not the sentiment of our song that Monsieur Darpent did not comprehend.'

And when it was translated and paraphrased, he exclaimed, 'Ah! truly mademoiselle may trust me that such sentiments are the breath of life to those who are both French and of the robe. May *one* at least live to prove it to her!'

The times were threatening, in France as well as in England, for if in the latter realm the thunderbolt had fallen, in the former the tempest seemed to be gathering. They say that it dispersed after a shower, but there are others who say that it is only stored up to fall with greater fury in later times. Ah, well! if it be so, I pray that none of mine may be living to see it, for I cannot conceal from myself that there is much among us that may well call down the vengeance of Heaven. Yet if our good Duke of Burgundy fulfil the promise of his youth, the evil may yet be averted.

The Parliament of Paris had made an attempt to check the reckless exactions of the court by refusing to register the recent edicts for taxation, and it was this that made the Queen so angry with them. Eustace began to explain that it had been the unfortunate endeavour to raise money without the consent of Parliament that had been the immediate cause of the troubles in England for which they were still suffering. This implied censure of King Charles so displeased my mother that she declared that she would listen to such treason no longer, started up and quitted the room, calling Annora with her. Poor Annora gave one of her grim looks, but was obliged to obey; but I did not feel bound to do the same, as indeed I stood in the position of hostess; so I remained, with Gaspard leaning on my lap, while my brother and M. Darpent continued their conversation, and the latter began to describe the actual matter in debate, the Paulette, namely the right of magistrates to purchase the succession to their offices for their sons, provided a certain annual amount was paid to the crown. The right had to be continually renewed by fresh edicts for a certain term. This term was now over, and the crown refused to renew it except on condition that all the salaries should be forfeited for four years. To our English notions the whole system was a corruption, but the horrible ill faith of the court, which ruined and cheated so many families, was nevertheless shocking to us. Clément Darpent, who had always looked on the Paulette as a useful guarantee, and expected to succeed to his father's office as naturally as Eustace had done to the baronies of Walwyn and Ribaumont, could not see it in the same light, and expatiated on the speeches made by the Counsellors Broussel, Blancmesnil, and others, on the injustice of such a measure.

Gaspard caught the name of Blancmesnil, and looking up, he said

'Blancmesnil! It is he that the King says is a scoundrel to resist his will; but he will soon be shut up. They are going to arrest him.'

'Pray how long have they taken little imps like thee into their counsels?' demanded Eustace, as we all sat petrified at this announcement.

'It was the Duke of Anjou who told me,' said Gaspard. 'He was sitting at the foot of the Queen's bed when she settled it all with M. le Cardinal. They will send to have *coup de main* made of all those rogues as soon as the *Te Deum* is over to-morrow at Notre Dame, and then there will be no more refusing of money for M. le Prince to beat the Spaniards with.'

'The Duke should choose his confidants better,' said Eustace. 'Look here, my nephew. Remember from henceforth that whatever passes in secret council is sacred, and even if told to thee inadvertently should never be repeated. Now leave us; your mother needs you no longer.'

My little boy made his graceful bow at the door, looking much perplexed, and departed. I rose likewise, saying I would forbid him to repeat his dangerous communication, and I trusted that it would do him no harm.

'Madame,' said M. Darpent, 'I will not conceal from you that I shall take advantage of what I have heard to warn these friends of my father.'

'You cannot be expected to do otherwise,' said Eustace; 'and truly the design is so arbitrary and unjust that, Cavalier as I am, I cannot but rejoice that it should be baffled.'

'And,' added Darpent, before I could speak, 'Madame may be secure that no word shall pass my lips of the manner in which I received the warning.'

I answered that I could trust him for that. I could not expect any more from him, and indeed none of us were bound in honour. The fault was with the Duke of Anjou, who, as we all know, was an incorrigible chatterbox all his life, and never was trusted with any state secrets at all; but his mother must have supposed him not old enough to understand what she was talking about, when she let him overhear such a conversation.

Gaspard had, however, a private lecture from both of us on the need of holding his tongue, both on this matter and all other palace gossip. He was no longer in waiting, and I trusted that all would be forgotten before his turn came again; but he was to join in the state procession on the following day, a Sunday, when the King and Queen Regent were to return thanks at Notre Dame for the victory at Lens.

Ah, children! we had victories then. Our *Te Deums* were not sung with doubting hearts, to make the populace believe a defeat a victory —a delusion to which this French nation of ours is only too prone. My countryman, Marlborough, and the little truant Abbé, Eugene of

Savoy, were not then the leaders of the opposite armies, but at the head of our own we had M. le Prince and the Vicomte de Turenne in the flower of their age, and our triumphs were such that they might well intoxicate the King, who was, so to speak, brought up upon them. It was a magnificent sight, which we all saw from different quarters —my mother in the suite of the Queen of England, Gaspard among the little noblemen who attended the King, I among the ladies who followed Mademoiselle, while my brother and sister, though they might have gone among their own Queen's train, chose to shift for themselves. They said they should see more than if, like us, they formed part of the pageant; but I believe the real reason was, that if they had gone early to Queen Henrietta's in full dress, they must have missed their English prayers at the Ambassador's, which they never chose to do on a Sunday.

The choir part of the nave was filled with tribunes for the royal family and their suites; and as the most exalted in rank went the last, Mademoiselle and we ladies behind her came to our places early enough to see a great deal of the rest of the procession. The whole choir was already a field of clergy and choristers, the white robes of the latter giving relief to the richly embroidered purple and lace-covered robes of the Bishops, who wore their gold and jewelled mitres, while their richly gilded pastoral staves and crosses were borne before them. The Coadjutor of Paris, who was to be the celebrant, was already by the altar, his robes absolutely encrusted with gold; and just after we had taken our places there passed up the Cardinal, with his pillars borne before him, in his scarlet hat and his robes.

Every lady was, according to the Spanish fashion, which Queen Anne had introduced, in black or in white—the demoiselles in white, the married in black—and all with the black lace veil on their heads. The French ladies had murmured much at this, but there is no denying that the general effect was much better for the long lines of black above and white below, and as there was no restriction upon their jewellery, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds flashed wherever the light fell on them.

Beyond, a lane was preserved all down the length of the nave by the tall, towering forms of the Scottish archers, in their rich accoutrements, many of them gallant gentlemen who had served under the Marquess of Montrose; and in the aisles behind them surged the whole multitude—gentlemen, ladies, bourgeois, fish-wives, artisans, all sorts of people, mixed up together, and treating one another with a civility and forbearance of which my brother and sister confessed an English crowd would have been incapable, though they showed absolutely no reverence to the sacred place; and I must own the ladies showed as little, for every one was talking, laughing, bowing to acquaintance, or pointing out notorieties, and low whispers were going about of some great and secret undertaking of the Queen Regent.

Low, did I say! Nay, I heard the words 'Blancmesnil and Broussel' quite loud enough to satisfy me that if the attempt had been disclosed it would not be possible to fix the blame of betraying it on my little son more than on twenty others. Indeed the Queen of England observed to her niece, loud enough for me to hear her, that it was only too like what she remembered only seven years ago in England, when her dear King had gone down to arrest those five rogues of members, and all had failed because of that vile gossip Lady Carlisle.

'And who told my Lady Carlisle?' demanded Mademoiselle with some archness; whereupon Queen Henrietta became very curious to know whether the handsome Duke of Beaufort were, after his foolish fashion, in the crowd making himself agreeable to the ladies of the market-place.

Trumpets, however, sounded, and all rose from their seats, as up the nave swept Queen Anne, her black mantilla descending over her fair hair from a little diamond crown, her dress—white satin—with a huge long blue velvet train worked with gold *fleurs-de-lys*, supported by four pair of little pages in white satin. Most regal did she look, leading by the hand the little Duke of Anjou; while the young King, who was now old enough to form the climax of the procession, marched next after in blue and gold, holding his plumed hat in his hand, and bowing right and left with all his royal courtesy and grace, his beautiful fair hair on his shoulders shining with the sun. And there was my little Marquis among the boys, who immediately followed him in all his bright beauty and grace.

Most glorious was the High Mass that followed. Officer after officer marched up and laid standard after standard before the altar, heavy with German blazonry, or with the red and gold stripes of Aragon, the embossed castles of Castille, till they amounted to seventy-three. It must have been strange to the Spanish Queen to rejoice over these as they lay piled in a gorgeous heap before the High Altar, here and there one dim with weather or stained with blood. The peals of the *Te Deum* from a thousand voices were unspeakably magnificent, and yet through them all it seemed to me that I heard the wail not only of the multitudes of widowed wives and sonless parents, but of the poor peasants of all the nation crying aloud to Heaven for the bread which they were forbidden to eat when they had toiled for it in the sweat of their brow. Yes, and which I was not permitted to let them enjoy!

Ah! which did the Almighty listen to? To the praise, or to the mourning, lamentation, and woe? You have often wondered, my children, that I absented myself from the *Te Deums* of victory while we had them. Now you know the reason.

And then I knew that all this display was only an excuse under which the Queen hid her real design of crushing all opposition to her will. She wanted to commit an injustice, and silence all appeals against it, so that the poor might be more and more ground down!

How strange in the woman whom I had seen bearing patiently, nay, joyfully, with the murmurs of the charcoal burner in the hospital! Truly she knew not what she did!

As she left the cathedral, and passed M. de Comminges, a lieutenant of her guards, she said—'Go, and Heaven be with you.'

I was soon at home safely with my boys, to carry an account of our doings to my dear little Madame d'Aubépine, who, unable to bear the fatigue and the crush of Notre Dame, had taken her little children to a Mass of thanksgiving celebrated by our good Abbé at the nearest Church.

We waited long and long for the others to come. I was not uneasy for my mother, who was with the Queen; but the servants brought reports that the *canaille* had risen, and that the streets were in wild confusion. We could see nothing, and only heard wild shouts from time to time. What could have become of Eustace and Annora? My mother would have been afraid that with their wild English notions they had rushed into something most unsuitable to a French *demoiselle*, and I was feared for Eustace if they were involved in any crowd or confusion, for his strength was far from being equal to his spirit. We watched, sure that we heard cries and shouts in the distance, the roar of the populace, such as I remembered on that wedding day, but sharper and shriller, as French voices are in a different key from the English roar and growl.

It passed, however, and there was long silence. Gaspard and Armantine stood at the window, and at last, as evening twilight fell, cried out that a carriage was coming in at the *porte cochère*. Presently Annora ran into the room, all in a glow, and Eustace followed more slowly.

'Have you been frightened?' she cried. 'Oh, we have had such an adventure! If they had not screamed and shrieked like peacocks, or furies, I could have thought myself in England.'

'Alack! that a tumult should seem like home to you, sister,' said Eustace, gravely.

Then they told how at the ambassador's chapel they had heard that good Lady Fanshawe, whom they had known in England, had arrived sick and sad, after the loss of a young child. They determined, therefore, to steal away from Notre Dame before the ceremony was over, and go to see whether anything could be done for her. They could not, however, get out so quickly as they expected, and they were in the Rue des Marmonsets, when they saw surging towards them a tremendous crowd, shouting, screeching, shrieking, roaring, trying to stop a carriage which was being urged on with six horses, with the royal guards trying to force their way. Eustace, afraid of his sister being swept from him, looked for some escape, but the mob went faster than they would do; they might soon have been involved in it and trampled down. There seemed no opening in the tall houses, when

suddenly a little door opened close to them, and there was a cry of surprise; a hand was put out.

'You here! Nay, pardon me, Mademoiselle; take my arm.'

Clément Darpent was there. A few steps more, and taking out a small key, he fitted it into the same little door, and led them into a dark passage, then up a stair, into a large room, simply furnished, and one end almost like an oratory. Here, looking anxiously from the window, was an old lady in a plain black dress and black silk hood, with a white apron and keys at her girdle.

'My mother,' said Clément, 'this gentleman and lady, M. le Baron de Ribaumont and Mademoiselle *sa sœur*, have become involved in this crowd. They will do us the favour of taking shelter here till the uproar is over.'

Madame Darpent welcomed them kindly, but with anxious inquiries. Her son only threw her a word in answer, prayed to be excused, and dashed off again.

'Ah! there he is. May he be saved, the good old man,' cried Madame Darpent.

And they could see a carriage with four horses containing the Lieutenant Comminges holding a white-haired old man, in a very shabby dressing-gown; while soldiers, men, women, boys, all struggled, fought, and shrieked round it, like the furies let loose. The carriage passed on, but the noise and struggle continued, and Madame Darpent was soon intensely anxious about her son.

It seemed that Clément had carried his warnings, and that four or five of the Councillors had taken care to be beyond the walls of Paris; among them his own father, the Councillor Darpent, who was a prudent man, and thought it best to be on the right side. The President Blancmesnil was, however, absent each time Clément had called to see him, and he durst not entrust his message to any third person, nor write, as it now appeared, definitely enough to be understood. And the President Broussel, a good-humoured, simple, hearty old man, was not quite well, and though he thanked his young friend, he would not believe any such harm was intended against him as to make him derange his course of medicine.

Thus, when Comminges marched into the house to arrest him, he was sitting at dinner, eating his *bouillon*, in dressing-gown and slippers. His daughter cried out that he was not fit to leave the house. At the same time, an old maid-servant put her head out at a window, screaming that her master was going to be carried off.

He was much beloved, and a host of people ran together, trying to break the carriage and cut the traces. Comminges, seeing that no time was to be lost, forced the poor old lawyer down to the carriage just as he was in his dressing-gown and slippers, and drove off. But the mob thickened every moment, in spite of the guards, and a very few yards beyond where we had taken refuge at Madame Darpent's,

a large wooden bench had been thrown across the street, and the uproar redoubled round it—the yells, shrieks, and cries ringing all down the road. However, the carriage passed that, and dashed on, throwing down and crushing people right and left; so that Madame Darpent was first in terror for her son, and then would fain have rushed out to help the limping, crying sufferers.

They heard another horrible outcry, but could see no more, except the fluctuating heads of the throng below them, and loud yells, howls, and maledictions came to their ears. By and by, however, Clément returned, having lost his hat in the crowd; with blood on his collar, and with one of his lace cuffs torn, though he said he was not hurt.

'They have him!' he said bitterly; 'the tyranny has succeeded!'

'Oh, hush, my son! Take care!' cried his mother.

'M. le Baron and I understand one another, Madame,' he said, smiling.

He went on to tell that the carriage had been overturned on the Quai des Orfévres, just opposite the hotel of the First President. Comminges sprang out, sword in hand, drove back the crowd who would have helped out Broussel, and shouted for the soldiers, some of whom kept back those who would have succoured the prisoner with their drawn swords. Clément himself had been slightly touched, but was forced back in the scuffle; while the good old man called out to him not to let any one be hurt on his behalf.

Other soldiers were meantime seizing a passing carriage, and taking out a poor lady who occupied it. Before it could be brought near, the raging crowd had brought axes and hacked it to pieces. Comminges and his soldiers, well armed, still dragged their victim along till a troop of the Queen's guards came up with another carriage, in which the poor old president was finally carried off.

'And this is what we have to submit to from a Spaniard and an Italian!' cried Clément Darpent.

He had come back to reassure his mother and his guests, but the tumult was raging higher than ever. The crowd had surrounded the Tuileries, filling the air with shouts of 'Broussel! Broussel!' and threatening to tear down the doors and break in, overwhelming the guards. Eustace and his host went out again, and presently reported that the Marshal de Meilleraye had been half killed, but had been rescued by the coadjutor, who was giving the people all manner of promises. This was verified by shouts of 'Vive le Roi!' And by and by the crowd came past once more, surrounding the carriage, on the top of which was seated the coadjutor, in his violet robes, but with his skull cap away, and his cheek bleeding from the blow of a stone. He was haranguing, gesticulating, blessing, doing all in his power to pacify the crowd, and with the hope of the release of the councillors all was quieting down; and Clément, after reconnoitring, thought it safe to order the carriage to take home his guests.

'No one can describe,' said my sister, 'how good and sweet Madame was, though she looked so like a Puritan dame. Her face was so wonderfully calm and noble, like some grand old saint in a picture; and it lighted up so whenever her son came near her, I wanted to ask her blessing! And I think she gave it inwardly at least.' She curtsied, and would have kissed my hand, as being only bourgeois, while I was noble; but I told her I would have no such folly, and I made her give me a good motherly embrace!

'I hope she gave you something to eat,' I said, laughing.

'Oh, yes; we had an excellent meal. She made us eat, before sending us home, soup, and *ragoût*, and chocolate—excellent chocolate. She had that brought as soon as possible, because Eustace looked so pale and tired. Oh, Meg! she is the very best creature I have seen in France. Your Rambouillets are nothing to her! I hope I may see her often again!'

And while Eustace marvelled if this were a passing tumult or the beginning of a civil war, my most immediate wonder was what my mother would say to this adventure.

(To be continued.)

THE SIEGE OF YORK.

BY HOLME LEE.

XVII.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1643.

If anything can be said to have gone well in this monstrous war the King's cause went well this summer. But at what loss and grief to the whole kingdom! Mr. Hampden fell this campaign. Wounded he was in a skirmish on Chalgrove Field, and died at Thame four days after, the twenty-fifth of June, lamented of all good men. My father scarce held up his head after he heard it, and his Majesty said at Oxford, that had he known in time he would have despatched his own surgeon to Mr. Hampden. Also the Earl of Newcastle swept the Republicans out of Lincolnshire, and drove Sir Thomas Fairfax into Hull, where the Parliament had installed a new governor. Sir John Hotham lay fast in the Tower, and had presently to pay the forfeit of treason, and his madcap son too, who was taken, and shut up in Nottingham Castle. Cromwell had, indeed, a second victory at Gainsborough, the last day of July, and there a son of the Earl of Devonshire was slain—he was that young Cavendish who swore to broom the Fens clear of the Roundheads. But he met better than 'prentices that day. From their soldier-like work it appeared that Cromwell began to have about him at this time some of those men of religion that alone he judged fit to stand against men of honour. He was greatly spoken of after by them that understood fighting, and was said to be manœuvring to get into Yorkshire to the help of the Fairfaxes. We were quieter in York in the absence of Newcastle's army while the balance of success was with the King; but our quietness, as it turned out, was only a little lull before a fiercer storm.

Since the spring the public talk had run largely on two plots, Waller's Plot and Crispe's Plot, in which the Parliament leaders discovered, as they said, a vast conspiracy to destroy them all. Waller's Plot was revealed to Mr. Pym at a solemn fast and assembly of the Roundheads at Westminster, and the pith of it seemed to be that there were gentlemen in the House of Commons of a neutral shade in politics, who entertained a hearty desire for peace, and fain would if they could, compel the Parliament to accept of peace, and agree with the King. As a means to compass this end, Waller undertook to convince the fanatics that the Loyalists were the stronger party—to show them that if the Republicans were as three to one in London, the Loyalists were five to one amongst the country gentlemen, and in the country at large. Crispe's Plot was no worse. Sir Nicholas

Crispe was a merchant in the city who had lately given or procured for the King a loan of a hundred thousand pounds, and when his Puritan brethren drove him from the Exchange raised a regiment, and commanded it himself. This gentleman ascribed his own generous feelings and opinions to the wealthy citizens whose strength it was to mind their own business, and meddle with none who engaged on either side. He persuaded the King to grant him a commission of array that he might enrol them also under his Majesty's standard; and this commission was the justifying piece to condemn the loyal merchant of treason. Mr. Waller was a member of the Commons, a gentleman of estate and richly married, who had made himself remarked by his boldness of speech in the House, and more especially by his defence of Episcopacy. He was one of the commissioners sent to treat with the King at Oxford, perhaps because he had friends on both sides, being sister's son to Mr. Hampden, and cousin to Mr. Cromwell, and his own sister married to Mr. Tompkyns, the clerk of the Queen's Council. The head and front of his offending was his contempt of the extreme fanatic party who held their lives and fortunes by the success of the war, and foolish as his underhand contrivances for ending it might be, 'twas allowed he meant well to both king and people. But, alas, for his faint heart! No sooner did he find himself in danger than he proved the veriest coward, even accusing men unsuspected, to whom he had revealed his plot, and some so powerful that the Parliament prudently affected to disbelieve his eager confessions. He was tried and condemned with Mr. Tompkyns, his brother-in-law, and his friend Mr. Chaloner, but while these two gentlemen were punctually executed, and for greater ignominy, before their own doors, Mr. Waller was reprieved, and eventually suffered to redeem his life with a fine of ten thousand pounds. He went to France, but was permitted to return to England after a few years; and lives still at Hallbarn, a house he built for himself near Beaconsfield. He is the poet who celebrates Sacharrissa.

While these plots and revenges were filling the mouths of the newsmongers all over the kingdom, the fighting men were as active in the west as in the north-east. A great battle was fought the 5th of July on Lansdowne Heath near Bath, and a second, a fortnight later, at Devizes, where the Parliament army was completely defeated, and forced to retire to Bristol. Prince Rupert drove that city to a surrender before the end of the month, and preparations began to invest Gloucester. The battle at Lansdowne Heath was indecisive, but very bloody. The field was lost and won, and lost again, and 'twas here, in a sudden panic, Bess Ingram's gay young poet-cavalier showed that discretion some call the better part of valour, and by timely flight saved his life for another day. He was one of a whole troop, but Bess could not excuse him, and would not hear his name spoken after.

The summer was passing, and the fields white already to harvest. 'Twas ten weary weeks since Roger left York to convoy the Queen to Oxford. We were well in health in the Pavement, but the mortality increased amongst the poor of the city. Despised misery provokes oft a passionate wrath against rulers and governors that seem the cause of it, and as scarcity pinched them most that truly were most innocent of these commotions, no marvel if many felt in their hearts what poor John Troutbeck, in an unhappy moment, rashly cried out, that he could make shift to live without a king as well as with a king, and got himself set in the lyns, and whipped therefore. Indeed, I pitied him, his empty belly and sore back.

For a little while now there appeared, as it were, a dawning of peace, but only to pass very soon under darker eclipse. The rout of the Republicans at Devizes, and the surrender of Bristol, had increased the fears and factions amongst the neutrals and Roundheads to such a height, that the demand for an accommodation, which had been silenced by the stern suppression of Waller's plot, was renewed; and when the King proceeded in person to open the siege of Gloucester towards the middle of August, 'twas expected that the Parliament would yield to moderate counsels, if only to avoid a more complete overthrow. But again the zealous, extreme Puritans put forth their strength, and sent the Earl of Essex with a well-appointed army of fourteen thousand men to cope with the King, and raise the siege. This Essex accomplished, and not being minded to do more, was retiring again towards London, when, at Newbury in Berkshire, he was intercepted by the Royal army, and compelled to stand a battle. Both sides fought with desperate valour, the London militia acquitting themselves like veterans, but though they kept at it till nightfall victory declared for neither. Next morning Essex resumed his march, and reached London without further molestation. Amongst them who died for the King at Newbury was Lord Falkland—that ardent lover of true liberty, one of the first and foremost in resistance to the high strained prerogative of the crown, but also one of the first and foremost, when the Civil War broke out, in arraying himself for the defence of its constitutional rights. He said often that he was weary of the times, and was happier than some, perhaps, that he had early done with them, and no flaw in his honour.

For the whole course of events was tending to more bitter and extended warfare. The Parliament paid the Covenanting Scots again to be their allies, and the King recalled his regiments from Ireland. We were in October then, in the midst of rain and fog, falling leaves and cold weather, which made more intense the wretchedness of penury in the city. It seemed to me that the very faces I knew and loved were changing and altering with the common impression of pain. Yet our daily lives continued in their customary shape. We ate and slept, read and walked, we went to church and prayed; but it was all

meanwhile, on sufferance, expecting worse to come. This last enterprise of the Parliament, to bring down the greedy Scots upon us again, was a prodigious menace. We had hardly recovered our former entertainment of them yet; but, for a blessing, war never killed nature in us north folk to the length of wasting the fruits of the field. The harvest was all gathered and garnered, and when marching and countermarching, and 'listing of men began again at the back end of the year, it prospered the better because reaping was over and work slack.

The Earl of Essex, created Earl of Manchester of late, was made commander of the Eastern Association, and retook Lynn this autumn; Cromwell, though he did nothing at Hull to succour the Fairfaxes, caused himself to be felt and feared elsewhere. He was become very high in favour with the Parliament, and appointed governor of the Isle of Ely, a strong military place in the Fen country, and had free quarters granted him by authority march where he would. I remember one use he made of this license which was the occasion of grievous complainings. He was a gentleman who knew a good horse when he saw one, and stood not on particulars, but took all he saw stalled in his neighbours' stables that held for the King, to mount his men of religion, and paid for them or not according as his purse was, or his opinion of their owners.

It is fitting that I should give here some short account of this private gentleman who was after the Lord Protector. I pretend not to measure him with my ell-wand of praise or blame—such men may be judged of God only. But this I know, that whereas England had declined in honour since Queen Elizabeth's days till she was the mock of Spain and France, he so raised her again, made her so strong and respected in her strength, that the proud Duke of Savoy was fain, at word of his, to rest from harrying to death the poor Protestants of the valleys of Piedmont, and the King of France was his hand to help in the business; which truly was a business that expressed the heart and the will of England while he was her ruler. His father was Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbroke, in the county of Huntingdon. He was born at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and bred up in a pious and sufficient manner, a country gentleman as all his kindred were. He entered at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, that day Mr. Shakespeare departed this life, and was sent to Westminster as member for Huntingdon in 1628. This was the famous Parliament that framed the Petition of Right. These were the stirring times when Oliver Cromwell learnt to guide and govern men. He was near fifty years old when the Civil War produced him before the world, the best soldier, and soon the foremost statesman in it. He was not of his nature cruel, but his justice was swift, stern, and implacable. I speak not of his sweeping executions in Ireland, nor of his slaughter of the

Covenanting Scots who turned against him after the martyrdom of the King: these were acts of his public policy. I speak only of such rigorous deeds as marked his character early in his career. He once hung a fellow out of hand, and said God and man must rejoice at his punishment—it was at Pilton; he had killed a widow's son, a poor lad, her only support. And at Bourne he ordered to pursue and give no quarter to a troop of the raiding Candishers who had carried off sixty fat beasts, and killed three poor men, not in arms, that had charge of them. He would have his pennyworth for his penny; and let rogues that were deceitful upon the weights, consider their backs. He would have no drinking of poor men's ale on the march, nor cutting of their grass, nor taking of their hay or corn without payment, and stopped it out of his soldiers' pay that did such things. He was no harsh persecutor of other men's opinions, though he indulged his men of religion with the reformation of cathedral churches, according to Act of Parliament, and admonished the clergy to forbear the choir service, and preach, teach, and catechise more. Before the convent at Loughborough was sacked, he sent a warning to a friend who had a cousin there, to entreat the ladies to go, saying, he liked not war on women; and in the searches for arms that were frequent in Loyalist houses, his instructions were not to remove old weapons or trophies of old families won in ancient battles, but to do as gentlemen with gentlemen.

XVIII.

IN THE DEEP WINTER, 1643-44.

THE 10th of December the Minster bell tolled from morning till night. 'Twas for the Earl of Cumberland who had died two days before at one of the prebend's houses in Minster Yard, and was setting out at eleven of the clock to be buried at Skipton-in-Craven, forty miles away, and the castle under siege beside, with Sir John Mallory of Studley defending it. Bess Ingram entreated me that I would go with her to the burial service at morning prayer in the Minster, and be at her grandfather's house half an hour before, which I was, and passed through a piteous crowd of the poor gathered at the gate to receive the customary dole of money at the carrying forth of the dead.

'Twas exceeding cold out of doors, a black frost, the earth hard as iron, and the sky above like flint; and when I came into Sir Arthur Ingram's house there was Bess trying to dissuade him from going to the Minster, and he tremulous, but resolute to go. 'Tis the last and only respect any of us can pay him, Bess. A kind and courteous gentleman, but not fit for these bad times,' he said, and drew his old cloak close about him. Then he saw me. 'Here is Roger Jaques's dear wife; she is stronger than thou, Bess, and will lend me an arm,'

he said again, and regarded her with a pathetic shrewdness; for, indeed, Bess looked but sadly since the day at Lansdowne Heath where that young gentleman who made verses on her pretty brown eyes used his spurs so valiantly to ride away from the fighting. But I think she was endeavouring to pluck up a little spirit, for she began to mock, and threatened to get her a new sweetheart of the straitest Puritan sort. 'No more rhymes and love-locks for me,' she said; and her hood was of black velvet this winter, without so much as a braid upon it—a hood to please the veriest Roundhead in all London, if a most lovely fair face were not a sin in his beholding.

So we went, we three together, and a tottering, uneven pace, indeed, Sir Arthur kept, holding my arm—no wonder Bess was afeard for him. Mr. Burgess had bidden us go to the north door facing S. Sepulchre's Chapel, because the soldiers were to keep the great south door for the funeral procession to enter. The clergy were in full canonicals waiting about till it came, which it did not of a good half hour after we arrived. I would have engaged Sir Arthur to go to his stall in the choir where he sat on Sunday, but he refused, and kneeled down on the cold stones. Bess shook her head, but signed to let him be, and thus he stayed till the clank of arms, and heavy, slow tramp of the soldiers carrying their burden roused him from the trance of silent prayer into which he had fallen. They called him childish, but if this was childishness then was there a beautiful, pious simplicity in it; but I think not he was senile yet, he had his wits about him clear enough though he was exceeding feeble, and his heart well nigh broke with pity of his country's calamities. There was not much people in the minster, nor was the train of attendants numerous, but the circumstances were very stately and solemn. The Countess and the ladies with her were shrouded from head to foot, so that we knew not one from another. The coffin, covered with a silver-laced pall, and the Earl's insignia upon it, was borne into the choir, and rested upon trestles in front of the altar, whence the Dean read the service. Sir Arthur insisted on following to the foot of the altar steps, and afterwards down the nave to the west door where a suitable carriage, harnessed with six stout horses, was in waiting for its transport to Skipton. A troop of soldiers, armed and well mounted, filled the open space, ready to wheel round in order of march the instant the coffin was brought out. There was no delay. It was but a few minutes ere they were all moving off through Bootham Bar towards the north road, and then the mourners and gazing people were gone at once—ourselves too, for the icy wind pierced us to the bone.

'Twas pleasant to smell the fire when we got indoors. Sir Arthur sat down in his chair and spread his lean hands to the blaze. The houses on the east of the Minster Yard press so close on the Minster that Bess had no prospect but only of its grey walls unless she peered up at the narrow strip of sky between. 'Twas very gloomy on a dull

winter's day. We never see the sun unless it shine on the opposite wall,' she whispered to me in a low voice, though not so low but her grandfather heard it, and said:

'The more honour to thee, Bess, who reflect so much of it into our chambers that 'tis rarely missed.'

Bess blushed, put up her brows, and laughed shyly, all which I clearly understood; to be so soon consoled for her poor lover was her good fortune, but a little to her shame as she thought.

Sir Arthur began to inquire of me concerning my dear Roger, and when he was coming to York. In those days gentlemen did not send messengers before them, and posts were not sure. I knew not when he was coming. 'He is about the King's business, I cannot tell where,' I said, 'but somewhere in the neighbourhood of difficulty and danger. If York fall into extremity then we may expect to see him back again, which makes that I know not how to wish, or not to wish him here,' I said. Bess Ingram expressed herself amazed that I was not more unhappy. I had the heartache often, and was sick of hope deferred; none save God only can tell how I longed and watched in secret for my most best beloved; but he was doing his duty, his bounden service, and I dared not repine, I dared not rebel. I accepted this cross, which so many bore beside, that I might not need a heavier and more painful. I never really feared that I should lose him—it did not seem possible; our Father in heaven had been always so loving a Father, that I believed not that He would lay this sorrow upon me. But though it had been so, though my brave Roger had died for the King, one of the unreckoned dead in some obscure skirmish, I could have borne it as the fortune of war, and honourable. But to have been as that miserable, bereaved lady whose terror so abased her husband's courage that he gave up to the Republicans without a shot fired a fortified house that he was left in command of for the King—that, *that* I think I could *not* have borne. She was young, and had other ladies on a visit with her, and his heart failed him because of them. 'Twas near Oxford, and tried there by martial law for his desertion, he set his back to the wall of Merton College, and received his death-volley with a soldier's stoicism. An awful lesson, the most pitiful domestic tragedy that befell in the Civil War.

XIX.

THE CLOSE SIEGE.

'Twas early in January that the Scots, twenty thousand strong, crossed the border into England again, so glad to return to this land of plenty that they waded knee-deep through the snow, and, like the Plague of Locusts, swept it clean of eatables as they passed. Sir Thomas Fairfax kept the field through the winter, despite the severity of the weather,

and was ready to join hands with the Scots when they entered Yorkshire; the Earl of Leven was their commander, old Lesley under another name. Meanwhile he marched into the west, and gave the King's Irish recruits a warm reception and rout at their landing in Cheshire, and beat the royal forces at Selby on his way back. 'Twas then the Earl of Newcastle finally retired his army into York, and the Republicans forthwith advanced, and sat down before the city. Their first batteries they raised on Garrow Hill and Lamel Mill Hill, and held the Hull and Selby roads; and before the end of March the Scots were camped on both sides the Ouse, harrying and plundering the farms and villages towards the south and east. We were not, however, so close beleaguered yet but that the country folk came in from Clifton, Skelton, and Rawcliffe. From Acomb and Dringhouses and Heworth they came at their peril if they ventured to come at all, which I know not that any did after the enemy captured a booty of cattle between Holgate and Micklegate, a sore vexation to the soldiers, of whom there were over six thousand in the city since the affair at Selby.

Aunt Cecily stayed brave and quiet under her own thatch at Acomb; but the people who dwelt in the suburbs without Walmgate and Micklegate had mostly come into the city at this time, bringing their portable goods and stuff. They had done better to go to the open towns further away. The high price of provisions made famine amongst the poor within the walls, then came fever and pinched out their little remains of life. Fifty-seven persons died in the Castle alone the year before the close siege began. I forgot to say we were quite cut off from Fulford, and lived sparer than Lent in the Pavement now. Jaffray's last word and message to us was that she would stand by the house and gear; but she sent us no more butter and eggs. 'No more *nowt*,' as fat Job Twynam, who loved not pining, muttered dismally to Madget over his poor dinner every day. The greedy Scots soon made a prey of Jaffray's pretty little pigs and buxom hens, which may have furnished forth the table of old Lesley himself, for his quarters were about Fulford. Great shot from the batteries on Garrow Hill and Lamel Mill Hill were the only reports we had from those parts after the end of March. Jaffray's last basket of provender arrived, as I remember, that morning the widowed Countess of Cumberland was buried in the Minster. There were violets and white primroses sent, and I gave them to Bess Ingram to strew on her bier.

There were beautiful evenings in the first weeks of April, and mother and I, we took Boy, and walked out often as far as Sir Arthur Ingram's hospital in Bootham to taste the fresh air. One of the almswomen was a glover by trade, and my father was used to buy his gloves of her. 'Twas on a Friday evening, a sweet, warm evening, that we called in to order for him two pairs of York tan, of

the sort he preferred, and she invited us to rest in her porch towards the garden, where the fruit-trees bursting into blossom were a lovely show. She then fell a-talking over old stories to my mother, and I led Boy between the box edges to smell the flowers that he had much delight in already, and never ravaged them as most children do. I recall the remarkable hush and stillness in that pleasant green place: there was not a breath of wind, and no noise but the piping and fluting of the birds, and chief, of a pair of blackbirds that the old glovemaker had tamed with feeding in the long frost, and that rewarded her with grateful music now in the spring-time. Boy started babbling his inarticulate content which I heard without thinking on, being in a reverie of his dear father, when the great Minster bell clanged and jangled the alarm. They that have not heard the rough, tuneless clamour in days of peril can scarce fancy the terror it strikes, the faint hearts its sets beating, the aimless feet it sets running, the confusion of tongues crying, Why, why? where, where? We were in the way to learn the truth of the alarm at once. The watch on the Minster had espied an army, twenty miles away, advancing by the north road, and the patrol was hurrying down Bootham to warn the inhabitants. While that dreadful sound throbbed from the steeples the poor people gathered their goods and chattles together, and flocked into the twilight city; and before the morning York was inclosed and encompassed on every side.

'Twas on the 19th of April that the Earl of Manchester encamped in Clifton Fields. A sorry Easter we had. For Easter-eggs round shot, and nought else. Cannon, culverin and saker: 'Boom-oom,' from battery and rampart, all hours they were at it. Some notable action there was every day—sallies to bring in reliefs, skirmishes to dislodge the enemy from the houses in the suburbs where they had seized the acceptable shelter of houses forsaken of their owners, sallies to keep the soldiers in exercise, and sallies to keep the citizens in good heart with hopes of the King's coming to raise the siege. There were small hopes of the King's coming, but Prince Rupert might. Loyal intelligencers reported that he was on the move.

I remember before the peace was broken—when the rumours of civil war first began—how everywhere 'twas debated whether to fight or not to fight. Men took counsel with their own hearts in secret, and were still; men met in the market-place and took counsel together, and took sides. They considered the fruits of their labours, what they had laid up in store, and talked how the land would be wasted with battle, and what would be the profit in the end thereof? But they went to it nevertheless, when the time came; some called of God, as they believed, nothing fearing, nothing doubting; some inspired with the passion of loyalty, and because the King's cause was their own also; but most because 'tis their nature to obey where they are commanded, and to follow whither they are led—and alas! their

ill-fortune to bear the brunt in quarrels they have helped least to make.

'Eat thy bread, Nan, before thy mother and me, and be thankful,' my father said. Every morsel seemed as it would choke me. Little children perished with hunger, women went like ghosts, men drowned their misery in strong drink. My mother's eyes were brimful of tears. 'Thou art faint from weakness, and no better than light-headed, Nan,' she said. I asked what had befallen me, for, indeed, I felt very strange. Boy throve apace. 'Twas not reasonable to eat more than would suffice while there were so many that had nothing, and sometimes I fasted too long.

'Twas wonderful the calm of my dear mother, and her constant courage in these adversities. 'Twas in part because her joys and cares were bound within narrow compass, and in part because she ever refused to look beyond the day. And sure its evils were sufficient without fetching trouble from the days beyond. My father was very patient too, only he fretted himself because of the records brought from the religious houses dissolved at the Reformation and laid up in the tower at the north-east corner of Marygate, lest the besiegers' fire might chance to raise a flame amongst them. The spire of S. Dennis' Church in Walmgate was downed by a cannon-ball from the Parliament batteries on Garrow Hill, and S. Nicholas' Church outside the Bar was burnt soon after. Sir Francis Cob paid Fairfax his shot back from Clifford's Tower, and with usury, but Fairfax held his ground, never wavering for all that.

Bess Ingram complained that 'twas monstrous dull in a besieged city. May came, but May without any maying. The trees were full in leaf, the rooks flew cawing about and about in the morning and evening grey. Bess doffed her black velvet hood, and showed a rosy cheek again. Her father charged her one day with a message to mine that he had given orders to remove the records from S. Mary's Tower to the vaults under the Manor, for any misadventure befalling them would be regretted for ever, and this pacified present anxiety. Bess was so bright of countenance that I expected she had other good news. But no. 'The rooks be the only fetchers and carriers of news,' she said. 'Dost not see them, Nan, scudding high above the roofs, flying over in the sunset from their nests in the Dean's elms, to visit their kin in S. Lawrence Churchyard? *They* could tell if they would what old Lesley is plotting with Fairfax across the river; but they only commit the secret to their gossips in the Almry Garth, who know and tell again what Manchester is brooding on Bootham Stray. Then they make a cast to the Minster, and from the topmost pinnacle of the topmost tower survey the disloyal hosts that are putting the city in mourning as black as their feathers, O, rooks, ye have hard hearts that stay to see it!' And here Bess ceased. Another light—the light of tears—

was in the sweet face of her. I confessed that we were sick, Boy and I, for the pure, blue air, for the green fields and treasures of God; to escape the smoke and the din, to flee away, and be at rest in the dear garden at home. 'Cuckoo calls in the woods at sunrise, and we do not hear it.' 'Tis a troublesome world, says the parson, when he baptises us for our journey through it, but to lose a spring out of our young lives, sure 'tis a loss, Nan?' Bess said. Ay, and a loss that hath no retrieval!

The next great event of the siege was the storm of the Manor. On Trinity Sunday in the afternoon it was, and all the commanders at prayers in the Minster when it began. The rebels got enough that day. Fifty of them got killed to death on the bowling green, and the rest laid down their arms, and submitted themselves prisoners. And Sam Breary got killed—'twas he led the volunteers out at a private sallyport, and took the storming party in the rear. S. Mary's Tower was blown up by a mine—without orders, as we heard after—and men, women, and records all buried in the ruins, for the records had not been removed as Sir Arthur Ingram ordered. A terrible noise and explosion it was, that took Sir Thomas Glenham, Newcastle, and the rest quickly from their knees, and sent them running, officers and men, every one to his post. Our hearts were in a tumult, but it was ordered that whensoever any alarm should happen within the city, the people should keep in their houses, and make no shouting, crying, nor noise. The besiegers had forced a second breach in the wall lower down Marygate, and, climbing other walls, had fairly gained the Manor before the garrison were alert; but they were as fairly beaten, caught between two, and had no choice but to die or surrender. They fought with great gallantry. Colonel Crawfurd was their leader—an impatient man, who would drive the Earl of Manchester faster than it was his pleasure to go. However, he rushed into a trap that Sunday afternoon, and his company paid smart for his over-haste. He fell himself at the siege of Hereford the next year.

'Twas a grief to us all that Sam Breary was dead. His father came oft to the Pavement to talk of him after. 'Sam was always the one for mischief and stealing a march on his foes, but he has given 'em his last surprise. Thank God he died for the King!' says he, and uncovers his white head. Then he looks at me, and says, as it were the proudest comfort, 'Sam was main fond of *thee*, Nan, his little playfellow.' 'There was none better worth her, unless it were he whom she chose,' says my dear mother. We were all sorry for Sam, the brave, brisk little man. The volunteers with him were badly cut to pieces, and as well the soldiers of the garrison. Colonel Huddleston and Sir Philip Byron of the King's army were slain, and half a score of officers wounded, of whom three died after of their wounds. Indeed, 'twas a hot corner, the Manor bowling-green, that Sunday afternoon.

The fire of the besiegers slackened after this repulse. To put on the time, the Earl of Newcastle kept the commanders amused, treating of rendition, while all eyes and expectations in the city were turned towards the west, where Prince Rupert was hovering, watching to make his opportunity to raise the siege. My father and Mr. Dodsworth were at S. Mary's Tower several days, availing themselves of the lull to see the records dug out of the ruins and put in a place of safety, which in the end they did, Mr. Dodsworth giving incredible pains to restore them to order.

The Republican armies encompassing the city were now near sixty thousand, and it began to be their evident design to starve us out. As the summer grew on to the middle of June the consummation seemed as it could not be very far off. Hunger is a sharp thorn, and all in the city that were a-hungered were about losing patience. 'Twas on Midsummer Day Newcastle made his last effort to break the besiegers' lines in a desperate sally on Manchester's quarters from Monkbar, to bring in a convoy, but was repulsed and driven back, with empty hands and dreadful slaughter. The very women helped that day, put on manly courage, and underwent danger and fatigue in doing all modesty would permit. 'Twas hard to go pining to bed after, and to know the Parliament soldiers were devouring the good provisions we had such need of.

XX.[1]

MARSTON BATTLE, JULY 2.

FROM the sally on Midsummer Day to the day of Marston Battle was a week—a doleful week of weighing and measuring our poor meals to eke out the food that was left us, of hoping against hope, and of looking for the deliverance that still delayed to come. The philosophers' eggs were useful now. A pinch of the powder mingled in a cup of wine or ale was a drink that some of our aged and poor neighbours found a grateful help with their scant rations of dry bread. There was no lack of liquors all the time of the siege. Job Twynam's strong ale was, I do truly believe, the cause that many were kept alive, good ale in moderation being a great nourisher of bodily strength.

The long June evenings were very warm and beautiful, and my father would bid me in the twilight sing to my lute with the best voice I had. I was fond of my own low singing because it lifted my heart a while out of its tremors, and cheered us all. I must not forget what Joan, Boy's nurse who left us before the close siege, ventured for him when the famine was nearing its worst. From my window early one morning I saw a clumsy-made country lad lying on the steps of All Hallows' Church and fast asleep. I was at my prayers when I saw him, and when he presently woke up, and stretched himself with

a monstrous yawn, he gazed about like one that is lost, yet seemed to have an eye always to my window. I just showed my face, and he made a sign with his hand. My thoughts flew to my dear Roger, that here was news of him, and I went stealthily down the stairs to let in the messenger. But when I opened the door, behold it was Joan, and she had brought us a bag of excellent flour and other good eatables. I dare not say but they were welcome as the best of news! I know the tears dimmed my eyes when I saw them, and thought of the risks she ran to get into the city. She was very sad and pitiful of my pale cheek, and would have cried over Boy in his little bed had time allowed, but she was in haste to be gone again, and would answer no question of how she had come. A very droll figure she made in her disguise! Out of her own warm heart she had dared the adventure, and because it had been told her father at Lamel Mills that all sorts of folks in York were sharp-set, and the city could not hold out many days longer. She could tell me nothing of Jaffray or our house at Fulford; and so she went away, and I called Madget to knead a cake of bread and bake it for breakfast. Butter we had none, but hunger is a good sauce, and makes plain fare easy to go down.

'Twas on Thursday Joan came. On Sunday morning the church bells rang to service according to custom, and my father went, arm-in-arm with me, to All Hallows. As we came out after Communion there was a bustle in the Pavement, and a man at the Cross crying the news. Prince Rupert was got to Knaresborough, and had had a brush with the van of Cromwell's army. The people were running about, some in joy and some in tears, thanking God, and asking if the Prince would bring a convoy in. Before dark 'twas noised that Fairfax and Lesley were breaking up camp and moving off. Not many slept that night, but strange, I slept, and woke not till dawn, when there came a knocking at my door, and Madget calling me. There had been a poor young officer brought to us wounded after the sally from Monk-bar, and we had given him the guest-chamber. He was our charge to take care of, but his hurt was mortal, and our hopeless task had been both heavy and sad. 'Twas ending now. My mother had watched him the fore part of the night, and Madget since. He was passing away as I returned with her—the first daylight on his face, his eyes closed, his lips faintly moving. I knelt down and joined my prayers with his: 'Almighty God, have mercy on us, forgive us our sins, and bring us to everlasting life. *Amen.* May the almighty and merciful God grant us pardon, absolution and remission of our sins. *Amen.* Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*' All was over with him. He came from a long way off with Newcastle's army, and had lived by the sea, we thought, for

in his wanderings 'twas of great 'whelming waves and storms he raved, very pitiful and amazing to hear.

When day was fully come 'twas seen that Fairfax and the Scots had marched out in hope to intercept Prince Rupert, and force a battle. But the Prince gave them the slip, left his army bivouacked in the Forest of Galtres, crossed the Ouse, and got into the city with supplies that Monday in the evening. The Minster bells rang him a welcome, and though no tidings of my dear husband were brought me, I caught the common gladness, and felt my heart lightened of one half its load. The commanders met in council forthwith—a turbulent council as we heard after. The Earl of Newcastle did not despise his enemy, and knew that the King's cause might be for ever lost if they had not a victory for him when they met the Parliament armies next. He advised to stay for a split amongst their generals, such as had followed before on a Loyalist success; but Prince Rupert was hasty and imperious, and alleged positive orders from the King to fight. So in the morning of Tuesday there was loud beating to arms and mustering from every quarter, and all the dusty, hot hours of the day the tramp, tramp of thousands and tens of thousands on the roads to Long Marston, where, at five o'clock of the afternoon, on the great moor there, they came face to face with the Republican forces drawn up in order of battle. 'Twas expected they would not join till the morrow, but a random shot mortally wounded a young man who was sister's son to Colonel Cromwell—he had lost his own eldest son at Gainsborough not long before—and that shot began the fighting. 'Twas terrible hot work in the summer gloaming—O God, what a sight! There was a moment when victory seemed to declare for the King, but while Prince Rupert's cavaliers were shouting their triumph, out of the smoke and the din came Cromwell, riding swiftly with his tawny ranks of Ironsides—his men of religion, whose backs no man ever saw—and snatched it away—finally away. The Scots had broke and fled before—old Lesley saved his life only by the goodness of his horse; but Cromwell and Fairfax were enough for us. Prince Rupert said after: 'I am sure my men fought well. I know no reason for our rout but this, because the devil did help his servants.' Newcastle's regiment died where they stood—and Bess Ingram's sweetheart, better couraged now, got a hurt that salved his wounded honour.

How shall I tell you the end of that fatal affray? Pell-mell, helter-skelter back to York all the night through poured our beaten soldiers, and the enemy in pursuit to within a mile of the gates. The press of fugitives at Micklegate Bar was as of men that had lost their heads for confusion and fear. And the anguish, the madness within the city—but I cannot speak of them!

When word came that Sunday of Prince Rupert at Knaresborough, I hoped, I know I did, that my dear Roger might be also near at hand.

But the night went, and the morning came, and the next day, which was the day of the battle, and I had neither sight nor sound of him. Sometimes it fell on me with a passionate dread that this silence might endure. I was best on my knees with his mother's prayer: 'Remember me, O Lord, and every Christian soul under affliction or calamity, and all who stand in need of Thy divine mercy and help. Remember all, O Lord, for good: have mercy on all, O Lord; be reconciled to us all; settle the flocks of Thy people in peace; make wars to cease; and grant us Thy peace and love, O God our Saviour, the Hope of all the ends of the earth.' My own mother held me in her arms, but essayed no comfort in words. Boy begged to play with his toys on the floor. My father lifted his head anon to look at us. That dreadful day! that woeful day! I knew it not yet, but Job Twynam had taken the stoutest of his dray-horses and had jogged off to Long Marston in hopes to pick up tidings of my husband.

'They'll none mell wi' me, Madget,' he said to her, remonstrant. 'I'se carry nowt but my head on my showthers, an' I warrant I'se bring it back.'

He did bring it back, and a terrible tale to tell of that he had seen on the heath, but no sign had he of him he sought. It was the bloodiest battle of the Civil War, Marston Battle. Four thousand one hundred and fifty-three slain men there were to bury where they fell, without reckoning them that died after of their wounds. Prince Rupert had fled another way, and the Parliament forces were drawing towards York again—that was all his tidings. But oh! wonderful goodness and mercy! Swiftsure had carried his wounded master home to his own door at Fulford, and there Jaffray found them, both dozing in the hot sunshine the morning after the fight. To give them food, to give them drink, to wash their hurts, was her first thought and duty, and her next to send a lad with a message to the Pavement; a bold little fellow, who considered less the blessed news he brought than that Jaffray had promised he would be a made man if he brought it safe.

I waited not an instant, but got away while there was yet time to escape out of the city. Alone I went, and on foot, skirting the river, but never went I any journey so quickly, all my soul singing thanks to my God! Roger was in high fever, and knew me not. He was in the battle again, in the flight and pursuit—O, dreary work! O, weary world!—but he was given back to my love at last—at last! Many tribulations there were to go through yet, but I scarce felt them at all, because God had been so gracious to me in this, that my dear husband was saved alive!

A few days more of misery inexpressible, and York gave up. The siege had continued eighteen months, and the defence had quite exhausted supplies and provisions. Fairfax returned and summoned the city again the day after Marston victory, but Sir Thomas

Glenham and the Lord Mayor still refusing to yield, the assault was renewed with so great fury that the inhabitants desired a parley, and honourable terms of rendition were proposed by the besiegers. The Governor, overborne by numbers, consented to their acceptance, and on the 11th of July York surrendered. On the 16th, the Loyalist army marched out of the city, full-armed, drums beating, colours flying, match lighted, bullet in mouth, sick and wounded, bag and baggage. The Republican armies were drawn up in line outside Micklegate Bar to see them pass, and afterwards marched into the city, when the Generals went to prayers at the Minster, and the *Te Deum* was sung.

Sir Thomas Fairfax remained as Governor of York, and when the armies went away, except that men of the Puritan sort replaced the former authorities who held for the King, there appeared but little difference in the city, and it was soon itself again. Before the month was out countrymen of both colours were busy reaping the harvest together. 'Twas of God's mercy that the blessing of peaceful labour called them so soon away from the pride of victory and the humiliation of defeat; for brooding of losses is angry pain. Scarce a house of the county but was put in mourning by Marston Battle. Charles Fairfax, the General's son, and Major Fairfax were both dead and gone, and of our side, Langdales, Slingsbys, Wentworths, Lambtons, Methuens; nay, I cannot recite their names that had given dear life for the King, and gave after of their substance heavily to the Parliament, by way of fine on their loyalty. Terribly impoverished we were all, and for long after, though the storm of fighting rolled away to other parts of the kingdom. The Earl of Newcastle and many gentlemen with him left the country abruptly after Marston Battle, and came back no more till the Restoration. 'Twas in the deep winter of the next year that General Skippon of the Parliament army brought to York the 200,000*l.* owing to the Scots for their help in the reduction of the northern counties, and paid to them it was in the Guildhall of the city. The price of blood, as the Loyalists called it, and exacted it again with usury when the whirligig of time brought round its revenges.

This is all, I think, that I can tell you of the Siege of York.

'Twas a happy surprise to my beloved husband to find himself in his own house at Fulford when he came to his right mind again. He could never well remember the incidents of Marston Battle, but what he did remember was the sudden, unexpected sight of Cromwell trotting up to rally the Republican force that was giving way before Newcastle's last onset. He had his fluted pot helmet on his head, that men came to know after as his constant wear; and under it his powerful countenance, very sad and stern set, and his eyes full of gloomy fire. You recollect that his eldest son had been killed to

death a short while before, and his young nephew lay then on that bloody field gasping out his life.

'He saw me, I'm sure he did,' Roger said, telling me after. 'His Slepe dragoons were behind him, the troop he armed and mounted himself—hard-handed fellows, who did as he bade them, and asked no questions.'

These Slepe dragoons were Cromwell's men of religion—his Ironsides. 'Twas they, no doubt, finished the work on Marston Moor, and carried the day.

A strong man, Oliver Cromwell, born to command and govern. Whether he was more or better let God be judge. Only this be sure of—that the tyranny of princes and the unruliness of the multitude lead to the same issue of general overturn; and that God never hath failed to produce in due time a deliverer for oppressed nations, and to lay a yoke on the necks of peoples that are wild and ungovernable, and refuse obedience to the eternal and irreversible laws of Justice and Mercy and Truth.

'Tis not wise to credit all the stories that were imagined against the Lord Protector when he was raised to honour and power. Sure, his sins found him out. A dread shadow lay always across his path of glory, his dust was meanly dishonoured, and his seed had not the blessing of continuance in the land. 'Twas said, but I cannot believe it true, that he gave leave to pull down the Chapter House of York Minster, and build a stable with the ruins; and to improve the tale, 'tis added that the man he gave the leave to died within the week. The garrison Fairfax had was two-thirds Yorkshire men, according to the terms of rendition, and I never heard of Puritan in York so sour of piety that he wanted to meddle with the Minster. A little lead from the churches here and there, to cast bullets, Cromwell did not stick at, nor any other commander, but the stones of the Chapter House stand as the builders laid them in the ages of faith, when men nobly gave of their best for the service of God and the Church. The pictured windows, the ancient treasures of the sacristy, there they be still, unspoilt of sacrilegious hands. The bells ring, the organ sounds, the voices of prayer and praise rise to Heaven daily. 'Tis men and women, 'tis youth and love pass away, not these—nay, all things pure and good and holy remain in their spirit and their essence. We live again in our children, in the grateful hearts we have made by our benefits, and in the generous deeds we have inspired by our word or example.

(Concluded.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXXV.

THE WITCHES' STORM.

1589—1594.

JAMES VI. had come to years of manhood, but Scotland was in as miserable a state of anarchy as ever; each family pursuing its own feud with little regard to the King, and the strongest power of all in the kingdom being the Presbytery, who rebuked the King pretty sternly whenever he displeased them.

In his heart of hearts, James had no love for Calvinism, but it was as much as his life and throne were worth to betray his real admiration for Spain, and his distaste for the ministers who by turns bullied and patronised him. He had likewise to keep on good terms with Elizabeth, who pensioned him and his council, gave them her orders, and encouraged plots if he disobeyed her. The Gordons, with the Marquis of Huntly at their head, were the leading Roman Catholic family, and most of the Highlands were of the same faith, except the Campbells and their head, the Earl of Argyle, while most of the Lowlanders were Calvinist.

James depended chiefly at this time on his Chancellor, Maitland, a nephew of the famous Lethington, who had inherited much of his ability, and was as nearly honest and loyal as any statesmen of the period. Both he and his King probably felt that the real hope for Scotland was in the English inheritance, which might strengthen the royal power to put down horrible misrule. But James was an heir-at-law with his inheritance in the hands of a capricious kinswoman, who might easily be disobliged and offended and bequeath it to other hands. So at least it must have appeared to him. In truth, Elizabeth's feelings respecting hereditary right were so strong that she had never attempted to declare his mother incapable of succeeding her, although she chose to keep him in wholesome uncertainty by way of ruling him the more securely. He was now twenty-two, and a marriage, that might gratify her as much as any marriage was likely to do, was the consideration as soon as the destruction of the Armada had made it plain that Spain was not to triumph. An undoubted Princess and a Protestant the lady must be, and Henri of Navarre had offered the hand of his sister Catherine with the full approbation of Elizabeth; but Catherine was much older than James, and was grave, melancholy, and far from beautiful enough to tempt the imagination of a young King.

His mind was far more inclined to one of the Princesses of Denmark, and Frederick II., their father, was much disposed to desire the match by way of ending a dispute respecting the possession of the Orkney and Shetland isles, and actually sent envoys in 1587 to offer his eldest daughter, or, in case she were not accepted, to demand the islands. James was then under the influence of the Earl of Arran, and the ambassadors were unfavourably received, considered themselves insulted, and went angrily home. However, the body of the nation were alarmed at the idea of war with the Danes, and the Council decided on sending Peter Young, the King's old tutor, to visit Denmark, and report on the young ladies and their "tocher." Peter was well pleased with the princesses, but Frederick doubted the sincerity of the negotiation, and while giving his eldest daughter to the Duke of Brunswick, threatened Scotland with war. However, he died in 1589, leaving a son, Christiern IV., only eleven years old, with the Queen Sophia of Mecklenburg as Regent.

A miniature of Anne, the remaining daughter of Denmark, was sent to James by Peter Young, and his kinsman Colonel Stewart. It showed her as a small, regularly-featured maiden, with an exceedingly fair skin and dark eyes, and it at once decided him in her favour. He placed it in one of the green enamelled heads of thistles in the badge of the Order, which he always wore, and there it passed from father to son for two hundred and thirty years, till it was bequeathed to George IV. by the last of the race, the Cardinal of York. James then entered on a course of prayers for direction, and at the end of a fortnight formally announced to his Council his intention of wedding the Princess of Denmark. It was very welcome to the Scots at large, but Queen Elizabeth was absolutely averse to it, preferring the French alliance, if James must marry at all; for though his death without a direct heir would have been a frightful disaster to both kingdoms, her perverse temper would not endure the thought of his wedding; and she actually wrote to Henri IV. that if the engagement with his sister should take place, the marriage must be delayed for three years.

So many of the Scottish privy council were in her pay that they likewise opposed the Danish match, till James, out of patience, set some of his familiars at work upon the deacons of the Edinburgh citizens to incite the populace to rise and threaten to slay the Chancellor and maltreat the Council if they presumed to hinder the marriage. The mob took the hint. They shouted that Queen Elizabeth and her friends were afraid of their King having a son who might revenge Queen Mary's death, and made such a tumult, that the Council feared to make further delay, and appointed the Earl Marischal, the Constable of Dundee, and Lord Andrew Keith as proxies, to conclude the marriage; but money for their outfit was not readily found, and they did not arrive in Scotland till June, 1589. The Danes were only too glad to

see them, and on the 20th of August, the Earl Marischal of Scotland represented his King at the proxy wedding in the fortress of Kronenberg, in the island of Zealand. Early in September, twelve Danish ships, under the command of Peter Munch, the admiral, set sail for Scotland to convey the bride, while malicious gossips declared that she would be there in such haste that neither King James's hose nor his house would be ready for her.

No such thing. The household was ready, and at the head of it were placed the faithful Jean Kennedy, and Sir Andrew Melville whom she had married since the death of their mistress. On the news of her appointment, she endeavoured to cross Leith ferry in an open boat, but a terrible storm arose, and in it the good lady met her death. That same storm was driving back the young bride from the Scottish coast. Twice it came within sight of shore, twice it was driven back to the rocky promontories of Norway. Poor Peter Munch, sore bestead, bethought him of having in an evil hour boxed the ears of a burgher of Copenhagen whose wife was a noted witch, and who was no doubt brewing this storm to avenge his wrongs, after the fashion of Macbeth's witches. A third storm came on, in which a cannon in his own ship broke from its tacklings, killed eight men, and nearly fell on the young bride herself, damaging the whole vessel so much that she could hardly be kept afloat. He gave up the contest, and took refuge in one of the Norwegian fiords, running twenty miles inland. Thence he sent letters to Copenhagen accusing the witch, and the unhappy woman was actually burnt for her supposed incantations. But he did not think it permissible to bring back the bride to her home, and as the frost immediately set in, it was impossible to take her to Scotland. All that could be done was to send off a young Danish gentleman named Stephen Beale, who undertook, through all difficulties, to convey letters to King James, telling him of her situation, and how she was waiting at the little village of Upslo till she received his directions.

James was at Craigmillar Castle when he received the letters. He at once directed his cousin, Francis Stewart, to whom he had given the fatal title of Earl of Bothwell, to proceed to Norway with six royal ships to fetch home the bride. The next day, Bothwell brought an alarming calculation of expenses, so entirely beyond the powers of the royal purse, that James was sorely dismayed, but his Chancellor, Maitland, came forward and said, that if his Majesty would be content with such ships as he and other loyal subjects could furnish, he would go and fetch the Queen himself. On this, James decided that he would make the voyage himself in the Chancellor's ship, but he kept his intention an absolute secret even from the Chancellor, disclaiming it flatly to the Duke of Lennox and Earl of Bothwell, lest the people should rise to hinder him from risking his royal person on such an expedition.

There was considerable danger in it besides the perils of the wintry

seas. Eight English ships of war hovered on the coasts of Scotland, and James had only been able to collect five little ships and barks, of which only the largest (150 tons), wherein he himself was to embark, carried some small brass guns. True, he was at peace with England, but Elizabeth's captains, and probably she herself, would have thought a truant King no small prize.

He left letters appointing Lennox to preside over the Council, and Bothwell to assist him. Bidding the ministers pray for his safe return, and announcing that his reasons for concealing his intention from the Chancellor were that he remembered 'quhat envious and unjust burden he daily bears for leading me by the nose, as gif I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn that could do naething for myself,' he added, that he thought it time to be married, lest folk 'should consider him a barren stock.'

To so timid a nature as James's this voyage must have been a terrible ordeal. He sailed on the 22nd of October, 1589, had four days of prosperity, and then one severe gale; but on the 28th safely landed at Staickray, whence he made his way, apparently upon Norwegian ponies, to Upslo, where he arrived on the 19th of November. He went straight, just as he was, in his boots and spurs, to the lodging (probably the Manse); where his strange ungainly figure suddenly appeared before the fair and delicate girl of sixteen. With scant ceremony he proceeded to embrace her, but she shrank back and pushed him away. However, a few words passed between them, probably in French, though his broad Scotch was not far removed from her Danish, and she then accepted his demonstrations, though they must have been rather trying, considering that he always carried his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and was the most awkward of mankind; but she could not help being touched with the effort he had made on her behalf, and, bating a few quarrels, they were faithfully attached throughout their lives.

They were married on the ensuing Sunday in the little parish church of Upslo, by David Lindsay, the King's chaplain, using the French language. It is a curious thing that one of our Kings should have been married in Cyprus, and another at a little Norwegian village, the last places that could have been thought of for the bridal ceremony of a British monarch.

Perhaps James and his gentlemen thought of the fate of Sir Patrick Spens when he went to 'fetch the King's daughter of Norroway hame,' for he made no attempt to leave Upslo till he had received an invitation from his bride's mother to visit her at Copenhagen. The sea was by this time closed by ice, and the difficulties of a land journey through Sweden were so severe, that James, after sending to ask a safe-conduct from the King of Sweden, set forth himself to reconnoitre, and satisfied himself that the mountain road was practicable for his Anne before going back to fetch her.

King John of Sweden sent 400 troopers as their escort, and sometimes riding, sometimes sleighing, they reached Elsingborg, on the Sound, and there waited three days, while a storm was raging. They then crossed to Zealand, and were welcomed with delight by the young King and his mother. They submitted to be married over again, Lutheran fashion, and spent the Christmas in revelry. The Danish vice was drinking, and it was as a well-informed contemporary that Shakespeare wrote of the salutes by the cannon of Elsinore as the King caroused, as that 'custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance.' Unfortunately, James did not regard the practice as did the English poet. He had broken loose from his masters, and he found what he called 'drinking and driving *our*' so congenial, that he acquired habits that were the disgrace of his throne throughout his life.

So long did he remain in Denmark, that his subjects sent six ships with Peter Galloway to bring him home, and together with a large Danish fleet under Peter Munch they set sail with the young couple on the 21st of April, and came to Leith on the May-day of 1590.

Great preparations were then made for the coronation festival. Contributions were requested in all quarters, and there are letters in the King's own hand showing the poverty of his Court. From one family he begged for the loan of some silver spoons, and when expecting the Spanish Ambassador, he wrote to the Earl of Mar by the familiar old name of Johnnie Slates, to borrow a pair of silk stockings, on the unanswerable plea, 'Ye wad not that your King should look like ane scrub on sic an occasion.' The coronation ceremonies were a great matter of controversy. None of the so-called Bishops were at hand, and Mr. Robert Bruce was appointed to officiate; but his fellow ministers objected to anointing as a Jewish rite, and threatened to censure him if he performed it; on which James declared that if any objection were made he should send for the Bishops, who would do as he pleased. Their very name was so obnoxious to the Presbytery that they yielded, and the solemn entry took place, the King riding in state, and the Queen following him in an open chariot drawn by eight horses. Thus they came to Holyrood, and Anne was crowned in the chapel, being anointed on head and breast by Mr. Bruce, after which the crown was set on her head by her husband himself.

Two days after, she was taken in a gilt coach in triumphal procession through the City. At the gate, she was welcomed in a Latin speech by Maister John Russell, while his young son, little Maister John Russell, emerged from a gilt globe on the top of the gate, arrayed as an angel, and presented the Queen with the keys. At the Netherbow, another pause occurred, a purple velvet box with a great A in diamonds being let down on her. It contained 20,000 crowns worth of jewels as a present from the City, speaking well for the prosperity

of the burghers. A sensible wife might have been an infinite advantage to one so affectionate and easily influenced as James; but Anne, though irreproachable in conduct, was never a wise woman, and did little or nothing to steady or raise her husband's tone.

James was, however, full of high purposes at this period of his youth, endeavouring to mediate between England and Spain, or else to arrange a Protestant league. He gave so much satisfaction to Elizabeth that she forgave his marriage and sent him the Order of the Garter.

Scotland had been in a state of unusual calm during his absence, but it was as usual full of elements of disturbance. One of these was the King's cousin, Francis Stewart, who was son to Lord John Stewart, one of the illegitimate progeny of James V. His mother was Lady Jean Hepburn, sister to the notorious Bothwell, and the title had been given to him by Queen Mary's request. Bothwell was a handsome dark man, highly cultivated, able to speak many languages, and of great courage and graceful address, but turbulent and unprincipled, and though hitherto a favourite with the King, he was thought to have had hopes of the crown, which were disappointed by the King's marriage; and this gave colour to the extraordinary accusations made by a woman named Agnes Simpson and a man named Richard Graham, who both separately declared Lord Bothwell to have instigated them to raise the storms which had drowned Jean Kennedy and kept the young Queen so long aloof from Scotland.

Belief in witchcraft, and a morbid tendency to self-accusation of dealings with Satan, seems to be a sort of epidemic, breaking out at different periods in various countries, especially in such as have cast off a large amount of other superstitions. It may have been the mere report of the fate of the Danish witch that worked on Agnes Simpson to believe herself guilty of the like sorceries. She was not an ignorant hag, but a sedate, matronly woman, who made her answers in a grave and settled way, when personally examined by the King, who was much excited about the whole matter. No wonder, for these grave and settled answers were most extraordinary.

She said she had a familiar Spirit, who would answer her questions. The King asked how she summoned him; and she replied that he had instructed her to say 'Holla, Maister.' The Earl of Bothwell had bidden her to ask how long the King would reign, and what would happen after his death, but though the spirit promised to make away with the Queen, all it could say about the King was, in a language she could not understand, *Il est homme de Dieu.*

Greatly encouraged, James further extracted from her an account of a midnight sabbath of witches in the church of North Berwick, where the devil preached to them. He had a nose like an eagle's beak, burning eyes, hairy legs, nails like the griffin, and a body of iron. The company kissed his ears, which were cold as ice, and he

told them of the compact of the Scotch and Norwegian witches to hinder the Queen's voyage.

The storm, she said, was actually raised by a party of witches meeting at Leith, where they baptized a cat, passed her thrice through the links of the chain on which cauldrons are hung in the chimney, then tied four bones of a dead man to her feet, and carried her at midnight to the pier-head, where they flung her out to sea as far as they could. As she swam ashore, they augured that the Queen would at length arrive.

As the interrogation proceeded, her story became more wonderful. How did she reach this synod at Berwick? No less than two hundred witches started each on her own riddle, *i.e.* sieve; and therein floated from Leith to Berwick, where they landed, and, headed by one Gillies Duncan, playing a reel on the Jew's harp, danced up to the church, singing—

'Cummer, go ye before,
Cummer go ye.
Gif ye will not go before,
Cummer, let me.'

Here the King began to demur, whereupon Agnes Simpson begged that Gillies Duncan and his Jew's harp might be sent for, and he actually performed the Satanic tune and danced the witches' dance before the Council. As the King was still unconvinced, Agnes took him aside, and told him all that had happened in his first interview with the Queen.

Richard Graham, when examined, also implicated Lord Claud Hamilton as having made inquiries as to the King's life. By Bothwell's desire, it was said, a spell had been attempted by hanging a waxen image of James between the head of a calf and the body of a fox. Upon this Bothwell, who laughed and defied all these absurdities, was arrested, and shut up in Edinburgh Castle, while the unfortunate sorcerers and sorceresses were strangled and then burnt, persisting to the last in their wonderful declarations. However it might be with the war of the elements, the storm their confessions raised in Scotland was fierce and long enough. In truth, though witchcraft was the excuse, the struggle was between the Roman Catholic Huntly and the Presbyterian party of the south.

'The Black Bothwell,' as he was called, soon made himself heard of. He had gathered a wild band of outlaws on the Border, and believing that his disgrace had been owing to the Chancellor, Maitland, he came to take his revenge by attacking his chamber in Holyrood House at night. The doors of the King, Queen, and Chancellor were all beset—the King's with fire, the Queen's with hammers; but the Provost and citizens came to the rescue, and Bothwell fled. The King went to return thanks for his safety at St. Giles's, but was scolded from the pulpit by Mr. John Craigie, who told him it was a warning to him.

Poor James had enough of such warnings, for Bothwell attacked him again in the palace of Falkland, but the men of Fife rose and delivered him. James was not allowed any sort of guard, so jealous were the Estates of any attempt to form an army; so there was no security in any of his palaces for a moment. At last, however, when Bothwell brought 500 Border ruffians to Edinburgh, Lord Home was at hand with seven or eight score spears. He fought and chased the Hepburns out of the city. The fashion of executing justice in Scotland at that time was to give what was called 'a writ of fire and sword' to some nobleman who was at deadly feud with the offender, and who would fall on him with satisfaction. Such letters were issued to the head of the Gordons, the Marquis of Huntly, and he effectually drove Bothwell out of the country to England. But Huntly had another private enemy to follow under colour of this writ, namely, Stewart of Doune, the husband of one of the Regent Moray's daughters, who bore his title of Earl of Moray, a splendidly handsome man, of great stature and strength, with a fair complexion and long golden hair. He was commonly called the Bonnie Yerl o'Moray, and Queen Anne had expressed her admiration of him as of a sort of paladin, somewhat to the annoyance of her husband, who certainly never was beautiful. It was said that the Earl had been seen among Bothwell's allies on the last night of his attacks on Holyrood, and this gave Huntly his opportunity. Lord Ochiltree, the firm friend of Moray, had been endeavouring to reconcile the two, and had induced the Earl to come from his northern fastnesses to his mother's castle of Dumbristle, not far from the Queen's ferry, there intending to meet Huntly, who was in attendance at Court.

Ochiltree rode to Queen's ferry, meaning to cross to Dumbristle and arrange the interview, but he found there was a royal order forbidding any boats to cross the Firth of Forth.

Meantime James went out hunting, and Huntly collected forty followers to go with him. Then, pretending that he had heard that Black Bothwell was coming, he rode off, and beset the castle of Dumbristle, having made no difficulty as to crossing the ferry. Moray, whose mother and sisters were with him, held out, in hopes of a rescue, but the Gordons collected the stacks of hay and straw from the farms around, heaped them up, and fired them. A desperate sally was made, in which the Sheriff of Moray was killed, but the young Earl, with his long hair streaming on fire behind him, broke through the toils like a lion, and rushed down to the seashore. But the silken plume of his helmet blazed up, and showed him to his enemies, who hunted him into a cave, and there murdered him.

Huntly would have held back, but his kinsman, Gordon of Buckie, cursed him as afraid to go as far as the rest, and forced him on to give a blow that he might be art and part in the death, as he had been in the conspiracy. Thus goaded, Huntly slashed the face of the Earl,

who already lay dying under Buckie's blow, but who looked up with a strange smile and said, 'Ye've spoilt a bonnier face than yer ain.'

The ladies were saved, and the mother, Lady Doune, caused the mangled body of her beautiful son and of the Sheriff to be laid in the church at Leith. Lord Forbes marched through the North with Moray's bloody shirt on a spear calling for revenge, and the populace of Edinburgh were in such a tumult of wrath that Huntly fled to Ravenshugh, and the King and Chancellor Maitland also left the city, the Provost and Bailies scarcely restraining the people from laying hands on them.

Huntly surrendered to take his trial at Blackness Castle, but he pleaded the Royal Writ, and this was admitted as sufficient excuse, and he was released. On this, every kinsman of the murdered man rose in arms, and Bothwell returned from England. However, James pacified them by dismissing his Chancellor, sending Huntly from Court, and admitting five ministers to hear him excuse himself by the analogy of David, when he could not avenge the blood of Abner because the sons of Zeruiah were too hard for him.

However, he brought back Chancellor Maitland, and held a Parliament in 1593, in which Bothwell was declared a traitor at the Market Cross; but only a few days after, as James was being dressed, on the morning of the 24th of July, and was having his points trussed, a noise arose in the next room, and before him stood Bothwell, sword in hand. James darted to the door of the Queen's room, but while he was asleep it had been locked by Bothwell himself, who had been admitted to the palace by Lady Athole, one of the Ruthven family. Brought to bay, James behaved with spirit. 'Come on,' he said, 'Franᵒis! you seek my life, but you cannot hurt my soul.'

Here as Lennox and Athole came in Bothwell fell on his knees; but the King indignantly said, 'Kneel not, nor add hypocrisy to treason. Put me to death, for I will not live a prisoner or dishonoured,' and he calmly sat down, as if ready for the worst.

Bothwell however, still kneeling, declared that he only came to sue for pardon. He kissed the hilt of his sword, and holding it by the point, gave it to the King, shaking his long black hair from his neck and bending his head as if to invite the King to do justice on him on the spot, and then laid hold of the King's foot and put it on his own head, so that James must have felt rather like Charles the Simple during the homage of Rollo.

Meanwhile a wild uproar arose on the outside, and a gentleman standing in the window called out to the King that the gude folk of Edinburgh, at one sign from him, would force the doors and rid him of the traitors. James, fearing that such a rescue might lead to still greater danger, hastily fixed a day for Bothwell's trial on the question of witchcraft, now four years old, and only required him to withdraw from Court till that was over, but his friends remained in possession of the King's person.

Bothwell, well knowing that Queen Elizabeth was his secret supporter, betook himself to Durham, and there poured the whole story into the unwilling ears of the Dean, Dr. Toby Matthews, and likewise wrote a letter to Elizabeth, wherein he addressed her as 'Most renowned Empress,' and entreated her interference on his behalf. After this he collected six leashes of hounds and some fine horses as a present to the King, and went home to take his trial for witchcraft.

The indictment was wonderful. It was on the deposition of Richard Graham, who had long ago been burnt, and it accused the Earl of procuring a poison made of quite as curious ingredients as those used by Macbeth's witches, being compounded of adder skins, toad skins, and the like. It was to be placed where it might ooze on the King's head, when one drop would cause instant death. However, Bothwell's lawyer successfully showed that this evidence conflicted with that of Agnes Simpson and the other women, and that it had been obtained under an unfulfilled promise of pardon. Bothwell was acquitted, as he probably would have been if he had been guilty.

However, James had made all his arrangements for escaping from the hands of Athole and Bothwell's other friends, and throwing himself upon the Huntly faction in the North. He was actually leaving Holyrood at three o'clock in the morning, when Bothwell discovered what was going on, and insisted that he should not leave the palace till he had revoked Bothwell's outlawry, restored him to his lands and offices, and revenged the death of Moray.

James would not listen. The ministers of the Kirk and the English Ambassador were called in, but he remained firm to his resolution not to submit to this dishonourable coercion and semi-captivity, and all that could be obtained from him was Bothwell's pardon, and a promise that he would not summon Maitland and his colleagues to Court till after the sitting of the Parliament, which was to meet in six weeks at Stirling. Till that time Bothwell was to absent himself from Court.

James was really all the time led by Maitland, and was with his assistance negotiating with Huntly and the Roman Catholic party, much to the discontent of Elizabeth. Another plot was arranged by Bothwell with the knowledge of the English ambassador, Lord Zouch, for making himself master of the King, or of his little heir, Henry Frederick, who had been born on the 19th of February, 1594, to the great joy of the people, who were said to be daft for mirth. A few weeks later Bothwell raised 600 horse and waited at Leith to be joined by the Earls of Athole and Argyle; but James had been warned in time, and had brought up the Borderers under Buccleuch, Cessford, and Hume. There was a fight at Edmeston Edge which ended in Bothwell's defeat. It was the close of his attempts; he left Scotland, and shortly after died in France, in poverty. It is his grandson whom Scott introduces as a Lifeguardsman in *Old Mortality*.

GREEK TESTAMENT FOR LADIES.

II.

In a former article an attempt was made to encourage ladies to make the Greek Testament an object of study; and a few instances were given of passages where even a very slight knowledge of the original would render distinct aid in the better understanding of our excellent Authorised Version. We propose now to prosecute this subject further, in the hope of affording to some readers additional evidence of the advantages to be expected from the labour which we are recommending.

Perhaps, however, more stress ought to be laid, in the first instance, on the great difference between *classical* Greek, *i.e.* the language of the great tragedians, philosophers, and historians, which was at its best in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., and *Hellenistic* Greek, in which the New Testament was written. The language, in its older form, was the most exact and refined vehicle of thought that the world has ever known. But the Greek of the Evangelists and Apostles is, from a scholar's point of view, only the degenerate offspring of the Greek of Thucydides and Plato. The nice distinctions of the classic writers have become blunted. Numerous usages which expressed delicate shades of thought have disappeared, and consequently, although Hellenistic Greek is very far indeed from being 'a poor language,' it is by no means the very rich (and therefore very difficult) language which classical Greek is.

In recommending, therefore, the study of the Greek Testament, we do not wish to be understood as implying that fine shades of meaning are to be looked for in every clause of the original; for this is by no means the case. It is mainly owing to the fact that Hellenistic Greek is, comparatively, so simple a language, that it deserves to be more extensively studied, when it is remembered that the subject-matter of the New Testament is, beyond all price, valuable and important.

One point of difference between the two kinds of Greek may be especially pointed out here, as it constitutes no slight simplification of that vast mass of accidence which can hardly fail to alarm the young student who approaches the study of Greek grammar. The inflexions of nouns, adjectives, pronouns, and that important class of words, the participles (of *three* different voices of verbs), are more numerous in classical Greek than in other languages, in consequence of the fact that there are not merely three genders of these parts of speech, but also three *numbers;* a *dual* number besides the ordinary singular and plural. But this additional number vanishes in Hellenistic Greek. *The dual is never found in the Greek Testament.* Hence the student

whose purpose is simply to read the writings of the Apostles and Evangelists, may safely ignore the dual number in the classical Greek grammar; and this will lessen the labour of mastering the accidence to a very considerable extent.

Let us now proceed to the further consideration of advantages to be expected from some knowledge of Hellenistic Greek.

As the testimony of two independent witnesses has a peculiar value; or as binocular vision produces the appearance of solidity in objects (exemplified by the stereoscope); or, to take a striking example, as the independent narratives of the four Evangelists combine, as well by their points of difference as by their points of similitude, to present to us that perfect view of our Lord's life among men, which is the Church's highly-treasured possession while militant here on earth; so the 'collation' and comparison of various versions of the Bible will often serve to clear up the obscurities of each. For example, a boy or girl might very conceivably be puzzled by the obsolete expression 'we do you to wit,' in 2 Cor. viii. 1. Turning to a French Testament, the young inquirer would read *nous voulons vous faire connaître*, 'we wish to make you know'; or in Luther's Version, *Ich thue euch kund*, 'I make known to you' (where, by the way, Luther has no authority for the singular number). Thus the common French and German versions (S.P.C.K. Oxford) would clear up an English difficulty. The same use might be made of modern versions in cases of ambiguity. As an instance, the verb 'communicate' is frequently used now in the sense of partaking of the Holy Communion, and this Sacrament is by some called a 'sacrifice.' It is therefore possible that the verse 'But to do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased' (Heb. xiii. 16) might be misunderstood in some quarters. But a reference to a modern version would decide at once which of the two possible senses should be attributed to each English word of ambiguous meaning.

But if a comparison of two or more *translations* of the original Greek Testament can thus do good service, how much more satisfactory must be the aid furnished in any points of difficulty by an intelligent comparison of a version with the *original itself!* Is it not well worth while to master the intricacies of Greek accidence, when the object in view, never to be forgotten, is the clearer understanding of those 'Holy Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation'?

The passages cited above are instances of difficulties which occasionally confront the English reader, arising either from the antiquity of the Authorised Version, or, far more frequently, from the 'poverty of the English language.'

Of difficulties which are owing to antiquity, through words having lost or changed their meaning since 1611, there are but few in the New Testament; or, perhaps it may be said, that our familiarity with

the English Version has unconsciously overcome them. The only instances that occur to the mind are such as could scarcely require a reference to the original for explanation.

For instance, 'to faint' is a verb which has come to be used in a particular sense, whereas it seems to have had a general sense in James I.'s time. But we can hardly suppose any readers to be perplexed with 'men ought always to pray and not to faint' (Luke xviii. 1), or, 'as we have received mercy, we faint not.' If, however, any difficulty should be felt, the Greek Lexicon would quickly remove it, showing the original verb to mean 'to play the coward,' or, 'to be faint-hearted.'

Again, the word 'rather' has come to be used almost improperly. From being used originally to express the comparative degree of adjectives, like 'more,' it has, in some cases, through loose usage, almost lost the notion of any comparison, though, strictly speaking, reference to a certain standard (a very low one) is unconsciously implied. 'Rather dark' means 'dark rather than fair,'—more dark than the average, which is neither dark nor fair. Hence in common use it seems equivalent to 'slightly.' 'Rather glorious,' therefore, in 2 Cor. iii. 8, *might* be misunderstood as meaning 'slightly glorious' by any one who did not perceive the comparison which is intended with 'the ministration of death' in the preceding verse. Here, again, if any doubt existed, the original Greek would dispel it at a glance.

'Let,' in Rom. i. 13, 'but was let hitherto,' is a curious instance of a word which formerly meant nearly the opposite to that which it means now. For 'I wasn't let' is now a provincialism for 'I was not allowed,' but as the familiar phrase in the Collect, 'sore let and hindered,' teaches us, 'let' used to mean what 'prevented' means now (*prevent* itself having likewise modified its meaning). Here again, either the original or any literal version of it, displays the true meaning of 'let' in the passage in Romans in a manner which is simply conclusive.

There is one instance of obsolete expressions which ought to be mentioned here because it has probably escaped the notice of many English readers. It is the preposition 'by' in the sense of *against*:—'I judge not mine own self. For I know nothing *by* myself; yet am I not hereby justified,' &c. (1 Cor. iv. 3, 4). A careless reader might suppose that the Apostle meant here that of his own power he knew nothing; though such a remark would have no apparent connection with the context. But the literal rendering of the Greek is, 'I am conscious to myself of nothing'; or, as our translators understood it, 'I know nothing against myself.' Alford remarks that 'I know no harm by him' is still a current expression in the midland counties.

The foregoing are instances of difficulties, if they can be called such, which are the result of antiquity, and on account of which, therefore, no blame attaches to the translators of the beginning of the seven-

teenth century. In the passages which we shall now cite, the obscurities are owing to the poverty of the English language, and there is consequently some excuse for the translators; though they might, no doubt, have avoided such obscurities by employing more ample phrases.

The English prepositions are forced to do duty in many and various senses, and it may sometimes happen that it is doubtful what one of these little, but important, words really means. Thus in Rom. iv. 25, 'Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification,' it does not seem quite clear what the preposition 'for' means; but from the original it appears at a glance that it is equivalent to 'on account of,' in each case:—He was delivered up to death because we had sinned, and He was raised up from the dead on account of our justification (that it might be assured to us).

It was shown above that 'by' used to have, with other meanings, the sense of 'against.' It had also a sense which is generally expressed now by some such phrase as 'by means of,' or 'by the agency of.' It has this meaning in Heb. i. 2, '*by* whom also He made the worlds.' This is apparent by the merest glance at the original. The passage therefore means that the Father made the worlds by the agency of the Son. This is exactly what is declared in the Nicene Creed. 'By whom all things were made'; in which clause, however, it is to be feared that many casual observers understand *the Father* as the antecedent to 'whom,' though this would surely be a vain repetition of the belief that the Father is 'maker of all things visible and invisible.' It is not improbable that the clause is thus misunderstood, because 'the Father' stands next before it, and in the Cambridge Prayer Book the semicolon which formerly separated the two clauses has been changed into a comma, giving the clause "By whom all things were made' the appearance of an unnecessary, and rather superfluous, parenthesis.

'By' has the same force in John i. 3, 'All things were made *by* Him' (*i.e.* by the Word, Christ), and in Col. i. 16, 'all things were created *by* Him' (*i.e.* the Son); for in each of these places the preposition *dia* is found, governing the genitive case. The preposition, however, which occurs at the beginning of this latter verse, 'For *by* Him were all things created,' is not *dia*, but *en*, which means 'in.' This is an instance of that to which we shall presently have to call attention, the translation of different Greek words by the same English word.

The mention of the Nicene Creed reminds us of another little preposition which occurs there, and which, it is to be feared, is little 'understanded of the people.' The clauses 'God of God, Light of Light,' &c., are often thoughtlessly repeated as if the 'of' meant the same as that in 'King of kings, Lord of lords,' in the 'Prayer for the Queen's Majesty.' But the former 'of' is the translation of a strong

Greek preposition, meaning 'out from,' or (coming) 'out of.' It is used by S. John, in John i. 13 'not *of* blood, nor *of* the will of the flesh, nor *of* the will of man, but *of* God,' and in 1 John ii. 16 'is not *of* the Father, but is *of* the world,' and in several other places, where the mere sight of the little Greek word will immediately show the student how the 'of' is to be understood.

Again, the preposition 'without' has two meanings, or perhaps we should rather say that from its original, *local* sense of 'on the outside of,' a metaphorical sense, 'not in the company of,' or 'unaccompanied by,' has sprung up and, in a great measure, usurped its place. For although the *adverb* 'without' is commonly used now in a local sense, as in 'fightings and fears within, without,' it cannot be said that the corresponding use of the *preposition* is so frequent. It was probably more frequent in James I.'s time, when the rendering 'for *without* Me ye can do nothing' was given in John xv. 5. In this case the margin gives the explanation 'severed from Me,' which the reader of the original perceives at once from the preposition there used, meaning 'apart from,' 'separate from.' This word is again rendered by 'without' in Rom. iii. 21, 'the righteousness of God *without* the law is manifested'; a sentence which might not be very clear to every reader, whereas from the Greek it is evident that 'independently of,' or 'without the help of,' is the force of the preposition. It has the same meaning in ver. 28 of the same chapter, 'we conclude that a man is justified by faith *without* the deeds of the law'; also in Rom. vii. 8 and 9, 'For *without* the law sin was dead: for I was alive *without* the law once'; and in other places.

In this last passage the adverb 'once' occurs in the sense of 'once upon a time,' or 'formerly.' But, as was pointed out in our former paper, it occurs in some places in the New Testament with the meaning 'once for all.' The two Greek adverbs are perfectly distinct, so that a reader of the original has no difficulty whatever in assigning the proper meaning to each. The force 'once for all' in Jude 3, is highly important, bearing witness as it does to the original gift of the truth to the Church;—that truth to which nothing could afterwards be added, and which was delivered unto 'the saints,' *i.e.* the Church (perpetually called 'the saints' in the New Testament quite independently of any notion of the personal holiness of individuals), many years before a word of the New Testament was written, viz. at the great initiatory bestowal, on the Day of Pentecost, of the Holy Ghost, Who was to teach the Church 'all things.'

The same Greek word is used in Heb. vi. 4, 'For it is impossible for those who were *once* enlightened,' &c., and in 1 Pet. iii. 18, 'Christ also hath *once* suffered for sins.' Here, as in Heb. ix. 26, 27, 28, the meaning 'once only,' or 'once for all,' may be gathered from the context.

GALLEYS AND GALLEY-SLAVES.

Most of us, I suppose, have heard of 'the galleys' as a punishment of some kind, very dreadful, but not perhaps very well understood, and all who have read Lord Macaulay's *History of England* will remember his lively sketch of the hostile visit paid to our southern coasts by the French fleet, under Admiral Tourville, in 1690. If so, they will not have forgotten the part played on that occasion by the galleys, and what they have read about them on that occasion may make them wish to learn more about their history. When they have seen what I have to say on the subject, they will, I am sure, be thankful that the hateful practices connected with the galleys, as a punishment, have by this time been abolished, never, we trust, to be revived.

In the popular ballad of *Sally in our Alley*, which may be seen, both words and tune, in Mr. Hullah's elegant and handy volume of English Songs, occurs, as no doubt many of us know, the following stanza:—

'My master and my neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for she, I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley.'

The writer of this, Henry Carey, lived during the latter part of the seventeenth and the earlier part of the eighteenth century, a period during which the labours and sufferings of galley-slaves were well known to Englishmen by report, and to some even by personal experience. In those days, and down to a much later time, the punishment of 'the galleys' was actually used in France, having been introduced during the unhappy reign of Charles IX. if not earlier, and the name survived long after galleys themselves had gone out of use, and the punishment which it denoted had been converted into compulsory labour in dockyards or elsewhere. At the time which Lord Macaulay has described, the French Government, in its cruel, un-Christian, and most unwise persecution of the Protestants of France, frequently adopted it towards members of the Reformed persuasion, then called Huguenots, and it was partly owing to this that the name of the 'galleys' became a by-word of terror and detestation among Englishmen.

The galleys which formed part of the French Armada in Tourville's expedition were thirteen or fourteen in number, and had been brought from Marseilles for this purpose at great cost and trouble. So proud of the feat was King Louis XIV., that he caused a medal to be struck, with a Latin inscription, to commemorate the appearance of the galleys in the waters of the Atlantic. The inscription ran thus: 'XV. Triremes in Oceano, MDCXC.' Great things were expected of his

Majesty's 'triremes,' but the naval promenade in which they figured under Admiral Tourville was their first and last performance on the ocean. For many years afterwards they were employed in the narrow seas between Calais, Dunkirk, and Dover, and in calm weather were stinging, troublesome enemies to sailing vessels, but they did not again venture into the more distant and turbulent waters of the English Channel, an undertaking for which their construction rendered them totally unfit.

Instead of repeating the passage from Lord Macaulay's * history, of which I have spoken, I will lay before my readers some extracts from the newspapers of the time, the substance of which has been transferred by the historian to his own pages.

London Gazette, July 21 to 24, 1690.—'A letter from Exeter speaks of the French galleys as twelve or thirteen in number, anchoring in Torbay, and making up the whole number of the ships to about 115.'

July 26.—'The galleys drew near to the shore at a small place called Teignmouth, and having for the space of an hour played their cannon, and forced the inhabitants to retire, they landed in their boats about 1,000 men, who set the town on fire.'

Plymouth, July 30.—'Saturday morning the French fleet sailed out of Torbay.'

August 1.—'The French fleet is returned again into this bay (Torbay). One of the galley-slaves, as they passed by the headland, leaped overboard, and after some hours swimming got safe to land, but says his comrade, who leaped out with him, was drowned by the way.'

August 3.—'French fleet still in Torbay.'

August 5.—'French fleet sailed yesterday evening from Torbay, but the galleys, who could not endure the sea, continued there till this morning, and then followed the fleet.'

August 10.—'On August 6th the French fleet was off Mount's Bay.'

Such is the account given by the principal journal of the time of the hostile visit of the French fleet to our shores in 1690. The 'war correspondent' of that day was more chary of his news, though perhaps more careful in adhering to plain facts, than is now the case, and the damage done to 'the small place called Teignmouth,' is related in a style somewhat calmer than the *Times'* correspondent of these days would be likely to adopt, if a French or a German fleet were to make a similar demonstration on our shores, and 'play their cannon' on the modern town of Teignmouth. The actual result of the aggression was in itself insignificant, and the loss which the good people of Teignmouth sustained, though greater than the *London Gazette* would seem to show, was soon repaired by the proceeds of a 'brief' read in the churches throughout the country, as was the custom of those days,

* *Hist. of Eng.* iii. 649, 8vo ed.; iii. 196 in the smaller ed.

and they were enabled thereby to rebuild their houses in a better and more substantial manner than before.

But notwithstanding the satisfaction with which his most Christian Majesty regarded the appearance in the ocean of his fifteen triremes, this was not the first time that such a feat had been performed. Twice in the previous century, during the reign of our own Henry VIII., had galleys been transported from their natural home on the Mediterranean into the stormy seas of the Channel. In 1513, Louis XII. of France brought six galleys to join his fleet lying in Brest Harbour, and in a daring but rash attack on them as they lay in the Bay of Conquêt, the famous Admiral Sir Edward Howard lost his life. Encouraged by the repulse of the English attack, the galleys crossed over to the other side of the Channel, and did what damage they could on the coast of Sussex, but were soon compelled by the approach of the English fleet to run back to Brest.

In 1545 Francis I. of France caused twenty-five galleys to be brought from the Mediterranean, to take part in a great naval expedition to recover Boulogne from the English, by whom it had lately been captured. The attempt failed, but in July of the same year the galleys again made an attack on the coast of Sussex, at Brighthelmstone, now called Brighton, and some vessels were burnt as well as the town itself. A drawing in the British Museum represents the French fleet, including ten galleys, engaged in this operation.*

Lord Macaulay remarks that the galleys of Louis XIV. resembled the triremes in which Alcibiades and Lysander disputed the sovereignty of the Egean Sea during the wars between Athens and Lacedæmon in the fourth century before Christ. These war-vessels of the Greeks were called by them 'long ships,' to distinguish them from the 'round ships' used for carrying merchandise, a distinction which was kept up by the Romans both in usage and also in name. They were probably from 120 to 140 feet in length; they could carry two masts with one and sometimes two sails each, but the moving power on which they chiefly depended was the oars, of which, in the vessels most commonly used in war, there were three ranks or 'banks,' one above the other, in a sloping order. It was from this triple arrangement that the vessel got its name of 'trireme,' *i.e.* galley of three banks of oars, while one with two banks was in like manner called bireme; one with four banks, quadrireme; one with five, quinquireme. Some vessels had even as many as ten banks, and we read of one built for Ptolemy Philopator, king of Egypt, B.C. 222—205, which had forty banks, requiring 4,000 rowers; also of a ship made for Hiero, King of Syracuse, under the direction of the famous engineer, Archimedes, which had three decks, three masts, and eight towers for throwing missiles, while on the upper deck there were gardens and trees. Enough wood was

* See Froude, *Hist.* iv. 422. The drawing is in the Cotton Library in the British Museum.

used in her construction to build sixty ordinary triremes. She was called the *Syracuse*, and was sent by Hiero to Egypt, as a present to the King of Egypt, with a vast cargo of supplies during a time of scarcity there, and was by him called *Alexandria*. These vast machines, however, were built more for show than for use, as they must have been very unwieldy and ill-suited for warfare. Triremes had usually about 170 oars, each worked by one man; the oars of the lowest bank were shorter, and the pay as well as the labour of the men who pulled them was less than theirs who sat in the upper rows. Besides the rowers, there were men to manage the sails, which however were not used in action; and also soldiers, altogether making up the number of the ship's company to about 230 persons. The vessel was furnished with a beak or ram, for encountering other vessels, and also to protect her against rocks. At the main-mast head there was a sort of basket, used both in the management of the sails and also as a station for throwing missiles. In calm weather the speed attained by a trireme was very great; the Greek historian, Thucydides,* gives a brief but highly interesting account of a noble exploit performed by an Athenian trireme with great exertion, on an occasion of pressing necessity. Its occasion was as follows: The town of Mitylene, in the Island of Lesbos, had revolted from Athens, but was compelled afterwards to submit. In revenge for this revolt, a decree was sent out to the commander of the Athenian force in the island to put to death the whole male adult population, and to make slaves of all the women and children. A trireme was despatched with the order, but on the next day the Athenians were induced to repent of their inhuman resolution, and a fast boat was prepared which, if it were possible, was to overtake the first vessel, and arrest the execution of the decree. The first ship had the start by about twenty-four hours, but its crew, says the historian, were in no hurry to execute their barbarous errand, and took no special pains to make haste. The wind was not adverse, and it seemed possible that by dint of great exertion the great object in view might be achieved. To effect this, the ambassadors from Mitylene and their friends at Athens spared no pains and no expense. Stimulated by promises of reward in case of success, the rowers were supplied from time to time with morsels of bread soaked in wine, which they swallowed without leaving their stations; they took turns for sleep, and thus the work of rowing was kept up both by day and night without intermission during the voyage. The distance to be crossed is about 200 miles, and the twenty-four hours' start was a terrible difficulty to overcome, but by the blessing of God on the great enterprise of mercy, the trireme arrived in time to prevent the decree from being carried into effect. The order for massacre had been publicly read, but was not yet executed, and thus, as Thucydides remarks, did Mitylene narrowly escape the danger which threatened her. Perhaps the following

* Thuc. iii. 36—49.

lines may help to express some of the thoughts which arise in connection with this glorious race for life, so hardly won, but so richly rewarded.

THE TRIREME OF RELEASE.

AROUND Piræus' bay,
A crowd, with anxious heart,
Gazed at a bark, that lay
Just ready to depart.

'Launch forth,' they cried, 'with speed,
Be not one moment lost.
'Tis mercy's utmost need;
Spare not for toil or cost.

'Lay out your oars, brave mariners,
Each thong * be tightly bound;
Strike each man, when he hears
The signal's parting sound.'

Just heaving on the deep
With balanced oars she lay,
One splash, and with a leap
The trireme springs away.

Then from the gathered crowd
Rang out across the sea
The acclamation loud,
'For life and liberty!'

The oarsmen heard the cry,
Yet not one word they spoke,
But bent their heads, and eagerly
Drew back a mighty stroke.

Why thus across the seas
Yon trireme speeds her flight?
'Tis Athens' message of release,
Her after-thought of right.

Right after grievous wrong;
How glorious then the prize!
Row men, row hard, you bear along
A people's destinies.

Yet great the odds to overtake
The start of twice twelve hours.
God bless your work, for 'tis a stake
To tax your utmost powers.

They have left behind tall Sunium's † brow,
And dread Caphareus' ‡ cape,
And through the mid Egean now
Straight course towards Lesbos shape.

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* A cord was tied round the oar at the part where it passed through the port-hole, to prevent the oar from slipping down too far.

† Sunium, the S.E. promontory of Attica.

‡ Caphareus, a cape at the S.E. of Eubœa, off which many ships returning from the siege of Troy were wrecked.

The wind is soft, no surging wave
Obstructs the trireme's way;
By day and night, intent to save,
No minute does she stay.

A moment's space of needful sleep
By turns the oarsmen take,
Kind hands in wine their morsels steep
Hunger and thirst to slake.

Huge is the toil, intense the strife,
The voyage is all but done,
Yet pause not, 'tis a race for life,
Till victory be won.

'Pause not, for Lesbos' shore is near,
And Mitylene's towers;
The ship that was death's messenger
Is visible from ours.

'And has the dread decree gone forth,
And are we all too late!
One certain moment would be worth
Whole hours of doubtful fate.

'Pause not, 'twixt conquest and defeat
Hope unexhausted lies;
One vigorous burst, and we may cheat
Death of his promised prize."

The oarsmen heard, they strain their last;
The race for life is won:
The agony of death is past,
Death's sentence is undone.

All honour, then, to those who planned
The enterprize of peace,
To those who guided, those who manned,
The trireme of release.

And though no laurel crown they wear,
In foemen's blood imbrued,
A truer, nobler prize they share,
A people's gratitude.

Although vessels of larger size, moved by a greater number of oars, were used both by the Greeks and Romans, the smaller galleys were found most generally useful. This was the case at the important battle of Actium, B.C. 31, in which the smaller and handier vessels of Octavius, dashing in among the heavier ships of Antony, like cavalry charging heavy infantry, are said by the historian to have contributed much to the victory gained by him on that occasion. They were called 'Liburnians,' from the district at the north-east of the Adriatic, where they were commonly used, and are described 400 years later by Vegetius, a military writer of the time of Valentinian II., A.D. 380, who mentions ships with more than four banks of oars as uncommon, though not unknown in his day. In describing 'Liburnians,' Vegetius points out that they depended for movement,

not on sails, but on oars, and that for this reason a sea-fight could only be carried on in calm weather. He also says that on the larger ships towers were sometimes erected for casting missiles and combustibles, and that bridges might be thrown from one vessel to another to enable boarders to attack it. He deplores pathetically the fate of those who die from wounds inflicted by these means, and especially that most bitter lot which, as he says, they suffer whose unburied bodies are cast out to be consumed by the fishes.

Passing onwards about 500 years, we come to the work of a royal author, Leo VI., Emperor of Constantinople, who wrote in Greek a book on tactics, military and naval, about A.D. 886. He mentions two classes of war-ships, one larger and heavier called Dromons, *i.e.* 'runners,' and the other Galleys. The dromons, he says, ought to have two banks of oars, each containing at least twenty-five benches, and each oar ought to be pulled by two men. They were to carry one hundred soldiers, besides the commander, the standard-bearer, and two pilots. They were to be provided with towers, and a machine called a Siphon, which was in all probability a tube, for casting fire on an enemy's ship. The officer who commanded from three to five vessels, whom we should call a Commodore, he calls *Comes* or Centurion. We shall find the word *Comes* surviving in the galley vocabulary of later days as the name of an officer of much inferior rank, but of scarcely less importance, than the Commodore himself of the Emperor Leo. Such were the dromons. The galleys, as being lighter, were to have only one bank of oars. The fire to be thrown from the siphon was probably a combustible of the same kind as the Greek fire so much used and dreaded in the wars of the middle ages, especially in the East. With the precise nature in all respects of this formidable composition we are not acquainted, but we know that it took fire on contact with the external air, and inasmuch as, like the petroleum of the Paris Communists, it could not be extinguished by water, it was of equal value as an instrument of destruction both by land and sea. Though it was called Greek fire, the art of making it was not confined to the Greeks, for the old chronicler de Joinville, in his memoir of King Louis IX. of France, describes the use made of it by the Turks to annoy the Christian army during their advance after the capture of Damietta in the Crusade of 1249. He says that the Turks on that occasion made use of a new machine, a tube, at the bottom of which the Greek fire was placed. 'It came forth,' he says, 'as large as a barrel of vinegar, and the tail of fire which issued from the tube was as large as a great sword-blade, and made so much noise in its passage that it seemed like the thunder of heaven; its appearance was like that of a dragon flying in the air, and the light which it created was as bright as the light of day. Every time that the good king heard of a discharge of the fire, he rose up in his bed and dressed himself, and offered up his prayers with tears to our Lord for

the preservation of his army, and truly do I believe that his prayers were of great use to us.'

Instead of returning home at once from Egypt after the failure of the expedition, the king spent four years in Palestine, endeavouring vainly to retrieve the cause of the Cross against the Infidels. But on the death of his mother, Queen Blanche, of Castile, who had administered the kingdom during his absence, he determined to return home, and having spent the season of Lent at Acre, set sail on S. Mark's Day, April 25th, 1254, with a fair wind. The fleet consisted of thirteen vessels, including several galleys. When they approached the coast of Cyprus, a fog came on, and the king's ship, having on board more than 800 persons, struck on a sand bank. Had she struck on the rocks, which were not far off, she must have been lost. Great consternation prevailed, and a cry was raised to push forward a galley in order to save the king, but this happily was not done, and the destruction, which would have ensued, was prevented, for numbers of the 800 would have leaped on board the galley, and in all probability have sunk it, and they themselves have been drowned, together with the crew of the galley. The king, when urged to leave his ship, refused, and by God's good providence she was got off, though with much damage, but was shortly afterwards again in danger of being lost from a sudden storm of wind, which would have dashed her on the rocks had not five anchors been thrown out one after another in order to stop her course. De Joinville tells us how, when the danger was greatest, the queen, with his own entire approval, but unknown to the king, who was believed likely to disapprove of it, made a vow that if they should be delivered from danger, she would on her return dedicate a ship of silver to S. Nicholas, the patron-saint of sailors. And when she returned to France she caused a ship to be made, and in it figures of the king, herself, and her three children, together with the crew, the masts, ropes, and rudder, all in silver; 'and the queen told me,' says he, 'that the making of the whole cost 100 livres.' *

With more or less change in equipment, but especially in armament, a change which followed upon the invention of gunpowder, galleys remained in use to some extent for warlike purposes almost to the end of the eighteenth century. Even as late as 1795 they were employed in the Russian service on the shallow waters of the Baltic, upon which sea they had been introduced in 1540 by the king of Sweden from models procured from Venice.

As to the origin of the word 'galley' we can form no very certain opinion. The treatise of the Emperor Leo, noticed above, which was written in Greek, uses a word *galaia*, or *galæa*, to describe a light vessel less heavy than the dromon. We can hardly be wrong in rendering his word by the English word 'galley,' but whether *galaia* comes from a Greek word which signifies a weasel, and also a cat, or

* About £312.

from the Latin word *galea*, a helmet, cannot be determined. If the former, it would seem to be the darting, clawing propensity of the cat which gave the name to the vessel; if the latter, it might be either from the shape of the bow, somewhat resembling that of a helmet, or from a contrivance like a hat or helmet, placed at the mast-head for throwing missiles and for other purposes, that the name galley was derived. In favour of this latter derivation is, perhaps, the fact that a man who rowed in a galley was called in French *galérien*, galerian, a word which resembles the Latin word, *galearius*, a word used to denote a man who attended upon a soldier, and was used to carry his helmet. If we adopt this word as the origin of *galérien*, we might say that the word used in Latin to denote a man of the lowest rank in the army was adopted into French to denote one who, like the luckless galley-slave, was most despised among men employed on board ship.

But whatever doubt there may be as to the origin of the word 'galley,' there is very little difficulty in understanding the construction of the vessel itself, or the nature of the work of the men employed to row in it. A writer, whose acquaintance we shall make presently, in speaking of Venetian galleys, says that 'they are all as like to each other as swallows' nests,' and adopting the spirit of his remark, we may conveniently make one description serve in all essential respects for galleys of all ages.

The war-galley, then, of the largest size used in modern times was a long, low vessel from 150 to 160 feet in length, including projections, and from 40 to 45 in width, exclusive of the oars. The deck extended over the whole length, and was convex in form, in order to let the water, which was constantly being washed in by the sea, run off more easily. The space underneath the deck was about seven feet in height, and was divided into six compartments—1, the captain's cabin, at the stern; 2, the *scandolaria*, or *escandolat*, a place for the captain's stores, a word derived from the late Latin word *escanda*, meaning eatables; 3 and 4, places for wet and dry provisions; 5, the tavern, where wine was sold, a compartment which also contained within a locked inclosure the powder magazine; 6, the bow chamber, containing the anchors and cordage, the medicine chest, and also what was called the *taular*, or hospital, a word derived from the Latin *tabula*, a plank, in Italian, *tavola*, a table. This was a narrow den about three feet in height, whose only accommodation for the sick and wounded consisted in the coils of rope on which they were permitted to lie. Truly it might be called a chamber of 'little ease.'

Along the whole central line of the deck there ran a sort of raised box or gallery, about 3½ feet wide, used to contain the clothes and goods belonging to the galerians. It formed the principal gangway from end to end of the ship, as the space on each side during the greater portion of her length was occupied by the rowers. It was

called the *coursier*, a name which was also given to the principal gun, a thirty-four pounder, laid forwards in the line of the keel, and which, after being loaded within the coursier-chamber, was run out at the bow for discharge. As the deck on which this gun rested was not more than two feet above the water, it was in calm weather a dangerous weapon, as its shot would be likely to strike the enemy's vessel just above the water-line. At the bow of the ship, nearly on a line with the water, was a beak or ram for charging an enemy's ship. Upon the deck at the fore-part, extending over its whole width, and raised about six feet above it, was a platform or forecastle, which was the principal station for the sailors, and also in time of action for the men who were to serve as boarders. This contained four guns, two on each side, of which one carried a ball of twenty-four pounds, and the other one of eighteen. Along the gunwale there ran on each side another platform or gallery, about two feet wide, for the soldiers to lie on, each on his own bundle of clothes, in a most inconvenient and comfortless manner. In fact, no one, except perhaps the captain, had any comfort on board a galley. There were usually two masts, both of them sloping forwards, the foremost one called *le trinquet*, the after one *le mestre*. Sometimes in later times a third was added at the stern called *artimon*, whose meaning and place we shall discuss presently. The word *trinquet* comes from the Latin *triquetra*, 'three-cornered,' and denoted originally, not a mast, but a sail of that shape. In Roman, but not, as it seems, in Greek ships, triangular sails were added above the principal sails, and these were called *suppara*, or 'napkins.' From this Roman use of triangular sails, they obtained in process of time the name of *lateen*, *i.e.* Latin sails, a name by which sails of this shape are often still known. In French galleys each mast bore a triangular sail, and the yard which carried it was in each case twice as long as the mast. The hinder mast, called *le mestre*, *i.e.* the master, main, or principal mast, was about sixty-three feet long, and carried a yard of 126 feet. The *trinquet* was about forty-two feet in length, and its sail-yard about eighty-four feet. The third mast mentioned above was originally placed at the bow to assist by its sail the operation of turning the ship, and was called *artimon*, a word derived from the Greek word for a sail, which, in the authorised English version of Acts xxvii. 40, is rendered 'mainsail,' but which, as the Revised Version tells us, ought rather to be rendered 'foresail.' But in later times the word *artimon* came to denote, not a sail, but a mast, and its place was changed from the bow to the stern. It was twenty-one feet long, and its sail-yard forty-two feet in length. The *coursier* served as a sort of breakwater against the waves, by which, from its extreme lowness, the galley was constantly liable to be flooded; and it was also the station of the officer called *comite*, and of his assistants, whose business it was to keep the unfortunate rowers to their work by exercise of the most merciless

severity. The sailors lived chiefly in the forecastle. The stern part was adorned with gilding and carved ornaments, and covered with awnings and rich cloths for the reception of guests. This canopied portion was the place in which, with a cruel mockery of the convict crew, the commander and inferior officers sometimes gave splendid entertainments to ladies and gentlemen, for whose amusement the unhappy galerians were made to perform a variety of troublesome exercises, childish and ridiculous in themselves, but inflicting on the performers a heavy penalty of insult, labour, and heartless annoyance.

Besides the officers, of whom in a full-sized galley there were, including the chaplain or almoner, about forty, there were one hundred soldiers, fifty sailors (who attended only to the sailing part of the ship), and the *chiourme* or crew, of three hundred convicts, including sometimes fifty Turkish captives. Thus the whole number of the ship's company amounted to about five hundred persons, including three or four boys who were being trained to the cruel work of *comites*, or, as we might perhaps call them, boatswains. The name of the *comite* comes from the Latin *comes*, a companion, the original of the modern title 'count.' But some have ironically suggested that it comes from a Greek word, which, when rendered into Latin, appears almost exactly in its original form, *cometes*, a comet, *i.e.* a thing with a fiery tail. As a comet in the sky with its fiery tail was formerly regarded as an omen of disaster to come, so was the case also with the *comite* of a galley. Next to the commander he was the most important officer in the ship, for to him and to his mates was committed the task, not to call it duty, of directing the movements of the rowers, and carrying out, by the remorseless use of the 'fiery tails' entrusted to them, the savage discipline required for this purpose.

The oars in French war-galleys were about fifty feet long, of which thirteen feet were inside, and thirty-seven outside the vessel. They were so adjusted in weight, by means of lead, that the one portion exactly balanced the other. They rested on a thick beam of wood called *aposti*, forming the gunwale of the ship, above and beyond which was raised the projecting gallery for the soldiers called *la bande*, the border. The rowers sat on benches, about ten feet long, and four feet apart, reaching from the ship's side to the *coursier*. The oars were too thick to be grasped by the hand, and were therefore provided with wooden handles attached to them. The benches were covered with a thick cushion, and in front of each bench was a movable stool, raised a little above the deck, so that the sea-water, when it came in, might run off without wetting the rowers' feet. In ordinary galleys there were twenty-five benches on each side, and each oar was pulled by six men, of whom one was often a Turkish captive, who acted as stroke-leader, and was better treated than the rest. In the galleys of the largest size, of which there were only a few, there were thirty oar-benches, and seven men to each oar. In order to row, the men rose

from their benches at a signal, resting one foot on the footstool and the other on the bench next in front. As soon as the oar touched the water, they fell back with a smart shock, which, but for the cushion, would have been intolerable. It was, of course, absolutely necessary that the movement should be performed in strict time, and to keep the men up to their work in this and all other respects was the business of the *comite* and his assistants. Every galerian was chained to his bench. When not actually employed in rowing, he wore a sort of red or blue cassock or frock. But in work the galerian laid this aside, and plied his oar with naked body, and woe to those who either flinched from their toil or were so unfortunate as to miss their stroke, for there came down upon their bare backs the heavy lash of the remorseless *comite*. In earlier days the rowers on board Venetian galleys were either purchased slaves or men of bad character, outlaws, convicts, Turks, Albanians, Sclavonians, but never, says the author who has been already mentioned, and whom we shall quote presently at greater length, 'Teutons, for no man of Teutonic blood could endure the misery which they suffer.' We have already said that the arrangements of a galley on a voyage were such that except the commander, neither soldiers, sailors, nor officers could sleep in any comfortable way. This discomfort probably aggravated the ill-temper of the men in command, and its results were poured forth in full measure upon the unhappy galerians, whom no one on board appeared to regard with the slightest compassion. The author just now mentioned was Felix Fabri, a friar of the order of Jacobites, who, when he was at home, resided in a convent at Ulm in Bavaria. Perhaps some of our readers may wish to know the meaning of the term Jacobites, though it has nothing particularly to do with galleys. It is as follows:—The Jacobite, or Jacobin Friars were sometimes called Dominicans, also Black Friars, and Preaching Friars. The name Jacobin, or Jacobite, was given to them from a house in Paris, which had been used as a hostelry, or place of lodging and refreshment for pilgrims on their way to Compostella, in Galicia in Spain, the place in which, according to a strange legend, the body of S. James, the son of Zebedee, was said to have been buried a second time after its removal from the place of its first interment. We may mention by the way that the word Compostella is a corrupted abridgment of the words Giacomo Apostolo (James, Apostle). In the thirteenth century an Englishman, John of S. Alban's, physician to King Philip Augustus of France, purchased this house, and devoted it to the use of the brothers resorting thither, who, from their visits to the shrine of S. James, came to be called Jacobites, or Jacobins. It was from the accidental circumstance of their meeting in a house belonging formerly to a brotherhood of this Order that the democratic club, so notorious during the first French Revolution, took its name of Jacobins, a name which by one of the curious changes which some-

times take place in history, has become so much better known, though in a very different direction, than that of its original owners, the Jacobite Friars.

Asking our reader's pardon for this digression, we return to our worthy friar, whose appetite for roaming was insatiable, but who informs us that the labour of recording his adventures was far greater than that of the travels themselves, and that he undertook it mainly with the charitable intention of persuading his tarry-at-home brethren by no means to follow his example, but to be content with their monastic life, and its regular habits of work and obedience, and to banish all thoughts of so worthless and unprofitable an occupation as foreign travel. Following the fashion of the day, he performed two pilgrimages to the holy sites of Palestine, no doubt from the most conscientious motives, but happily in entire accordance with his own predilection. After his second return, about A.D. 1484, he composed in Latin a narrative of his wanderings, which he entitles *Evagatorium*, 'The Roaming.' In its commencement he apologises for his employment, so contrary to the plan of life suitable to members of a religious home; 'but,' he says, 'when one sets out with the permission of one's superiors, any one can see that the advantages to be gained are so great as to render it most useful, especially to a member of a community of preachers, who ought to be conversant, not only with the Scriptures, but with subjects of general knowledge and experience.' The special purpose for which our author is now introduced to our notice is to tell us something about galleys and galley-arrangements; but we may say of him in general, that the combination which he exhibits of real piety and goodness of heart with great shrewdness as well as simplicity of character, together with the quaint, unconscious humour of many of his remarks and descriptions, makes him a very interesting, and also a very amusing, companion.

The galley in which he performed the sea portion of his pilgrimage was a Venetian one, armed for defence, but not properly a war vessel. Its freight consisted chiefly of pilgrims, who, like himself, had made a bargain with a contractor, the Mr. Cook or Mr. Gaze of that day, to take them to the river Jordan and back again for a stipulated sum, with an abatement if they chose to return by way of Mount Sinai and Alexandria. The contractor undertook to provide them, not with hotel coupons, but with a specified number of meals every day, including good wine and eggs, either in public or private. In this matter the contractor, or as he was called the *patron*, *i.e.* the manager, exercised his patronage, unlike worthy Mr. Cook, in a most fraudulent and extortionate manner. The pilgrims all paid the same fare, and ate their meals in common, an arrangement which our author thought would have been much improved by a graduation of prices, for then there would have been more respect on the part of inferiors towards superiors. The *patron* and his officers took their dinner after the

pilgrims, and the women, for there were some of these on board, pious nuns bound on pilgrimage, as well as friars and others, for the good of their souls, according to the religious fashion of the day, took their meals in what may be called their berths. The galerians ate their food in the places where they rowed, cooked by themselves, or sometimes not cooked at all, but eaten raw. 'You may,' says our friend Felix, 'if you can, bribe the cooks to let you have your food separately, but in that case you must be careful to hold up your money visibly, for a promise to pay afterwards goes for nothing with them.' When the weather is rough, the process of eating is followed by the consequences usual on board ship: in fact these two operations, to use Felix's own words, 'are celebrated' simultaneously. The pilgrims slept, or at least lay side by side, like bottles in a case, on a floor laid upon the sand which served for ballast. Somewhere about the centre of the hold was the well, a receptacle for bilge-water, of whose noisome odour combined with many others the passengers had full enjoyment, without the relief of any disinfectant or antidote of any kind whatever to deprive it of its fragrance. After the evening meal the passengers, he says, gather round the main mast to converse, and by and by descend to their sleeping-places. Then there often arises great turmoil, especially at the commencement of a voyage, before people have settled down in their places. Men accuse their neighbours of encroaching upon them, quarrels take place, sometimes swords are drawn, and a horrible din arises. If the clerk of the galley were then to go below, he would probably be torn in pieces by the combatants. When the strife has been partially appeased, and men have lain down in their lairs, a fresh annoyance arises from the continued chattering of some, or the loud snoring of others, or perhaps the strife would break out again among some of the half-drunken men, especially the Flemings, who are apt to give much trouble in this way. To these human annoyances must be added the discomfort of narrow and uneasy bed-places, the dreadful odour from the overheated atmosphere of the over-crowded space, and the frequent attacks of rats, mice, and the smaller, but not less troublesome deer, in the shape of fleas, bugs, and the like. Sometimes too a galley has mules on board, who all night keep stamping on the deck above, and thus unconsciously murder the sleep of the much-vexed pilgrims below. Yet amid the numerous annoyances incident to the voyage the good friar found comfort in the thought, and expresses thankfulness to divine Providence for the fact, that there were, after all, on board ship no scorpions, serpents, toads, or spiders; for if these abounded, it would be impossible in ships of old date for any human being to live at all.

The time on board ship, unless one knows how to use it, passes away, he says, very slowly. Some, therefore, as soon as they rise from table, employ themselves in drinking, especially Saxons and Flemings; some play at cards, or at chess, or dice; some sing or play on musical

instruments; some converse, some read, some pray, some sit and meditate, some work with their hands, and some sleep. But to all voyagers one employment at some time or another during the day is equally indispensable, though, we must add, equally disgusting. It is absolutely necessary to all who desire to sleep at nights; but how shall we describe the process? Perhaps by one word—depopulation. Of what elements the surplus population consisted, which it was so necessary to evict, we may leave to the reader's imagination to conceive, though the process may be seen portrayed in some of Murillo's pictures of Spanish mendicants, and no doubt may be witnessed in operation in some of the vagrant wards of our workhouses, but not now-a-days, it is to be hoped, commonly on board our sea-going passenger ships. 'For myself,' says the friar, speaking of employment in general, 'I never found the day long enough for my own occupations, but with others it was not so; for sometimes from sheer idleness quarrels would break out among the passengers, and I have remarked that men's passions are more easily roused and more violent in their exercise on sea than on land.'

In giving practical advice to those who think of undertaking a pilgrimage, our excellent friar, as an experienced voyager, warns them (1) never to part with their purses from their persons, because on board ship the appetite for appropriation, especially in small things, is insatiable; (2) to keep a good tongue in their heads, and to be civil to all on board, because to have enemies on board ship is dangerous and may be most disastrous.

Commending this advice to the consideration of all who meditate partaking in combined parties of pleasure on board ship, especially to Cook's Tourists to the East, or 'Around the World,' let us, before we take leave of our good friar, not omit to record his remarks on the locomotive power of the galley, and the discipline necessary to maintain its efficiency. We have already spoken of the galerians, and the severe labour imposed upon them. After mentioning various officers of the ship he comes at last to the most important of them all, the *comes* or *comite*.

This man, he says, carries a silver whistle, whose call every man of the crew is bound at once to obey. 'Him do all the inferiors fear as the foul fiend himself, for he thrashes and belabours with fist and rope whom he pleases, nor dares any one to utter a murmur of complaint. I shudder to think of the torments and punishments endured by the galerians. Never did I see brute beasts so abominably scourged as they are. They are often forced to strip off their upper garment, in order to expose themselves still more to his cruel scourging. They live miserably, and neither by night nor day do they stir from their benches. Though they are often punished for theft, they are still inveterate thieves. When not actually engaged in rowing, they usually occupy themselves in playing at cards or with dice, accompanying their game with horrible oaths and blasphemies, though there are some of

them who during these intervals work at trades, and are able to make money by their work.' We now take leave of our worthy friar, but think it worth while to append to his more detailed account a few words from the journal of a Flemish pilgrim who performed his pilgrimage in 1586. In recording his experience for the benefit of those who make similar expeditions, he recommends all who are not prepared to rough it, and to endure the various abominations connected with the voyage, to stay at home. Like our friend, Felix, he complains grievously of the worm-eaten biscuit, the bad wine and stinking water, and the foul and inconvenient sleeping-places. But he cheerfully recommends pilgrims to take these things in good part, and not to get out of temper with their miseries, but to commit themselves to the care of Almighty God for protection.

Such are some of the experiences of worthy friars on the subject of pilgrimages, the passion for which was so strong during the Middle Ages, and of which the use, never extinct in the Roman Catholic Church, has been lately revived with so much vigour among our brethren of that Church both in France and in our own country. Viewed from their favourable side, we may say that the taste for pilgrimages arose partly from the natural and praiseworthy desire to visit scenes renowned in sacred story, but much more from the vivid sense of the reality of God's Presence with His Church, imparting a sacred value, as men thought, to every thing and place with which that Presence had in any degree, come in contact. From the same principle came the value ascribed to sacred relics believed to be genuine, not only of our Lord's Ministry on earth, but to those of holy persons, men and women whose lives or deaths had been hallowed by His transforming influence, and who thus had acquired, as it were, a portion of His glory, reflected indeed, as all Christians know, and derived from Him, but in this derived condition possessing as men thought a spiritual virtue, so to speak, of its own. Hence, also, from a very early period in the history of the Church, men and women were led to visit with reverence, and with a view to the benefit of their souls, on the principle above mentioned—

> 'Those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which ———— years ago were nailed,
> For our advantage, to the bitter Cross.'

In those days the holy places, so called, of Palestine were naturally regarded as the special haunt, so to speak, of the Divine Presence, so that from them, as from our Lord's garments when He was alive, a virtue, as it were, went forth and healed those who touched them. In saying thus much we have taken the most favourable view of the practice; but even as early as the fourth century, if not earlier, it had become excessive and superstitious, and S. Jerome, himself a resident at Bethlehem, one of the places so visited, warns his correspondent,

Paulinus, of the folly of supposing that a visit to such places could cleanse the heart of one who was not otherwise cleansed; and then reminds him that the way to heaven is as near even from Britain as from Jerusalem. But the passion grew, rather than abated, as time went on, and not Palestine only and its holy sites, but many other places also came to be regarded as sacred, from having been either the residence or the place of martyrdom of eminent Christians, or from the preservation there of some of their remains, or from some other cause which conferred on them a reputation for sanctity; and visits to such places, especially if performed under difficulties, were recognised as methods more or less effectual towards rendering satisfaction for past transgression. It is easy to see the enormous and ridiculous abuses, and the frightful corruptions engendered by this custom of pilgrimage. In the earlier ages the passion for it was sometimes so blind and indiscriminating that, as S. Chrysostom tells us, people made pilgrimages to the supposed site of Job's dunghill, or place of 'ashes'; and even down to the time of which we have been speaking but little more discrimination was sometimes shown in selecting objects of pilgrimage and places to which they should be made than was the case in the first centuries. As time went on the practice partook more and more of the commercial and less of the spiritual element. The pilgrims degenerated into 'saunterers,' strollers in 'terra santa,' and the saying of the great devotional writer, Thomas à Kempis, was often verified, that 'great pilgrimage-makers seldom turn out great saints.'

Our object, however, in making these remarks was chiefly to show the use which was made of galleys by persons engaged in pilgrimages. Such were their miseries in the fifteenth century; nor when we come down to later days, do we find that they were much, if at all, mitigated, at any rate as regards the unfortunate galerians. The armament of the vessel underwent great change as improvements in artillery advanced, but this made little difference to the hapless men who pulled the oars, except perhaps that in an engagement their chances of suffering and of death were increased, without much, if any, corresponding improvement in the provision made for their treatment if they happened to be wounded.

Perhaps the fullest source of information on this subject is to be found in a book entitled *Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Galleys in France on account of his Religion.* This very interesting book was published in French at Rotterdam in 1757, and republished at the Hague in 1758, and was translated into English by Dr. Goldsmith, being, as we are told, his first literary performance. The original work was reprinted at Paris in 1865, and it is from this edition that the extracts have been made which we are about to lay before our readers. Some doubts have been thrown upon the authenticity of the work, from the close similarity between some parts of it

and the work on a similar subject by Bion, Le Fevre, Marolles, and other writers, which were translated into English and published in 1788 by Dr. Priestley; but even if these doubts be well founded, a question which it is not worth our while to discuss, the narrative itself is so well told, and agrees so closely with the leading features of those other narratives, whose veracity is unquestioned, that even if it be not an absolutely true history, it is so like truth as to be almost, if not altogether, equally trustworthy. In the points which regard galleys there can be no doubt whatever that its descriptions may be accepted as accurate and faithful in all respects. His name was Jean Marteilhe, and he was born at Bergerac, a small town in the old province of Guienne and the modern department of the Dordogne. In the year 1700, when he was about sixteen years of age, the Duke de la Force, who at the age of thirteen had been persuaded to abandon the Huguenot faith, which his ancestors had maintained for nearly one hundred and thirty years, determined to give proof of the sincerity of his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, by making a vigorous attempt to convert by force of arms the inhabitants of his domain of Perigord. For this purpose a party of dragoons was sent to the town of Bergerac: the father of Marteilhe was imprisoned, his two younger brothers seized, and his little sister placed, according to custom, in a convent for education, or in other words, for conversion. His mother was persuaded under the pressure, as with a bitter pleasantry, truly French, she said, of *la Force*, to abjure her faith; but young Marteilhe contrive to make his escape in company with a young man named Daniel le Gras, who had formerly been a *pater*, that is, a barber-surgeon in the army. Having traversed the country in safety, but having attempted to cross the frontier without passports, after some hair-breadth escapes, more than one imprisonment, and various adventures more or less creditable to themselves, and after having withstood with firmness two well-meant attempts to convert them to the Roman Catholic faith, they were at last tried before the local Parliament of Tournay on the charge of attempting to quit the country without leave. On this charge they were acquitted, but the sentence of the court unfortunately required ratification from the Crown, and after a fortnight's delay, during which the poor prisoners indulged vain hopes of ultimate deliverance, their hopes were finally extinguished by a reply from the Minister of State, to the effect that having been found on the frontier without passports they were condemned for life to the galleys. It was useless to remonstrate against this harsh decree; the local Parliament could give no redress, and after three days they were conducted to Lille, where a 'chain' of convicts was being assembled, to be led to their terrible destination. 'We were at first,' says Marteilhe, 'thrown into a dismal cell, in which about thirty convicts of the worst class were confined, without fire or candle, and having nothing to lie on except some rotten straw, infested by troops of rats and mice, who, favoured by the darkness, devoured

our bread with impunity. Each new prisoner on his arrival was required by the convicts already there to 'pay his footing' on pain, in case of refusal, of being tossed in the blanket. For this purpose they made use of an old piece of wrapping material used as a coverlet, the four corners of which was held by four of the strongest among them, who tossed the unfortunate victim as high as their strength would enable them, and then let him fall on the stone floor at the risk of smashing all his limbs by the concussion. By payment of the sum required we were enabled to escape this rough treatment, but were unwilling witnesses of its infliction on an unhappy wretch who on his arrival refused to submit to the extortion. The gaoler, into whose pocket the fines thus levied eventually came, made no attempt to stop the amusement, but stood at the wicket laughing and encouraging the men to go on.

'One day I was rash enough to offend one of the turnkeys by an impertinent remark, an offence for which I was next morning punished by being removed into a dismal cell which went by the name of the "Cell of the Sorceress." It was perfectly dark, and the floor for the most part covered with water nearly knee-deep and as cold as ice. A small space, however, near the door was tolerably dry, and on this a little straw was laid to sit on. Here I remained twenty-four hours, when I was unexpectedly relieved through the kindness of the Grand-Provost* of Flanders, M. de Lambertie, who had received a letter in my favour from his brother, a Huguenot gentleman living near Bergerac.'

We may notice here that one of the reasons for which the authenticity of the whole narrative may be doubted is the frequent recurrence of coincidences of this kind. At critical moments, again and again, some one unexpectedly turns up who is connected with Bergerac. Now, Bergerac in those days must have been but a small place, and it is fully four hundred miles from the scene of these adventures. Without absolutely denying the possibility of these coincidences, for such as these do, no doubt, take place from time to time in the course of God's providence, we cannot help regarding with something like suspicion the entire truth of the story in which we find them. But to proceed.

'Being thus unexpectedly released from the foul den to which I had been consigned, I was removed, together with my companion, to the best apartment in the prison. M. de Lambertie regretted that he was unable to procure our release, but until the "chain" departed he used his utmost endeavours to make our condition as tolerable as it could be made under the circumstances of the case. The room in which we were allowed to live went by the name of the "Alms Chamber," for here all contributions which were made, either in money or in kind, for the benefit of the prisoners were brought by the turnkeys, who

* An officer whose position may be described as answering to that of our high-sheriff.

went round every day to collect them from the tradesmen of the town. The charge of overseeing the distribution of these gifts, and also of the money which was deposited in a box hung at one of the windows of the building, was assigned to me by M. de Lambertie, and involved no small amount of trouble, as the number of prisoners at this time amounted to between five and six hundred. I did my best to discharge my duty faithfully, but was unable to prevent the peculation of the gaoler, who claimed a part of the money, in order to expend it, as he said, on soup. But what soup? vile stuff made out of filthy refuse, whose smell alone was enough to make one sick. On the plea of sickness, judiciously, and let us hope excusably, feigned for the purpose, our departure was from time to time delayed for three months, at the end of which time we were conveyed to Dunkirk, and placed on board the *Fortunate* galley. Thanks to our kind friend's interference, our journey to Dunkirk was accomplished in comfort, but from the moment that we passed on board the vessel all comfort ceased, and misery again began, not soon destined to be ended. My dear companion and myself were placed on different benches of the ship, and were thus completely separated from each other. The day after our arrival I narrowly escaped the dreadful punishment of flogging, on a charge falsely brought against me by a convict ruffian belonging to the same bench as myself. Angry at me because I had not given him any money for drink, he accused me of blaspheming the Roman Catholic faith. The *comite*, who for his position was an upright man, having inquired into the charge, soon found it to be totally groundless, punished my accuser with a severe thrashing, and caused him to be fastened to th bench by a double chain.'

'Let me now describe the dreadful punishment which I escaped. The culprit is stripped to his waist, and laid across the *coursier*, his legs being held by two convicts on one side, and his arms by two more on the other. The executioner is usually a Turk, who is also stripped to give full play to his arms, and who with a thick cord belabours the unhappy victim's back with his whole strength. Close behind him stands the *comite*, also armed with a cord, which he applies from time to time to the Turk to admonish him not to relax his exertions. So severe is the punishment that a dozen blows are enough to deprive the patient of speech and motion. For minor offences twenty or thirty stripes are inflicted, and sometimes even as many as a hundred, but men are rarely known to recover from this extreme punishment. When the flogging is over, the *pater* of the ship anoints with strong vinegar and salt the back of the victim, now hideously mangled and swollen, in order to restore sensation, and preserve the wounds from gangrene.'

Such was the cruel punishment of the scourge on board his most Christian Majesty's galleys. Would Sally's sweetheart have gone through this for her sake? If so, he would have been a true-hearted lover indeed!

As the discipline of the ship was in the hands of the *comite*, and his assistants, it is plain, that the comfort, or rather the degree of discomfort of the poor galerians, depended greatly on the disposition of this important official.

Before Marteilhe was finally assigned to a particular galley, he was a witness, from on board the ship in which he was serving, to the process of cleaning carried on in another ship lying alongside. The galerians nicknamed the process the 'hurricane.' In most vessels it was performed once a week, but in this one, the *comite*, being a severe disciplinarian, required it to be done every day. It lasted about three hours, during which time the blows of the scourge fell like hail on the backs of the galerians. 'Pray God,' said Marteilhe's next neighbour, 'that you may not be assigned to the *Palm*,' the ship whose *comite* had made himself notorious for severity. In a few days the new comers were put on shore to be inspected previous to their being sent to their final destination. When this was over, Marteilhe being eager to learn to which galley he was assigned, asked the man in charge of his batch of convicts to which ship he was to belong. 'To the *Palm*,' was the reply. Having expressed his horror at this announcement, the man whom he had addressed, who was in fact the much dreaded *comite*, rejoined—

'Why, how are you worse off than the rest?'

'Because,' said Marteilhe, 'I have fallen upon a ship whose *comite* is worse than a demon.'

'If I knew the people who told you that, and could get hold of them, they should smart for it.'

'I at once saw my imprudence, and trembled for the consequences; but the *comite*, in my case, belied his reputation, for he treated me with special leniency. He ordered me to be fastened to the rowing bench by a lighter chain than usual, and stationed me in what was considered the best place in the ship, immediately under his own quarters, the privileged bench, as it was called, whose occupants waited on him, and received part of the food which he left at his meals. They were also exempted from the severe discipline to which the rest were liable. The men thus favoured were expected to treat their master with special respect, a condition which I was too proud to observe, though at the risk of losing my privileges. The *comite* soon noticed my behaviour, but though he removed me to another part of the ship, and though his severity towards others fully verified his evil reputation, neither he nor his assistants exhibited any ill-treatment towards myself or any one of the five Protestants on board. His good opinion of us also did us good service with the captain, who was originally strongly prejudiced against men of the Reformed faith. But having been robbed by his cabin-servant, and having consigned him, on detection, to immediate punishment, he desired the *comite* to find among the galerians a man on whose honesty he might rely.

The *comite* recommended an old man named Bancilhon, but said that he feared the captain might disapprove of him because he was a Huguenot. The captain, however, was willing to try him, and in fact found him so trustworthy, that, not only did he give him entire charge of his plate, of which he had a large stock, but also entrusted him with his purse to discharge current expenses, and even refused to examine his accounts when laid before him. The favour thus shown to Bancilhon excited the jealousy of the other servants, and they laid a plot to overthrow him; but their schemes entirely failed, and only served to strengthen the captain's confidence in his trusty attendant. The good opinion thus created removed his prejudices against the Huguenots in general, and induced him to treat us all with forbearance and even favour.'

In July 1702, the galley in which Marteilhe served formed one of a squadron of six, which, during a calm, captured a Dutch ship of war and carried her into Ostend, which was then in the possession of the French. 'The Dutch captain thought, foolishly, that we should give him no trouble, and accordingly neither fired his guns nor attempted to join his consorts, eleven in number, as he might easily have done by towing. He had, however, miscalculated the power of his opponents, as well as the terror which would be caused among a crew unaccustomed to their mode of attack. Imagine three hundred men, stripped to the skin, shouting with all their might, and clanking their chains together, as the galley drew near to the enemy. So great, indeed, was the alarm created by this terrible din among the crew of the Dutch ship, that they sought refuge in the hold, and at once surrendered when the soldiers from the galley mounted on their deck.

'But we were not always equally successful. On one occasion a squadron of five ships of war, commanded by Admiral Almond, approached the port of Ostend. The admiral bribed a fisherman to enter the port and inform our commander that these ships were Indiamen heavily laden and ill-manned, and likely to have great difficulty in reaching their destination. Our commander fell into the snare, and pushed forward his galleys with all speed. By various contrivances Admiral Almond succeeded in completely deceiving the French commander as to the armament of his ships, and by dragging cables astern, while all their sails were set, gave them the appearance of being slow sailors. The hindmost of the number replied but feebly to our cannonade, and thus encouraged us to draw too close to make preparations for boarding. But at this moment, at a signal from the admiral, the whole squadron put about and opened upon us so tremendous a fire as to put us in danger of utter destruction. Our commander at once gave orders to take flight, but we were only saved by the great sand bank off Ostend, which the heavy ships were afraid to approach, but which the galleys, being lighter in draught, were able to cross in safety. We arrived in harbour grievously

mauled, having lost upwards of 250 men killed, besides many wounded, and the officers were thoroughly discouraged at their failure.'

In 1706, Ostend was taken from the French, and the galleys retired to Dunkirk. In the month of October they were as usual laid up for the winter, and not sent forth again till the following spring.

In 1707 an incident occurred which illustrates some of the advantages, and also the disadvantages of the galley in a nautical point of view.

'Being in the port of Dunkirk, and the weather appearing to be perfectly calm, our captain, who was also commodore of the squadron, being anxious to perform some exploit on the English coast, asked the pilots their opinion about the weather, which, with one exception, was a favourable one. On board of our galley, however, we had a coasting pilot named Peter Bart, nephew to the famous Admiral Jean Bart, a thorough seaman and an excellent judge of the weather, but a drunken sot, and an ill-mannered fellow, who spoke bad French, and "thee'd and thou'd" everybody without ceremony. When his opinion was asked, he foretold a storm on the morrow, though at the time the air was so still that you might have held a lighted candle at the mast-head. Having crossed the Channel towards Dover, and cruised during the night in the Downs, we returned to the port of Ambleteuse between Calais and Boulogne, where, besides the principal harbour, there is a creek sheltered by hills from the east and north-west, but quite exposed on the south-west. In this creek we took up our quarters, quite against the advice of Peter Bart, who foretold that in the morning there would come from the south-west the severest storm ever known, by which he said the galley would be so dashed against the sunken rocks, of which the creek was full, that not a cat would escape. But no one listened to his warning. We entered the creek a little before daylight, threw out two anchors, and fancied ourselves secure. At daybreak the wind changed to the south-west, and increased as the tide rose. Peter Bart's warning then came into our minds. We endeavoured to get out of the creek, but the wind was so violent that instead of being able to raise the anchors, we were obliged to let down two more to prevent being dashed against the rocks which appeared close under the stern of the vessel. To add to the danger the anchorage was bad, and the ship was gradually working landwards towards the rocks. The captain gave orders to endeavour to row ahead in order to lessen the strain upon the cables, but no sooner did the oars touch the water than the force of the waves dashed them aside in helpless confusion. Every one on board expected shipwreck, and the chaplain did his best to exhort all to repent; but the convicts took advantage of the common danger to shout to the officers and the captain: "Come along, gentlemen, we shall soon be all equal, we shall all drink out of the same glass."

'In the midst of the uproar, the captain seeing Peter Bart weeping

in despair, asked him whether he could still devise any mode of escape.

'"I have a plan," he replied; "but were it not that I wish to save my own life, I would let you all drown like pigs, as you are. Nevertheless, if you want to be saved you must do exactly what I tell you, however absurd it may seem."

'Peter then asked the captain for his purse, which he gladly gave to him, and having taken out four gold pieces returned it to him again. He then called for four volunteers from among the sailors, who should carry out his orders to the letter, and to each he promised a *louis d'or*. These four he placed on board the boat with an anchor whose cable was attached to the ship, to be let out as the boat advanced. He then ordered them to carry the anchor to a rock which lay behind the stern of the ship, and to drop it there: when all wondered, and even the captain could not refrain from asking what this meant. "Please God, you shall see," was Peter's reply. When this manœuvre was accomplished, with great exertion and risk to the men, Peter slapped the captain's hand, and said, 'By God's grace we are saved.' No one, however, understood the meaning of what had been done. The next step was to haul down the great sail-yard, to attach the sail to it, and to tie it up with bulrushes, which would break as soon as ever the sheet was drawn. Having hoisted the yard, and set it according to his fancy, he placed four men with axes at the four cables at the bow with orders to cut them when he should give the word. He did the same also with the stern-cable, which he caused to be strained as tight as possible. All being now ready, he ordered the bow cables to be cut, and the ship immediately began to turn round towards its stern. As soon as this movement had taken effect far enough to catch the wind upon the sail, the sheet was drawn home, the bulrushes broke, and the sail was spread in an instant. At the same moment he caused the stern-cable to be cut, and taking charge himself of the helm, the galley shot out from the fatal creek like a bolt from a cross-bow. Thus far had Peter's skill and address saved us from shipwreck. But the next business was to gain the nearest harbour of safety. With the wind at its present quarter, the only available one was Dunkirk, which was only twelve leagues distant, and the force of the wind was such that with only a small topsail to keep the ship steady, we arrived outside the harbour in three hours. The captain and officers were afraid of overshooting their mark, and being driven northwards to the coast of Holland, a consummation which the convicts, on the other hand, earnestly desired. Arrived outside the harbour of Dunkirk, we were obliged to wait six hours before the tide would allow us to cross the bar. All our own anchors were lost, but our consort lent us two, which, as the holding ground was good, were at once lowered. During this time, however, we were constantly in danger of being swamped by the enormous waves which washed

over us every minute. The hatches were fastened down to make all as safe as possible, and both on board and in the town every one prayed for our safety. But this was all that could be done, for not a vessel could venture out to assist us, and unless we cut our cables and put out to sea, nothing was to be done but to wait during the time, which seemed long indeed. But now, a fresh difficulty presented itself. The port of Dunkirk is formed by two jetties, and the entrance for ships from the south is obstructed by a sand bank, which makes it necessary to turn quickly between these two extremities, an operation of extreme difficulty for a long vessel like the galley, during the tempest which was then raging, especially as the waves, washing over the heads of the jetties, concealed the entrance from view. No one could see what was to be done, and Peter was fast asleep, having ordered that he should be awakened when the tide had reached its height. This having been done, the captain asked him how he intended to get in.

'"Just as I do with my own fishing boat, with every sail set." The captain was astonished, for, on account of the difficulty of steering a galley, the oars are always used for entering a harbour. "Leave it to me," cried Peter, "and all will be well, but you must expect the ship will break her bow against the quay at the end, for we shall not be able to stop her."

'We were all in extreme misery, wet to the skin, and having eaten nothing for two days, as the hatches could not be opened to get at any provisions. Every one knew that if the ship touched the jetty ever so slightly it would be dashed to pieces, and, as Peter had said, not a cat would be saved. But he laughed at our fears, and called us a parcel of chicken-hearted cowards. Having ordered perfect silence to be kept, he let go the cables, and having taken the helm steered the ship so adroitly as to send her straight into the harbour. The sails were lowered immediately, but so strong was the ship's way, that, notwithstanding many attempts to stop her by ropes thrown across from both jetties, all of which snapped asunder like threads, she finally smashed her bow, as Peter had foretold, against the quay. The other galley followed our example, and both being now safe, Peter took leave of our commander, who promised him double wages if he would remain with him.

'"Not I," said Peter, "I have had my bellyful; and if you would give me a thousand *livres* a month you should not keep me."

'We made no further attempt to leave Dunkirk that summer, and early in the season we lay up for the winter.'

We have already given some account of the laborious process of rowing in a galley, gathered from the description given by our worthy friend Felix Fabri. Let us now add to the picture some features of aggravation supplied by our Huguenot author: 'To look at the men thus employed,' he says, 'one would think they could not endure the exertion half an hour; nor in fact could they do so if it were

not for the severity of the punishment inflicted on them whenever they flinch from their work. But in point of fact the labour is sometimes continued for ten or twelve hours, and on one occasion I remember that it lasted for twenty-four hours. On that occasion we were only enabled to support the fatigue by being supplied repeatedly with morsels of biscuit soaked in wine, which were put into our mouths by the sailors and *comites*. The reader will remember a similar process on board the Athenian trireme of release. As long as the rowing continued you could hear nothing but the cries of the poor wretches, dripping with blood from the lashes inflicted on their naked bodies, the crash of the cords used for this purpose, and the blasphemies and abuse of the *comites*, foaming with rage if their galley failed to keep its place, and the voices of the superior officers shouting to the *comites* to redouble their blows. Should any luckless galerian give out at his work, he is beaten so long as the least spark of life is visible, and when he ceases to breathe, his dead body is flung overboard, like carrion, without the slightest compunction. Marteilhe tells us a story of the lieutenant of the galley in which he was serving, who, in order to quicken the speed of the vessel, ordered the *comite* to scourge more severely. When the man pleaded that this was impossible, 'Do,' cried the officer, 'as I have seen done in the galleys at Malta; cut off the arm of one of these dogs, and use it to beat the others with!' This, however, the *comite* declined to do, and within half an hour the brutal lieutenant was killed by the first discharge from the English frigate which the galley had attacked. This story is bad enough, but the next is even worse. Let us hear him relate it.

On board the galley to which Marteilhe belonged was the Duc d'Aumont, afterwards ambassador to the Court of England. In order to entertain his guest, the captain, M. de Langeron Maulevrier, took an excursion from Boulogne to within a short distance of Dover. When the duke beheld the miserable condition and comfortless posture of the galerians, he asked with astonishment how they could manage to sleep, huddled as they were together, with nothing but the benches to lean against. 'I know,' said the captain, 'the secret of giving them a sound sleep,' and immediately he gave the order to the *comite* to return at full speed to the harbour, now about thirty miles distant. The order was at once put in execution, not without an incessant storm of scourging to stimulate the rowers, and after some hours of this barbarous discipline, during which the captain was entertaining his noble guest at dinner, the harbour was reached. The captain then brought the duke out to see and attest the virtue of his opiate, as he called it, on the exhausted frames of the men, who lay heaped on one another, unable from fatigue to resume their clothes, and most of them with their naked backs bleeding from the cruel punishment of the scourge. 'You see,' he said, 'how well I can make these fellows

sleep; you shall now see how easily I can wake them up.' The *comite* then gave the signal for rising, but many were so stiff from weariness and cold as to be unable to do so, until they were roused by a fresh storm of blows, and compelled to go through a series of ridiculous movements for the amusement of their noble but merciless spectators.

But in war the risks which the luckless galerians ran were of course greater still. In attacking a ship they were fully exposed to the fire of the enemy, from which, as they sat chained to their places, they had no chance of escape. One instance of this kind is related by Marteilhe as occurring within his own experience.

In 1708 six galleys had been destined to attack the town of Harwich, under the guidance of a renegade Englishman, one Captain Smith. On the voyage, however, a fleet of English merchantmen was discovered, bound for the river Thames, escorted by a frigate. Four of the galleys were detached to intercept the merchant vessels, and two devoted their attention to the frigate, but of these one was much in advance of the other. The usual plan of attack was to run straight at the stern of the enemy, damage it first of all with shot, for which purpose the coursier-gun was well suited, then pierce it with the beak, and lastly board the ship from the forecastle, for which service the soldiers were posted in that part of the galley. This was the plan proposed to be carried out in the present instance, but the English captain was a wary and skilful, as well as a brave and resolute man. He reserved his fire until the galley was close to him, and then by a movement of the helm turned his ship so as to bring her all at once alongside of the other, and in so doing disable all the oars on the side next himself. Then seizing her with grappling-irons, he poured in his fire both from guns and grenades, so as to sweep the deck from end to end, while on her part there was no possibility of reply, as all the guns in the galley were on this occasion trained forwards. Instead of boarding the frigate, the soldiers of the galley had to defend themselves against the Englishmen, who, while they spared the galerians, made great havock among the rest, until, recalled by the danger of their consort, the other galleys came up, and after a stubborn resistance, protracted till nightfall by the skill and courage of the English captain, the united squadron succeeded in capturing the frigate. His object, however, was attained, for the whole of his convoy had by this time found shelter within the mouth of the Thames. When at last he consented to surrender, and came forth from the cabin, in which he had for some time defended himself alone, he proved, to the astonishment of all, to be a little, deformed man. He was treated with the utmost courtesy, and his sword immediately returned to him by M. de Langeron with many compliments on his courage and skill; but no sooner did he enter the cabin, than, recognising the traitor Smith, he attacked him with the sword which he had just received, and would have run him through the body if the French captain had not interposed.

Smith requested that his assailant might be removed into another ship, but M. de Langeron replied that the English captain was his prisoner, and that he could not suffer him to leave his custody, whatever Smith might think proper to do. The name of the English ship was the *Nightingale*, but that of her captain had escaped Marteilhe's recollection. This was not wonderful, considering the state in which he was when the combat was over. To adopt the substance of his narrative, he says: 'At the time when the frigate came alongside of the galley, I saw a gun pointed directly at the bench on which I was sitting, and so close to it that I could have touched it with my hand. All on my bench lay down, but I reflected that by so doing we should bring the discharge directly upon our bodies. I therefore remained upright, and recommending my soul to God, lifted up my heart in prayer, as one whose end was close at hand. At the discharge of the cannon I fell senseless, and when I recovered, being unaware that I was wounded, I began to call to my comrades, encouraging them to rise, as the danger was past. Among others, I called to the Turk who belonged to my bench, in a rallying tone, and took hold of his arm, saying, "Come, Isouf, get up; I thought you had no fear." But to my horror the arm remained in my grasp, detached from the body of the dead man, who, together with the four others belonging to the same bench, lay in their places, pierced through and through by the discharge of the gun. By this time I began to feel that I was wet, but as it was dark, did not at once perceive that blood was flowing copiously from my left shoulder, and from two other wounds. The gun by whose discharge I was suffering had been loaded to the muzzle, and besides wounding me, had killed seventeen others, so that out of the occupants of three benches I was the only one left alive. The whole ship was in a state of horror and confusion. It was night, and for fear of the ships of war which had come out of the Thames to attack us, no lights were allowed on board. The *coursier* was encumbered with corpses, and the row-benches strewn with bodies, not of convicts only, but of soldiers, sailors, and officers, some dead, some grievously wounded, and in such numbers that those who were alive and unhurt could scarcely move among the mass to separate the living from the dead, to assist the wounded, and to cast the dead bodies into the sea.

In order to accomplish this, the men charged with this duty came round, and having unlocked the chain by which each galerian was fastened to his bench, proceeded, without much examination, to fling into the sea the mutilated remains of all who seemed to be dead. When my turn came, although I was motionless and to all appearance dead, the man who examined me happened to press one of my wounds so sharply as to awaken me from my swoon and cause me to utter a cry loud enough to prove me to be alive. Instead, therefore, of being cast into the sea like a dog, I was removed to the place used as a hospital, and laid with the other wounded on the cable, which served as a sick bed for all.

Here we lay, soldiers, sailors, convicts, pell-mell together, without receiving much help or attention, for owing to the great numbers the surgeons were unable to render any material assistance. For three hours I received none, except that a bandage steeped in camphorated brandy was applied to my wounds to stop the blood. Many of the wounded men died from the gangrene, produced by the foul atmosphere of this horrible place. We did not reach Dunkirk until three days after the action, and then we were lifted out of the ship by a tackle with pulleys, like cattle, and carried to the hospital more dead than alive. The convicts were placed separately, each chained to his bedstead, in two great rooms containing forty beds each. I was so fortunate as to be well recommended to the chief surgeon by a banker residing at Dunkirk, who was well known to my relatives, and who, though in outward appearance a Roman Catholic, was a Protestant at heart. Great neglect prevailed throughout the hospital. Rarely did the same assistant surgeon visit the same patient twice in succession; but owing to the influence of my friend the banker, the chief surgeon, who was one of the ablest men of his profession in France, attended me regularly, and under his care my wounds became healed in two months, though another month was thought necessary to complete my convalescence. During this time, however, I was well attended to, for the director of the hospital, to whose care, as well as to that of the chief surgeon, the same kind friend had commended me, gave directions to the Brothers of the Order of S. Francis, who attended the sick, that I should want for nothing, and thus at the end of three months I was discharged from the hospital in a state of excellent health. By law every convict who had received wounds in battle was entitled to release, but from this favour the Huguenots were excepted, and I was accordingly sent back to my galley, but with a certificate that I was incapable of rowing. I was stationed on the bench which I had formerly occupied, but was soon released by the *comite*, on the ground of my evident weakness, and transferred to the store-chamber, and soon afterwards I was recommended by him to M. de Langeron to fill the post of captain's clerk, which had lately became vacant. He accepted me at once, having heard of me from my constant friend the banker, and now, with the exception of an iron ring round my ankle, I had no chain to carry; I was well lodged, and wanted for nothing in provisions and personal comfort, and besides this was well treated by all the officers on board. In this situation I remained until 1712, when the negotiations preparatory to the peace of Utrecht, led to the disarmament of the French war-galleys, and, by a separate arrangement, to the release of the Huguenot slaves. This last condition, however, was not carried out without some treacherous behaviour on the part, we are sorry to say, of a British officer. The treaty required that the fortifications of Dunkirk should be demolished, and an English force was sent to occupy the town until this should be done, under the command of Brigadier Hill. *Milord* Hill, as Marteilhe, according to the common mistake, calls him,

was brother to Abigail Hill, the well-known favourite of Queen Anne, and who afterwards became Mrs. Masham. 'Honest Jack Hill,' as he was commonly called, had in early life been page to George Prince of Denmark, and groom of the bedchamber to his son, the young Duke of Gloucester; and though the Duke of Marlborough had said of him that he was 'good for nothing,' yet in order to oblige the queen he made him his own *aide-de-camp*, and afterwards gave him the command of a regiment. Good fortune did not desert him at this point, for he soon obtained a pension of 1,000*l.* *per annum*, and the queen made him a general over the heads of many who were his seniors and probably also his superiors. In 1711 he was sent out to Canada in command of a military force, which returned without having effected anything; but as a reward for his imaginary services 'Honest Jack' was in the same year appointed to be Lieutenant of the Tower of London. On July 19, 1712, the English troops under his command took possession of Dunkirk, but 'Honest Jack' here showed his dishonesty by conniving at a trick by which the Huguenot slaves, twenty-two in number, were smuggled out of the town by night, and conveyed first to Calais and then to Havre. From this place they were sent, chained together, as the practice was with galley-slaves, to Paris, and then to Marseilles, at which place, after much hardship and cruel treatment, the 'chain' of convicts arrived on January 17, 1713. It would occupy too much space and time to relate the various dishonest tricks and contrivances by which the release of these innocent prisoners was delayed during several months, tricks and contrivances for which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in France at that time were, to their great discredit, in great measure responsible; nor was it until the month of June in that year that the stipulations of the British Government were at last, though in a shabby and clandestine manner, fulfilled, the prisoners were released, and allowed to quit the country in safety.

For the sake of humanity and of religion we may be thankful that the institution under which so much cruelty was perpetrated is now, except in name only, at an end. Its practical inutility and costly maintenance were alone sufficient to condemn it. Much of the hardship which was endured under its system was caused by the dishonesty of those who were entrusted by the Government with the duty of providing the convicts with food and other necessaries of life. These were appointed in sufficient quantities by the king, but the dishonest scoundrels who undertook to supply them cheated both their employers and the unhappy victims for whom they had to provide. Ill-fed, ill-lodged, liable to ill-treatment in every shape, deprived of all opportunity of redress for the injuries which they suffered, sometimes, as we have seen, beaten to death by the relentless savages who were set over them, the name of galley-slaves has passed into a proverb, of which we may rejoice that the name only and not the reality exists in our own day. Let us hope that no combination of circumstances may ever be permitted to revive it in any place or at any time.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE, AUTHOR OF 'SIR C. WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES,' &C.

PAPER V.

A SCHEME OF TEACHING FOR EIGHT YEARS.—LENDING LIBRARIES.—PRIZES AND TREATS.

In more than one of the foregoing papers allusion has been made to the time when possibly Sunday will be the only day of the seven on which religious teaching can be given; and then, desperate though the attempt may appear, it will be necessary to consider how much of the whole scheme of religion can be imparted during the available fifty-two days—or more correctly hours—in each year.

It has been said that, in the event of all schools becoming board or secular schools, or in that of disestablishment and disendowment, the clergy will turn their energies to school teaching. The incumbent of a parish will be able to have an additional curate, who being the schoolmaster as well, will be able to maintain himself, and will impart a religious tone to the whole teaching, and will be able to look thoroughly after the children. Thus it has been said many a poor incumbent will have the help of a curate who would otherwise toil on single-handed. This is, however, impossible, as the law on the subject of education now stands. No ordained clergyman, or paid nonconformist minister in charge of a district, can be recognised by the Education Department as a master in any school receiving Government grants. The clergyman may very well be the head master of Westminster, Eton, Winchester, or Rugby, but he must not teach in a national school.

The evil might, as things now are, be worse for the Church if all kinds of nonconformists could be masters in the schools, but it is evident that no such help to religious teaching as has been contemplated can come by means of the national schools;* and, so patient

* The extract given below, from a letter in the *Guardian* of January 18, 1882, is a good illustration of this :—

'. . . . A schoolmaster in this diocese, formerly in a voluntary school, but now in a board school where the Creed is taught, and where the members of the board are all Churchmen, writes to ask me for a testimonial of his fitness as a teacher of religious subjects, since I had several times inspected the voluntary school where he was a master. He finds that no amount of extraneous work in Sunday-school or in parish can make up for the full Church teaching which he was able to give in his old school, and so he is anxious to leave the board school, and again take charge of a Church school. . . ."—EDWARD BARBER, General Inspector of Schools for the Diocese of Oxford. Radley, Abingdon, January 13, 1882.

is the English mind of any legalised injustice, that we may leave the matter there and seek for some other means of meeting the evil of irreligious education.

The religious teaching remains, then, of necessity, in the hands of the volunteers of whom we spoke in the previous paper, and they may not unreasonably shrink from such a task.

We must suppose then in future that the children will be as fairly taught in everyday secular learning as now they are, and that their religious knowledge will be a blank, for, though they may learn in the day school some part of the Bible narrative as if it were a secular history, yet the possession of such an unreal knowledge offers almost more of an obstacle than would sheer ignorance.

The following scheme has been drawn up, with the help of some friends, in order to see how far the case can be met.

It supposes a Sunday school of eight classes, the children staying a year in each class, coming to the school at the age of six or seven, and leaving it at fourteen or fifteen.

It supposes also that the scholars have all been baptised; scholars who are not baptised should be taught separately. The school would be held twice a Sunday, each lesson taking about an hour. We begin with the youngest children; and suppose the ground to be gone over twice, as in the middle of the year the teachers would begin again; therefore the subjects are only divided so as to fit twenty-six Sundays. The lessons on the Sunday Collects and Gospels would be, of course, an exception to this rule.

Class VIII.

Morning.	*Afternoon.*
The Creation. 4 Sundays. The Fall. 5 Sundays. Cain and Abel. 1 Sunday. The Incarnation. 6 Sundays. The Redemption of Man. 4 Sundays. Final Judgment. The four last things. 4 Sundays.	To be told stories from the Bible, and taught to repeat the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and easy hymns.

Class VIII. would learn, as lessons to repeat, only the Creed, Lord's Prayer, hymns, and a short form of daily prayers.

Class VII.

Morning.		*Afternoon.*
The Flood and the Tower of Babel. 6 Sundays.		To be told stories from the Bible. The Catechism to be explained to the end of the Commandments.
God's covenants with man—		
With Adam.	1 Sunday.	
,, Noah.	1 ,,	
,, Abraham.	2 Sundays.	
,, Isaac and Jacob.	2 ,,	
,, the Israelites.	2 ,,	
,, David.	2 ,,	
Covenant of Baptism.	6 ,,	
The Church.	4 ,,	

Learn by heart the Catechism to the end of the Ten Commandments. Hymns.

CLASS VI.

Morning.	*Afternoon.*
Scripture History from the Call of Abraham to the Exodus of the Israelites. 12 Sundays.	The Sunday Collects and Gospels.
The Creed. 14 Sundays.	

Learn by heart the Catechism to the end of 'I desire,' and the Sunday Collects.

CLASS V.

Morning.	*Afternoon.*
Scripture History from the Exodus to the death of Joshua. 26 Sundays.	The Commandments. 12 Sundays.
	The Lord's Prayer. Prayer in general. 14 Sundays.

Learn by heart the Sunday Collects, and the Catechism on the Sacraments.

CLASS IV.

Morning.	*Afternoon.*
Scripture History to the end of the First Book of Samuel. 26 Sundays.	The Sacraments. 10 Sundays.
	S. Luke's Gospel, chapters i.—xv. 16 Sundays.

Learn by heart the Collects (Sunday and Saints' day), and the Sermon on the Mount.

CLASS III.

Morning.	*Afternoon.*
Scripture History. The Second Book of Samuel to the end of the First Book of Kings. 26 Sundays.	The Sacraments and their types. 6 Sundays.
	S. Luke's Gospel, chapter xv. to the end of the Gospel. 20 Sundays.

Learn by heart Isaiah liii., and the chapters in one of the Gospels on the Passion of our Lord, and the Sunday Gospels.

CLASS II.

Morning.	*Afternoon.*
Outline of Scripture History continued to the end of the Old Testament. 20 Sundays.	The Prayer Book. Matins and Evensong. 12 Sundays.
	Litany, Prayers, and Thanksgivings. 10 Sundays.
Baptism and Confirmation Services. 6 Sundays.	Use of Psalms and Lessons. 4 Sundays.

Learn by heart the Parables of our Lord and say over the Catechism.

CLASS I.

Morning.	*Afternoon.*
The Acts of the Apostles. 20 Sundays.	Types of our Lord. 10 Sundays.
	Office for Holy Communion. 10 Sundays.
Growth and Continuity of the Church. 6 Sundays.	Occasional Services. 6 Sundays.

Learn by heart Epistle of S. James, First Epistle of S. Peter, S. John vi., xiv.—xvii.

It will be understood that this scheme has not yet been tried, and probably great improvements might be made when it is actually worked. The irregular attendance of some of the children, the difficulty of always working through a lesson in a given time, the chance of new scholars joining the class in the midst of the course, made it appear advisable to take the same subjects through twice in each year. A very little skill on the teacher's part would make this

interesting rather than wearisome. With this, or some analogous scheme honestly worked, it may, even in the evil circumstances we have had before us, still be possible so to educate our Sunday scholars, that the clergy may find themselves free to teach their Confirmation classes about Confirmation, their Communicant classes about Holy Communion, without having first to teach the rudiments of faith and practice.

A few other points come within the scope of these papers, such as school lending libraries, prizes, and treats.

The lending library is a valuable and a very popular addition to the Sunday school, but it requires more care in the selection of the books than is often supposed to be the case. It is not every book that has 'no particular harm in it' that is instantly fit to be covered with brown paper and put into the school library.

A child's criticism on a book hardly ever goes beyond the question of whether it is dull or amusing, the statements of the characters in the book and its opinions, it does not enter the child's mind to question. 'My book says so, and it must be true,' is the general idea. Later on, no doubt, a critical spirit arises; but most of those who come to our Sunday schools retain a respect for 'a printed book,' as an authority not to be lightly questioned. It will be understood that, unfortunately, this belief in a book does not extend to matters of everyday life, and that to farm from a book, or to cook from one, or to nurse from one, in preference to tradition and rule of thumb, is a thing that the country poor, at least, will entirely reject. But in the matter of unconsciously forming opinions and a mental atmosphere, books are more powerful than we generally suppose. And there are certain kinds of books, accordingly, that, no matter how the library is thereby diminished, should be excluded with a strong hand. To begin with, all which are imbued with, what is in truth, cant rather than religion. Most of us know the old-fashioned low Church story with a child who asks every one if they are converted, who uses our Lord's name on every occasion without any prefix of reverence—a story in which feelings and impressions are of the first importance, and this person is a Christian and that is not, wholly regardless of baptism. This class of story is plentiful still, slightly modified for modern taste, wherein conversion, as it is called, follows immediately upon some stirring sermon or text suddenly heard, and the person is for ever after consistently virtuous and holy. There is no mention of subsequent struggles, falls, repentance, and amendment, thus the whole tone of the book is false, and must in the end prove thoroughly discouraging to those whose experience contradicts its teaching, and who end by believing their case a desperate one. It would be better to leave spiritual matters alone altogether than to give so unreal an impression of them.

Nor are the books of the opposite school of religious thought free

from this taint of unreality and of cant, the blue-eyed chorister boys with fair hair who suddenly commit some great crime—generally forgery on a large scale—and are rescued from its consequences by the slow, ugly friend, who at once sacrifices all his own prospects for this end without any one being the wiser, abound more in books than they can be supposed to do in real life. Nor is the infallible parish priest, whose words are implicitly obeyed by his flock, and at whose feet the boys instantly pour out their troubles, any more an every-day person! Such tales are more likely to provoke ridicule, and ridicule which does not discriminate between the truth and its caricature, than any useful feeling. Let the standard held up be as high as you will, but the characters should be genuine, the circumstances possible, or the whole will be considered as it is, unreal, and will not serve its proper purpose of teaching by example. Again, no book with an irreverent tone should be allowed in the library, and the fewer there are wherein a child reforms its parents and its whole family instead of obeying them, the better it will be.

There will still remain plenty of sound, sensible stories, good allegories, books of travels, and biographies which are not sentimental, to make up a library which will delight the children and raise the tone of their minds.

In spite of the wonderful cheapness of children's books, there will always be some expense both in starting and in maintaining the library; and though the children could very probably pay twopence a month for books and would value them the more, their money would hardly cover the repairs, and outside subscriptions will always be necessary if new books are to be bought.

Much of what has been said of the lending library will apply to the prizes also, when these consist of books. A good sacred picture is often a useful variety, and will be highly esteemed. A Bible and Prayer-book come of course first on the list of prizes, but the Bible should not be given, unless in the case of a parting gift, until the child is of an age to value it and use it reverently; a Prayer-book is more a matter of every day necessity. In giving away the Holy Scriptures it would be well to give also some hint of how they should be studied, or the child is very likely either to read the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha straight through, or to pick out portions at haphazard. A little advice to follow the Lessons, or to read one Gospel or one Epistle carefully through would conduce to far more knowledge of the Holy Scriptures than is gained by the plan of putting the Bible into every one's hands without note or comment; a plan which, in our fear of following the Church of Rome and withholding the Scriptures from the people, we commonly pursue. A new Prayer-book might also suggest advice to read the book, and not to be content with a bare acquaintance with the Daily Offices only. A good book of private prayers might also be given as a prize, but there is a risk in giving

many little books of meditation or extracts, both from the semi-Roman tone, which lingers in many of them, and from the fact that they are frequently allowed to usurp the place of the Holy Scriptures themselves. For the rest a good spirited story-book, or *Agathos*, and *The Rocky Island*, which never fail in winning a child's heart, make very good prizes.

A Sunday school treat has become too fixed an institution to admit of much discussion, and apart from the children's pleasure may be made of much service. Then the teachers can unbend, play with the children, make friends with them and gain considerable knowledge of their character. To the children it is generally a source of delight and pride that 'our teacher' should come to the treat, and the link of pleasures shared is not one to be despised.

No one who has taken a town school into the country can easily forget the intense delight of the children, the most ordinary country sights, the mere clearness of the air, the blue sky, the grass which is green and not black, the road-side flowers—are all part of an effervescence of happiness which must be seen to be understood.

Plenty of plain food, a journey not too long, some compulsory rest, make the day really a valuable tonic to the children in mind and body. The cost will vary of course with the number taken and with the distance, but it is not necessarily an expensive affair.

In the country it is hardly necessary to make a journey; a large field, some swings, many games, and a considerable tea, generally give amusement enough without the added pleasure of change of scene. Christmas is always a time for children's treats, only within doors, and besides the pleasure and the children's fun, the little gifts are highly valued, and may give a touch of refinement which would be wanting otherwise.

It is a mistake when any such treat assumes very expensive proportions, both because of the actual waste of money, as the pleasure does not increase in proportion, and because of the difficulty and unpopularity of ever lowering the scale again. As we have in this paper especially been considering possible 'hard times' as in the near future we cannot leave this point out of consideration.

The head of the Sunday school should decide what misconduct or irregularity of attendance excludes the children from the treat. It should not be left to the decision of the individual teacher. On that theory of relaxed discipline for the Sunday school which we have before advocated, I would suggest that though a line should be drawn, and should be maintained, yet it should be so drawn as to exclude as few as possible. We certainly do not wish to bribe the children, but we do wish to win, to retain them by all fair means, and to bring them up in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

(*Concluded.*)

THE FARNHAM DEACONESSES.

THERE is a good work in hand, or rather many good works, which we wish to make known to those of our readers who may be willing to assist with alms, or better still, with labour, or it may be with themselves.

Every one knows that it is almost impossible to prevent camps and seaports from being centres of corruption, and the Diocese of Winchester, though otherwise an agricultural district, happens to possess not only the great English camp of Aldershot, but also one royal dockyard, and one great merchant seaport. Thus there is more than ordinary need for special exertions in stemming the tide of evil that is sure to flow in such places; and one of the first matters brought by the Bishop of Winchester before his Diocesan Conference was how to supplement parochial machinery in coping with the masses of people thus brought together. Of the mission work set on foot in the two seaport towns there is no need to speak here. We wish to dwell on the institution that has been placed under the wing of Farnham Castle itself, for the sake both of working among the population hanging about the outskirts of the camp at Aldershot, and of training female workers who may be available in other places as their numbers increase.

This is done by the Deaconess Home. We will here quote the rules as best showing its design:—

'Any earnest Communicant of the Church of England who desires to be trained for the office of a Deaconess in the Home at Farnham must apply in writing to the Chaplain of the Home, the Rev. P. Hoste, Farnham Rectory, or to the Deaconess in charge, stating age, occupation, and father's profession, whether of good health, and reasons for wishing to become a Deaconess. She must also give the name of her clergyman and of some friend who can testify as to her fitness for the duties she wishes to undertake.

'If the applicant is deemed suitable she will be admitted to the Home as a visitor for one month. At the end of the visit she may, with the consent of the Executive Council, be received as a Candidate. Before the commencement of her training she must state that she desires to be prepared for the office of a Deaconess, and that she honestly intends to continue the course of training for one year, or so much longer as the Chaplain and the Head Deaconess consider needful.

'When duly qualified she will be recommended to the Bishop, who will solemnly set her apart as a servant of the Church by the laying on of hands with benediction.

A payment of one pound a week must be made by each visitor, and the sum of ten pounds quarterly during the continued residence. Such payments to be made in advance.

'A simple distinctive dress shall be worn by the candidate during the time of training.

'Residence may be terminated on either side by a month's notice, and in such a case a proportional part of the sum paid in advance will be returned.

'The Home is not intended as an asylum for the homeless or world-weary, but as a household of fresh, loving hearts, anxious with all their might to serve the Lord with gladness.'

To this we add a sketch of the daily life in the Home by one of the ladies there—

'The day begins with prime, said in the ora ory at 7.40; then the Sisters go to church for service at 8; breakfast, 8.30; tierce and meditation, 9—9.30; work of different kinds till 12.30. One sister spends every morning in the National School learning practically how to teach, others are busy in their districts or nursing. 12.45, rest; 1, dinner. In the afternoon two mothers' meetings are held, one in Farnham, which I take, and which has grown in two years from three women to fifty, the other in the adjoining parish of Bourne. Those ladies who were not helping with the mothers, were again visiting in the parish. In these short days we have tea at 4.30; evensong at the parish church is at 5. From 5.30 to 7.30 the Sisters have a quiet time to enter their visits in the district books, prepare for the chaplain's instruction, get ready Bible lessons, &c. I generally give the young probationers and visitors a lesson on the Prayer-book or Church doctrine for a short time each evening, and we often have special cases to be prepared for adult baptism or confirmation, who come at this time. 7.30, supper; 8 to 9.30, recreation—a very happy time which all spend together, generally reading aloud part of the time; compline, 9.30; bed at 10. Very often, as happened last night and will again to-night, one or more of the Sisters sit up all night with poor people who are so ill as to require it. Sister Ina last night was with a poor woman very ill with rheumatic fever, and will be her nurse again to-night, she lives in a tiny and very poor house, and is in a room with no fireplace, so that nursing her in this weather needs real self-denial. We all have received hospital training. Our home has indeed been wonderfully blessed. Much suffering has been prevented and several lives saved by the nursing of the Sisters. We have the care of several districts in the town, and always take charge of districts when their proper visitors are away from home. One of the Sisters visits in the Bourne, a straggling parish with 1,000 poor, and no better-class people. We also give aid in three Sunday schools, and I have at the Home a Servants' Bible Class, chiefly for G.F.S. girls. We are now in a position to give the Sisters training in penitentiary work if they desire it.'

There is also much work for the Deaconesses among the hop-pickers who yearly inundate the neighbourhood, and are often in much need of bodily aid, carrying with it some wholesome instruction

Here is a letter on this:—

'I will just tell you a little about hopping time. In good years the number of pickers from a distance is very great. The year before last it was reckoned that there were 2,000 extra people in the town, and 10,000 in the close neighbourhood. Have you ever been in a hop county at picking time? But probably if you have, you have not had the opportunity of seeing much of the pickers, except in the gardens. The barracks where they sleep are outbuildings something like great barns. There are different regulations made by different hop-growers. The most particular will not allow men and women to share the same barracks; others do not divide the sexes, and, perhaps with no separation at all, eighty men, women, and children, sleep, or rather herd, together. Clean straw is provided for them to sleep on, and firing is given to them. The women have often said to us that they have not changed their clothes all the time the hopping season lasts, as it would not be decent to do so. As for food, they live chiefly on tea without milk, bread, and herrings. Of course they are at work all day, and as all the Farnham working people also pick, our ordinary visiting completely stops for three weeks or a month. But yet it is our busiest time, for the old people and the sick can get no one to attend to them, so we have to make them quite our own charge. Each evening, about 6.30, we start off to visit the barracks, some

one going to each set of people three times a week. We find out all the babies who have not been baptised, and some seasons more than thirty have been made "children of God" at the afternoon services held in the barracks each Sunday. Those who have tidy clothes of course take their children to church. The cases of sickness are seen after and helped, and much most touching gratitude we receive in consequence. One evening I went down to a barrack and found a little child very ill with inflammation of the lungs. The doctor had ordered a poultice, which I found on the child's leg! He was lying undressed on bare straw, covered with his father's great coat, which was such a weight that the child could not breathe under it, had thrown it off, and was lying quite uncovered. Two or three days of constant care, regular feeding and poulticing, with the help of a new flannel shirt, soon made a great change for the better in the little fellow, and last year his mother gave us such a welcome when we again met in the barrack. I was greatly touched one evening in another barrack where a little baby seemed dying; it was too ill to swallow the medicine the doctor had given, and the mother was in an agony of despair. I thought I might be able, by God's blessing, to give it a chance. I went at once to get what was necessary, and then returned rather in fear and trembling. It was a large loft, full of people, many men and boys. I was so pleased when some boys came rather near the corner of the room where I was; the men, who were supposed to be a very rough set, at once called them off and sent them out of the way. When I had finished what I had to do, and gave the baby back to her mother, I promised to go down early next morning, and said "Good night," every one stood up and said so heartily, "Good night, and God bless you, Sister," that it quite did me good to hear them. To my great joy the next morning the baby was much better, and crowing away quite happily. The father and mother could not express their thankfulness, they were so intensely grateful, and they have sent me one or two messages of remembrance since. On Sunday the Rector and his staff hold services in eight or nine different barracks, and some one from the Home is present as far as possible at each service, getting there before the clergyman arrives and rousing the people, and when possible getting the young ones into a sort of rough-and-ready Sunday school. The Rector makes a great point of the surplice being worn at all these services, whether out of doors or in barracks, so as to mark the difference between Church and Dissent, and the people thoroughly appreciate it, thinking that the parson takes the same trouble to dress for them as for those who go to church.'

More helpers are urgently needed, as it would be most desirable that the parent house should be able to send out companies of trained workers into the large towns. In the meantime, the Deaconesses are earnestly desirous to obtain the means for establishing a cottage home for the reclaiming of the poor little girls, under twelve years old, who have been found in the haunts of vice, too deeply tainted for admission to industrial schools, yet not old enough for the institutions for women.

Unhappily there are many such, children in years, yet old in terrible experience of sin, waifs and strays, or even given up to evil by wicked parents. They cannot be dealt with except by loving, patient, wise ladies, strong in the charity which springs of the love of God and our neighbour. A home which would be the beginning of a new life to ten of these poor little beings can be maintained by the Deaconesses for 200*l.* a year. Surely some will assist in subscribing to the raising and multiplying of such places of rescue. Subscriptions should be sent to Sister Emma, Deaconess Home, Farnham; or to the Rev. Canon Hoste, Rectory, Farnham.

THE PRAYER FOR THE PARLIAMENT.

'Oh, dear, what a bother! I suppose we shall have the prayer for the Parliament this morning.'

The speaker was a little boy on his way to church, with his family, a few Sundays ago; and the person addressed thus, his mother.

'What a bother! Harry, Harry, *do* think, dear, what you are saying; remember you are speaking of a prayer?'

'Yes, I know; but somehow it never seems like any of the others; does it, Mary? I often wish Parliament were not sitting.'

'Well, I don't believe any one cares much for it, for I have often heard grown-up people say the same,' replied his sister, who, only eighteen, was rather a politician in her way; 'and certainly with the present state of things it seems to me almost a mockery.'

'On the contrary; there is, in my opinion, more and more reason we should use it from our heart,' said the mother. 'But here we are, at the church-gate; we will talk this over, dears, in the afternoon.'

'And now,' said Mrs. Hamilton, as they were all sitting round the fire after luncheon,' just get your Prayer-books and we will discuss this matter a little. Harry, you shall read it.' She stopped him at the words, 'safety, honour, and welfare of our sovereign, and her dominions.' 'Now what can be more beautiful than that? Don't you think Parliament needs our prayers? Perhaps, in fact,' she said, half to herself, 'more now than ever before.'

'But what *is* the use of praying for members who publicly deny the existence of God?' said Mary, indignantly; 'and for Jews, to do things to "the good of our Church"; and for the safety of the Queen's dominions, with the Home Rulers stirring up Ireland into rebellion? It *is* a mockery, it must be, for congregations to pray for what Parliament itself, or at least some part of it, does not profess even to want.'

Mrs. Hamilton was almost unable to answer these arguments, feeling, alas! there was but too much truth in them, though she said gently—

'May, do we always fit our prayers into what others want? Do the sinners *wish* to be better when we pray for them? Do the atheists *want* to know about God when we plead for them? But still we *do* pray—why? because we know that in such cases none but God can help and change things as we would have them. It seems to me, and I have thought much about it lately, that, after all, the members of

the Church are to blame! yes, *much* to blame, for all that has now come to pass. They have not used her weapons as they might, they have not been as bold as they ought to have been; and a great deal of the unbelief among those who profess to govern England may some day be traced back, perhaps to the indifference and coldness with which we have treated this very prayer about which I am speaking. Perhaps if we had *one* and *all* really prayed "that all things may be so ordered and governed by their endeavours upon the *best* and *surest* foundations," "peace and happiness, truth and justice" would be with us now instead of anarchy, irreligion, murder, war, and persecution,' and there was almost a sob in her voice as ceasing, she gazed into the fire.

'Oh! what will these dreadful times bring us to?' said Mary at last; 'and how can we pray now this prayer when it is so contrary to the circumstances under which it was written?'

'We *can* use it, and what is more, we *must*, dear,' said her mother; 'and more and more earnestly we must pray for those (even though we differ politically from them) who are in such a terribly responsible position; for those to whom we owe the very security and happiness about which we, as English people, pride ourselves so much; for those, too, who deny their God and their Saviour, and this not secretly, but openly and publicly, corrupting the people and teaching *falsehood*. Oh! that the laity of the Church of England would only think more and more of this really beautiful prayer, and not have it held out to them in the Last Day as a neglected privilege, as a spurned great power, which the Church might have used for her country, but which she treated with indifference and contempt. God grant it may never be said of any of us.'

ANNIE CAZENOVE.

SAINT FRANCIS' SERMON TO THE STARLINGS.

"Silence, brothers!" quoth Saint Francis,
Standing at the convent door,
To the birds who chirpt and chattered,
Picking up the grain he scattered
Open-handed on the floor.

Very loving was Saint Francis,
Even to each bird and flower;
Counted dear the lark, who gaily
Heavenward soaring, chanted daily,
Monk-like at the Mattin hour.

With the nightingale at Vespers
He would sing with reverent heart.
Likened doves to women holy,
Cloistered nuns, who chaste and lowly
From the world are set apart.

To the starlings spake Saint Francis,
As they pecked with eager beak:
"Long enough you all have chattered,
My turn now it is to speak.

"Hark to me, my little brothers,
And of your Creator Great
I will tell you,—He Who made you,
In your feathered garb arrayed you,
Gave to each a little mate,—
Launched you into boundless ether,
Gave you heavenward-mounting wings,
You—the earliest created,
First-fruits of all living things.
In the Ark He willed to save you,
And preserves you still for good,—
Tiny homes to each awardeth
In the tall trees of the wood.
Need you not to toil or labour,
Nor to pine in anxious mood,
Since to you, and to your young ones,
Day by day he giveth food.
To this bountiful Creator
Bring your little meed of praise,
Bless Him in the dreary winter,
Thank Him in the summer days.
When you wing your flight to heaven—
When you stoop to earthly ways—
Both in seed-time and in harvest
Unto Him thanksgiving raise."

Domino.

Spider Subjects.

By mistake the quotation about the illumination was ascribed to Klopstock, whereas it really is from Claudius. The translators seem to have found *so'n* a difficulty, and Wallflower actually made it *sun*. It really is *solch einem* contracted. Spinning Jenny made *spielen*, sparkle instead of play, Cirro Cumulus seems to have thought the name Andreas meant Alter Ego; Mignonette placed the St. Michael *within* the arch; Ignoramus disregarded Stösst; and Eine Engländerin, A. S. H., and Nightingale supply too much original matter; Firefly, Daffodil, Sintram and Garnet are fair; Jeckel, F. M. L., and Metelille are very good; but Vögelein has a flow and ease which make hers the best.

TRANSLATION OF KLOPSTOCK'S LETTER.

We have had an illumination here to-night, my dear Andrew. Imagine the trees and hedges all hung with lamps forming wonderful arches and columns, with more lamps and wonderful figures of S. Michael trampling upon the dragon, and the summerhouses covered all over with lamps, and lamps hung so close to the water that you can see the fish darting about; and imagine numbers of people from Hamburg promenading the garden—well, that is called an illumination, and is a curious sight to see, and requires a great deal of oil.

VÖGELEIN.

The instances of boasting are answered by Bog-Oak, Metelille, Ignoramus, Clover, and A. S. H. We give Bog-Oak's, supplemented by Metelille.

HISTORICAL INSTANCES OF BOASTING BEFOREHAND.

'For it will come to pass
That every braggart will be found an ass.'

As the proverb concerning boasting at the putting on of harness is found in the Bible, so the first instances of it are there to be looked for.

Goliath's boast, 'Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air,' will occur to every one as the very type of many an insolent boast since, on the part of the power which seems the stronger.

Benhadad's boast, which was the occasion of the proverb, was 'The gods do so unto me, and more also, if the dust of Samaria shall suffice for handfuls for all the people that follow me.' Then Ahab, in the one scene of his life which makes one realise what a king he might have been but for Jezebel, 'answered and said, tell him, Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.' The sequel need not be told.

Ahab himself furnishes the next example, when, before setting out for his last fatal battle, he said to Micaiah, 'Until I come again in peace.' And Micaiah said, 'If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me.' Almost the same story, with the identical remark and answer (the latter possibly suggested by the recollection

of Micaiah), is told of the Arian Emperor Valens, and a Catholic hermit, when the Emperor was starting for the battle of Adrianople. Also of King John and a hermit before crossing the Wash—

'"If thou return at all in peace,"
Then said the Hermit bold,
"God's Name will be blasphemed by men;
King John—thy days are told!"'

The whole of the insulting speech of Rabshakeh is another instance; nay, probably the very horses which he tauntingly offered the Jews shared the fate of the army when 'the angel of death spread his wings on the blast.'

If Haman did not *sell* the bear-skin, he at least offered to *buy* it for 10,000 talents of silver before the bear was caught, when he planned the murder of the whole Jewish race, and uttered the boasts recorded in the fifth chapter of Esther, crowning the whole by the gallows erected even before he had spoken 'to the King that Mordecai may be hanged thereon,' the result being that he fell 'himself into the destruction that he made for other.'

But perhaps one of the most notable examples was that of the slave merchants whom Nicanor brought with him, before the battle of Mizpeh, in the time of Judas Maccabæus, who were to buy ninety Jews for one talent; and as he reckoned enough would be sold to pay the tribute of 2,000 talents due to the Romans, he must have calculated on selling 180,000 Jews; however he was defeated, and the slave merchants themselves were sold. Most of this is given in II. Maccabees viii., and the rest in Josephus.

Another good instance of this vain boasting beforehand is the pillar set up by the Roman Emperors to commemorate the downfall of Christianity—

'Rear the column high and stately,
Set it up to crown the steep,
That from Europe's southern headland
It may tell the Atlantic deep:
'Crushed is now the arch-deceiver;
Christ is but a word of shame;
And the "execrable madness"
Is a history and a name.'

In the reign of King John, Reginald, sub-prior of Canterbury, having been secretly elected Archbishop by the younger monks, and sent to Innocent III. for the pall, boasted of his honours before he reached Rome, so that his own party gave him up in disgust, and accepted Langton, the Pope's nominee.

Edward II. took a Carmelite friar with him to Bannockburn, to write a poem on his intended victory. The friar was taken and forced to write a very different poem (some say a very *in*different one) on Bruce's victory instead!

When Leopold of Austria marched to Sempach before the battle, his troops insultingly exhibited a halter which they had made for the chief magistrate of the town they were never to enter.

The night before the battle of Agincourt, the French gambled for the ransoms of the prisoners they intended to take. The feasting and boasting of a doomed army on the night before a battle is so common, and so often probably caused the doom, that it is hardly worth while to quote any further examples.

The traitor, Constable Bourbon, when he marched on Rome in 1527,

prepared a gold chain to strangle Pope Clement VII., saying 'a little consideration was due to the foremost of Christians.' However, the harness Bourbon put on then, he never took off, as he perished in the escalade.

Dr. Cole was an emissary sent by Queen Mary's council, about 1558, with a commission to chastise the Reformed English Refugees in Ireland. But boasting of his commission at Chester, a landlady managed to abstract it and substitute a pack of cards, with which he unwittingly came before the Irish council; and the Queen's opportune death prevented a renewal of the commission.

It is said that one of the Armada captains selected Mount Edgecombe as his share of the spoils which Spain hoped to reap in England. But not in vain—

'The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall,'

and the Spaniards never even set eyes on that 'goodly heritage.'

Then there are the medals which when the French flotilla was being prepared at Boulogne by Napoleon I. for the invasion of England, he caused to be struck to commemorate his conquest of the land he was never to set foot on, and which actually bore the inscription, 'Struck in London;' but—

'This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
. . . . . naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.'

BOG-OAK.

NOTABLE HISTORICAL INSTANCES OF PREMATURE BOASTING.

Xerxes, when he set his throne on the rocks opposite Salamis, expecting to see the destruction of the Greeks, and saw instead the rout of his own fleet.

The Athenians, when they indulged in such visions of victory and unlimited conquest before the Sicilian expedition, which ruined their power.

The Jomsburg Vikings, at the funeral feast of Harold Bluetooth, made many rash vows as to exploits they would do against Norway, but when they attempted to accomplish them they met with defeat and destruction (*circa* 990.)

The Emperor Frederick II., when besieging Parma, a stronghold of the Guelf party, gave the boastful name of 'Vittoria' to the temporary town he erected for his army; but it was destroyed, and his troops dispersed by a sortie of the besieged, an overthrow which ruined his cause, 1249.

The Austrian and Swabian knights took with them to Sempach ropes and halters to bind and hang the Swiss confederates, but were utterly defeated by them, 1386.

The crusaders, under Sigismund of Hungary, when marching against the Turks at Nicopolis in 1391, not only made the well-known boast that if the sky should fall they could hold it up with their lances, but also declared that the overthrow of the Ottoman dominion would be a mere trifle to them, after that they would recover the Holy Land, conquer Arabia, Persia, &c.; but their rash impetuosity led them to destruction.

On the other hand, after his victory, Sultan Bajazet is said to have boasted that he would feed his horse on the altar of S. Peter's

at Rome, but his defeat and capture by Timur prevented him from attempting to carry out his vaunt.

The French champions, who fought out the celebrated challenge of Barletta, were also so certain of overcoming their Italian opponents, that they brought no money for their ransoms, as had been settled, but their presumption was put to shame by their being all made prisoners.

We need do no more than name the '*Invincible* Armada,' and the destruction that was sent upon it, 1588.

When the Duke of Mayenne marched out against Henri IV., the Parisians actually let their windows in expectation of the triumphal re-entry of the Leaguers bringing the Huguenot king as a captive, but the Battle of Arques did not realise their anticipations.

Wallenstein, when besieging Stralsund, vowed that he 'would take it, though bound with chains, to heaven.' But he was at last forced to raise the siege, the first check he had met with.

The Court of Vienna also scoffed at Gustavus Adolphus as a 'Snow King,' who would melt away as he came south, but soon found that the 'Snow King' was a very formidable foe.

The Duke of Brunswick, when about to lead the allied armies against the Republicans in Champagne, is said to have told his officers to 'take little baggage, as it was only a military promenade,' but that 'military promenade' was the opening of the war which overthrew the established order of Europe, 1792.

Before the fatal campaign of Jena, the Prussian officers were absurdly confident of success, and indulged in much idle boasting, 1806.

And in our own days we have seen the counterpart of this, when in 1870 the French rushed into war with Prussia, with the cry of 'À Berlin!' which city they only entered as prisoners.

Lastly, there was a lamentable instance of this kind of presumption when, at the beginning of the war of 1876, some Servian officers boasted that they would be in Constantinople in forty days, but found they had greatly misreckoned the enemy's forces and their own.

METELILLE.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The subject, 'Any plants in flower, avoiding those already described,' for February—exercises due on March 15—ought this year to be copiously illustrated. On the last day of 1881 Vertumhus found, within a mile of his own house (by no means a warm locality), no less than sixteen wild Phænogamous plants in flower.

There are two vacancies. Candidates as well as members will please to bear in mind that the Society is intended for readers of the *Monthly Packet*.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

Trace the fulfilment of the prophecy of Jacob in Gen. xlix. in the destinies of the Twelve Tribes.

The celebrated animals of the bovine race in history (excluding mythology).

Stamps received:—Nightingale, Spinning Jenny, Wallflower, Sintram, Alert, Daffodil, Bubbles.

Notices to Correspondents.

G. H. C.—Dickinson's *Practical Grammar for Schools*, published by Hughes.

MADAM,—I have just seen in the October number of the *Monthly Packet* an answer to *Veronica's* inquiry, and I think that the following is the rhyme she asks for. I heard it given as a dictation exercise by an inspector in our own school many years ago, but I do not know its author. The same inspector also gave the second exercise. Yours faithfully, *F. E. T.*

I.

In hewing yews
Hugh lost his ewe,
And put it in the 'Hue and Cry;'
To name its face's lovely hues
Was all the logic he could use.
You brought the ewe back by and by,
And only begged the hewer's ewer
Your hands to wash in water pure;
Lest lovely ladies, not a few,
Should cry on coming near you, Eugh!

II.

And he too bound up his toe with tow, to tow two boats to the shore.

Terra Cotta wants to know the publisher of *The Child's First Reading Book*, illustrated by Birket Foster. She believes it came out about thirty years ago. Has any reader of the *Monthly Packet* a copy of it to dispose of?

Poem Wanted.—*C. M. S.* would be glad to know who is the author of a little poem called *Measuring the Baby*, and where it may be found?

Priscilla will be glad to know the origin of the saying—Talent does what it *can*, genius what it *must*.

Mrs. Vernon asks the author of a 'Christmas Hymn,' beginning

'Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown,' &c. &c.

Can any of your readers tell me the author of—

'For sympathy without relief,
Is much like mustard without beef.'

—*John W. Blagdon, Petworth.*

The following words are from a poem in *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, viz:—

'There is no deed that I have done,
There is no love which I have won,
To make them for a moment grieve
That I this night this earth must leave.'

Æditha will be glad to copy the poem for *Nepenthe*, if these are the words she means, and if she will send her her address.—*Æditha*, 10 *Mersey View, Blundellsands, near Liverpool.*

The Editor is extremely obliged to the many kind persons who have answered her request so kindly. She feels most grateful to them, and hopes they will accept this acknowledgement.

Mission Work in Southwark.

Perhaps some of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* may be interested in a slight sketch of a Mission work started within the last few years in the south of London.

The origin of this Mission is somewhat touching. A widow lady living in one of the sunniest counties of England was deprived by sudden death of her only child, a daughter, the being round whom all the hopes and joys of her life had centred. But He Who willed to take her treasure from her also willed to put into her heart a great desire to devote her worldly substance to bring light and truth into some one of the many dark corners of our large, densely-peopled metropolis. To the fulfilment of this desire the little Mission Parish of All Hallows, Southwark, owes its existence, and many and earnest were the prayers of its foundress that God would bless her offering to His glory and the salvation of souls. Giving up her bright home in the country, she came and lived in the midst of those in whose temporal as well as eternal welfare she felt so deep an interest. The inhabitants of this little parish were, for the most part, as ignorant and regardless of their Maker as the heathen in far distant lands. The community of Clewer consented to give some sisters to assist the priest of the parish in his arduous struggle with the vice and misery which surrounded him amongst the 6,000 souls committed to his charge. A pawnbroker's shop in the very heart of the parish has been changed into a Mission House for sisters and ladies who work with them. What was originally used as the shop is now the Mission room, where mothers' meetings, Bible-classes, sewing-classes, &c., are held. In the commencement house-to-house visitation was looked upon rather in the light of an intrusion, and many annoyances and hindrances had to be encountered; but such are the invariable outcome of prejudice, and prejudice is the inevitable result of ignorance.

Patient working, and the 'charity which endureth all things,' will in time overcome both, and All Hallows is proving the truth of this.

'Sisters' are now recognised as the true friends of poverty and trouble, and there is much to cheer the workers in the steady progress the work has already made.

Many who have at any time shared in Mission work are aware that the first step must be to show an interest in the temporal necessities of the poor, and so gradually to pave the way for higher and more spiritual ministrations.

To attain this object a clothing-club has been established, which is collected weekly from house to house in hopes of diverting pence from the public-house into the far more profitable channel of providing respectable clothing for the winter. So well is this beginning to be appreciated that any irregularity on the part of the collector generally calls forth no little dissatisfaction.

A shoe-club for the children is also in operation, to try and obviate the oft-repeated plea for absence from Sunday-school—'Oh! please teacher, I couldn't come, 'cause I had no boots.'

Another institution, which is highly valued, is a sale of clothes held occasionally at the Mission House. This consists of garments new and old. The former are generally made in the parish, as needlework

tickets is one way of helping those in distress; the clothes are then sold at the price of the material. To supply money for the needlework fund, cast-off clothing given by friends of the Mission are sold at a very cheap rate. These are greedily sought after, as the superiority of material makes them invaluable to the purchasers, especially to the tidy mothers, who re-model them for their little ones.

During the winter months soup is given away to all the large and needy families in the parish, and on the other three days dinners for twelve sick people are provided at the Mission House. Beef-tea, wine, and arrowroot are daily given for the benefit of the sick poor. There is also a nursery attached to the Mission, where children under four are received from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., and fed and taken care of for the comparatively small sum of 3*d.* per day. This only pays for the children's food, the expenses of house rent, fuel, light, and matron's wages all have to come out of the Mission funds.

The stagnation of trade everywhere has made itself keenly felt in this part of London. It is sad to see men able and willing to work tramping miles daily in the vain search for employment, returning weary and heart-broken to homes where the last article must be 'put away,' or, in other words, pawned, to obtain a morsel of bread; but for this evil, time will, we trust, bring a remedy in an improved state of trade.

The Mission numbers now more than a hundred communicants; some of these may perchance fall away, yet there are others of whom good hopes may be entertained as to their steadfastness and truth.

One of these, a respectable widow, working hard to bring up a large family of step-children, held aloof for a whole twelvemonth, determined, to use her own expression, 'not to decide on anything in a hurry,' till, convinced of the truth of what she heard in the little Mission Church, and, regardless of the scorn and abuse of her neighbours, she expressed her desire to be admitted as a candiate for confirmation, and has ever since proved herself a constant and devout communicant.

Another, an old Lucknow soldier, though liking to be visited, and thinking much and gravely on religious subjects, could not be persuaded to come to church, the almost imperative necessity of working on Sundays being his chief obstacle. He has only a very small pension, and ekes out a scanty livelihood by working as a cobbler, and as most of his customers are his poor neighbours, they require their shoes mended on the one day on which they do not work themselves. However, this year he came to the final decision to work no more on Sundays. He was confirmed shortly before Easter, and is now a regular church goer and communicant.

The purse, it is to be feared, is often very empty, but our old soldier bears it bravely, and it is seldom that he and his Lucknow medals are absent from his accustomed place in the little church.

And again, a young married woman, living in the kitchen of a house, from which the district visitor had been hitherto excluded, begged the lady to come and see *her*. After some further acquaintance she expressed her desire to be confirmed. Her husband greatly disapproved of her attendance at the confirmation classes, and not content with raising objections, treated her with coldness and unkindness when he found that she stood firm to her determination. He himself, though comparatively educated, was virtually a heathen, for except on the occa-

sion of his marriage he had never entered a church. By degrees his wife's influence and example won him to accompany her to the Sunday services of the Mission Church, and with the simplicity of a child he accepted the truths there taught. Now he is not only a staunch communicant, but also ever ready to devote his small amount of leisure in assisting any scheme set on foot in the parish for the good of others.

These are a few of the bright spots in the Mission work; others there are, alas! where a fair promise of good has, for the present, at any rate, been blighted; they can but be left in humble prayer and faith in His Hands Who ordereth the hearts of all men. When first the Mission commenced services were held in a room which had originally been a carpenter's shed, now a small temporary chapel has been built on the site, where it was fondly hoped by the foundress of the Mission that some day a church worthy of God's honour and glory, and suited to the needs of the population would be built. Funds for carrying out this object are being very slowly and gradually collected. She to whose heart the building of that church lay very near, and to whose munificence the Mission owes its very life, was early in this year called to her rest, and sadly and sorely is she missed by all alike, who found in her one ever ready to bestow not only temporal assistance, but still more, the loving sympathy of a generous heart.

To the utmost of her means she has provided for the Mission, but its needs are greater even than her liberality, and these lines have been written in the hope that some who read them will be stirred up to bestow a little of their abundance upon the necessities of their poorer brethren.

Money for the church building fund, for the support of the nursery, and the maintenance of the invalid dinners will be invaluable. Cast-off clothing, especially those of gentlemen and boys, together with boots and shoes, are at all times most helpful.

Material for clothes, books for the lending-library, toys for the babies, arrowroot, wine, rice, oatmeal, peas for thickening the soup, indeed everything or anything thought little of in rich households, will be gratefully received at All Hallows' Mission House. Should any reader, touched by the account of the old soldier's cheerful faith, be inclined to send him a little special help, it may not be amiss to mention that owing to the hardships endured in his Indian campaign his constitution has been seriously impaired, his lungs so affected that often during the winter months he is incapable of even earning his few ordinary pence.

The Mission is very accessible to visitors from the West End, being only a quarter of an hour's walk from the station of the underground railway at Blackfriars Bridge, and the sisters are always grateful for any interest shown in their work.

The address is—

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,
All Hallows' Mission House,
127, *Union Street, Borough.*

The Monthly Packet.

APRIL, 1882.

APRIL SHOWERS: AN IDYL AND A PASTORAL.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

CHAPTER III.

I AWOKE to find my eyelids glued together by the tears which had dried on them; but the church bells were ringing, and a nice, bright wood fire was burning on the hearth, and I went down to breakfast feeling more cheerful than last night I had thought possible.

But everything in the house looked by daylight more dilapidated and worn out, older and grimmer, than it had done before, and when I entered the dining-room, even there the ravages of time were painfully apparent. The stains on the paper, the rents that had been mended with a different pattern and even different tint, gave it a poverty-stricken look which its size could not atone for. My uncle received me, too, with a brief and cold 'Good morning.' He did not intend to be unkind, but he made no effort to lay aside his habitual silence, or say a word to cheer the poor little girl he had taken from her home. We ate our breakfast almost without speaking, and it was with a very sinking heart I got ready to accompany him to church.

We passed over the moat and along a straight sweep, and then through the tall iron gates and so into the village. I noticed how every one touched his hat to my uncle, and was pleased when some of the school children looked smilingly up in my face and curtseyed to me, and amused when I heard one say to the other 'My! what a bonnet! Bain't them roses pretty!'

A flight of well-worn stone steps led up from the street to the churchyard; just within grew a pair of very old yew-trees, said to have been planted when Trower Manors was built, three or four hundred years ago. We did not enter with the rest of the congregation, but went through a small door on the north side into what was and is called the Trower Chapel. I had observed outside how thick the

tombstones gathered, but within the walls seemed covered with them, and all the pavement visible bore brasses, or traces where they had been. Tattered hatchments hung from the beams, and in the midst of our large square pew was an altar tomb with a recumbent figure in armour. Wherever I turned my eyes I could read the words that told me that 'near that spot were laid the remains of' this or that Trower. Just above the wainscoting of the pew we occupied, a small square brass was let into the wall, on which was engraved the figure of a skeleton with a worm wreathed in and out of the ribs, and as if that were not horrible enough, the lines beneath seemed meant to enhance the horror; certainly they made me shudder:—

'Ye earthly imps who this do see
See here what all ye soon will be—
Bethink ye, while bethink ye may,
All flesh to mouldy worm is prey!
So live ye that, when ye be dead,
Your souls, as quick, to heaven be fled.'

I could scarcely turn my eyes away from the ghastly object. Here, under my feet and apparently all round me, were the ancestors of whom grandmamma was so proud! No doubt it was grand to have so many tombstones belonging to one, but I did not feel their company inspiriting. With the exception of Sir William and Lady Hutten, who occupied the opposite transept, the congregation was a wholly rustic one, and my eyes missed the smart bonnets I had been used to in the London churches; and though I have got used *now* to the society of my dead kindred, *then* death and life equally depressed me. But when the music began I reached the climax of my disgust. Looking over the edge of the pew, I found the choir was close to us. The instruments were a bassoon, a violin, and a clarionette; the performers were some half-dozen old men and one boy. The clerk led, and I heard him, in the course of a short squabble which preceded the commencement, say in an audible whisper that 'he would not go to he,' the two 'he's' being the hymn and the tune. But when he had found two that would go together, and he lifted up his voice and sang, not if he had sung with the voice of an angel, could his face have worn an expression of more rapt devotion. I have often thought of it since, and acknowledged that though it was *not* music it *was* praise, the poor, feeble, ignorant earthly instrument breathing out through its discords as best it could, a rich spiritual melody that was all concord in heaven.

Even then I admired his face, which was a great contrast to that of the boy who took the alto, and who, with an expression of the most intense conceit and self-satisfaction, formed all his notes in his nose and brought them out through his clenched teeth. When we left the church I was introduced to the clergyman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, and the first thing the latter said to me was—

'I hope you were pleased with our music. We pride ourselves on the good voices we have in our parish.'

What I answered I do not know; what I felt was the greatest wonder at such ignorance. Was it possible that people who lived in the country were all so benighted?

Mr. Wyford joined, and walked back with us to luncheon. My uncle brightened up at his presence, and even smiled on me from perceiving that I was pleasing in the eyes of the other; and so I also brightened up a little, and was comforted and cheered by that other's genial voice and looks, though he was a middle-aged man in my opinion, and not to be compared with the young and handsome quasi-lover I had left behind, and of whom somehow he made me think.

'You know, I suppose, that I have the honour of being your cousin,' he said, 'though I am afraid only a distant one. Come, sir, tell us what is exactly the degree.'

'Her great-great-grandmother and your great-grandmother were sisters,' he replied, with all the readiness of accurate knowledge; 'but there have been other, though more remote intermarriages.'

'It is rather hazy and indistinct,' he answered, 'but it would appear,' looking at me, 'that I am a generation the oldest. However, I hope you will believe that I feel all a cousin ought to feel.'

'I do not know how that is,' I said, smiling gratefully, 'for I never spoke to one before yesterday, but I think it must be kindly.'

'Yes,' he replied with emphasis; 'it means a kindness thoroughly to be relied on—as true as friendship, perhaps something better, because there is the tie of kindred to strengthen the mutual regard and goodwill. I am afraid you will miss here the gaieties you may have been used to. You had, I dare say, a great many friends in London.'

'No,' I said; 'grandmamma was very particular, and never seemed to like our neighbours or that I should go about with them; but I did know some people.' And I thought of Mr. Summers and my walks with him, and the remembrance made me blush deeply, all the more that both he and my uncle were looking at me. I felt even my throat had grown pink, and saw also that there was a change in my uncle's expression, and after a terrible instant of silence he growled out in anger—

'Your grandmother showed her sense. You had no business with acquaintances at your age.'

His voice was so fierce and bitter that my tears began to show themselves, but I kept them back, and though I was sorely afraid, I managed to say, with some spirit—

'You should remember, sir, that though I am only seventeen, I have had to work for my living for nearly the last year.'

My uncle glared at me as I spoke, and when I had done made me no answer, but only gave his chair an impatient shove nearer the fire and more with his back towards me. But Mr. Wyford said, kindly—

'I hope you had not to work hard, at all events.'

'No,' I replied; 'only to teach every day at a school, and I liked it.'

We talked on a few minutes, but my uncle's gloom did not abate, and presently Mr. Wyford proposed that I should come out into the gardens with him. When I came down with my bonnet on he was waiting for me in the hall.

'What have I done,' I said, 'to make him so angry?'

He looked at me an instant, and I felt sure he knew, but instead of answering, he said, 'Have you seen the house? Look here.' And he kicked aside an old faded and ragged rug, which was lying before the hearth, and pointed with his foot to a dark stain beneath.

'It is a very dirty spot,' I said; 'why is it not scrubbed out?'

'It is the stain of blood,' he replied, 'and marks the place where the grandfather of that great-great-grandmother of yours died. He escaped from the battle of Newbury desperately wounded, and, though hotly pursued, reached this house alive to die on the hearth, almost at the feet of his mother, who was sitting in that old chair.'

'How do you know it was that chair?' I asked. 'Has it never been moved?'

'Tradition says,' he answered, 'that he laid his bloody hand on the arm as he fell, and that dark mark,' pointing to one, 'shows the place. Time, however, has made the wood so black that it has very nearly disappeared, but if you lift the cushion, you will see your uncle has taken care its history shall not be forgotten.'

And taking it up I saw a plate with an inscription had been let into the wooden seat. As to who fought the battle of Newbury, or when it had taken place, I had not then an idea, but I felt very much impressed, and thought the quaint worm-eaten chair had a very ghastly look. Passing round the staircase he took me into a corridor, which had on one side a long row of mullioned windows which looked into a green court, and on the other several doors, nearly bare of paint. Opening the first he went into a library, long, low, and narrow, full of old books and old furniture, with a beautiful lattice-paned bay window at the end, and from thence we passed into the drawing-room I had heard grandmamma so often and so fondly describe. It was, like the library, long and narrow, but was lighted by five sash-windows, of which the shutters were all half-closed, and it smelt as if the very doors were never opened. The furniture was huddled up in the middle and covered with sheets brown with dust, but when I peeped beneath them I saw the crimson and silver damask, and saw also that it was threadbare and ragged. Here and there gold stars still adorned the white panels, but it was all dreary and desolate.

'It looks very wretched,' I said.

'Nay, but it is a beautiful room,' he replied, 'though it is a pity

these modern windows were put in it; but now you must come into the stable-yard;' and passing again into the corridor we went out of a door at the end and I found myself at the back of the house. Here was the remains of what had once been a tower, and Mr. Wyford showed me some old brickwork, which he said was very beautiful. I did not see anything beautiful in it, but did not venture to say so, much less to tell him how dismal and like a prison I thought the house, shut in as it was, not only with the moat, but with high garden walls turreted at the corners.

'You seem very fond of the old place,' I said.

'Yes, I am,' he answered; 'I was brought up here, and it is more like home than my own house, Trower Wood. Many a time have the major and I climbed to the top of that old tower,' and he pointed to one standing amongst the farm buildings; 'that,' he continued, 'and the wall and turrets are older than the manor house.'

He went into the garden, and walked up one of the wide handsome turf walks to a door in the wall, which he opened, and showed me it led to a narrow bridge crossing the moat, and to a road beyond.

'It seems to me,' I said, looking up at the high wall and ivied tower near which we were standing, 'that, like a prison, it is all built to prevent people from getting out.'

'Not exactly,' he answered; 'the object was rather to prevent people from getting in. Look at the house now with that gleam of light upon it—is it not beautiful?'

'I do not know,' I replied; 'but it is so cold and so still, so desolate and so silent. There is nothing to be heard, and nothing to be seen. The silence seems awful to me; streets are always busy and cheerful, and I think also very pretty. Even going to church is gay in London. Here it is so *triste*, and there are so many tombstones! It is such a change! Oh! I hope I shall go home again some day.'

'I hope not,' he said, earnestly, 'I mean not for a permanency. All this should be yours and your mother's. You must not throw away your chance of inheriting it because it is dull. It is, I know, a great change for you from all the cheerfulness of London, to this secluded place, from perhaps many friends and young companions, to live with an old man, or,' with a smile, 'shall I say with two?—for I suppose in your eyes I am not much otherwise.'

I thought again of Mr. Summers, and said—

'You are not old like my uncle—only old compared with me. Yes, of course, I had some friends I am very sorry to leave, but I hope I may see them again. They might perhaps come and see me if they knew;' and I looked up at him with a blush that no doubt suggested that the *they* might be read as *he*.

'I can say nothing as to that possibility,' he replied, in a tone of displeasure.

'Why should you and my uncle be angry,' I asked, 'at there being

any one amongst my acquaintances whom I should like to see again? I did not know I was likely to come here, and if I had, why should it have made any difference?'

'Yes,' he said, 'you have a right to ask, and I have no shadow of right to be vexed, nor am I. I will do my best to secure your having justice done you; but you know your uncle is a man of strong prejudices, and a temper which often makes him unreasonable, though to me he has ever been the best of friends.'

When we returned to the house he left us, and I began a long letter home, which was not finished until the next day. I made the best of my impressions of the place and of my uncle for grandmamma's sake, and told everything I could think of to amuse and interest her; and I put in a private note for my mother asking after Mr. Summers, and telling her how much I missed her and yearned to see her; but it was the first letter I had ever written, and I did not find it easy to express my feelings.

That done, I looked around in vain for other occupation. I had, indeed, a new piece of Berlin wool work, but I felt too restless to sit still and do it. I roamed about the house, looking into empty rooms and closets, and gazing at old faded pictures, and sometimes standing half way down the back stairs because there I could hear the stir in the kitchen and the cheerful voices of the maidservants. That Monday, also, it began to snow thick and fast, and soon the moat lay like a dark stain on the white earth; and I think with the snow the terrible stillness deepened. Every day I grew more mothersick, homesick, and townsick, until I believed myself lovesick as well. No one who has not suffered it can tell what it is to be taken out of a life of full activity, and to be all at once reduced to total idleness. My only hope of change was in Mr. Wyford's coming in; but the days passed and he did not appear. Once I saw him walking with my uncle towards the house, and felt sure he would; he came with him even to the door, and then turned away. He did not think, as it seemed, of the poor little prisoner inside, and I said to myself indignantly, 'Is this the kindness he promised?' I knew afterwards he meant it for kindness, and that he thought it best for me to weaken the hopes he knew my uncle was indulging, and which he believed could not be realised. But it cost me a few tears of disappointment. My uncle also seemed to me to grow harsher and sterner in voice and countenance. A letter from mamma broke the monotony, but did not make me less miserable. 'They had already,' she wrote, 'found better lodgings, where they had a dining-room floor to themselves, and where they could see some trees from the window, and a corner of a square. And she meant not to work so hard. She had agreed to undertake the whole education of two motherless Miss Murrells, who lived near, and could come to her daily, so she should not be obliged to leave grandmamma much alone. She had seen Mr. Summers, but he had not seen her. He had been

obliged to cross the street to speak to a friend just as she was approaching. But she would be sure to see him again soon, and I was not to fret about him, or anything else.' Fret, however, I did; and her letter made me wild to return home. Sunday came round again, and the snow made it impossible for me to go to church; and I spent it pacing up and down the gallery, or standing at one of the windows watching the pigs routing about in the straw in the farmyard. I had hoped it would bring Mr. Wyford, for Patience said he always dined there on Sunday; but he did not come, and my uncle was very much annoyed and put out.

I was not much more than a child, and I hungered for the petting, the love, and the sympathy I had never been without. Then, more than I can say, I longed for music; I had lived on it so much that I seemed to myself starving for want of it. I could, I often felt, have borne my life if I had had a piano. Every day the deprivation seemed to grow worse. My uncle saw I was unhappy, and it made him more morose. That Sunday evening he did not once speak to me, and when I went up stairs to bed I resolved, that come what would, I would return home, and not stay there in such misery. But it chanced the next day that I strayed in my idleness into the library, and then it occurred to me that I might find in its books something that would amuse me.

The key was in the door of the bookcases, and I was soon searching their contents. Large volumes I knew could never be amusing; but by the help of the steps I could reach the topmost shelf of small ones, and was so fortunate as to light on *Sir Charles Grandison*, of the charms of which I had often heard grandmamma speak. That was indeed a treasure; and I read every word without ever finding him or his Harriet dull. I fell in love with him the moment he appeared on the scene, and became the most enthusiastic of his worshippers, and only wished there had been fourteen volumes instead of seven. When it was finished I took the next in the row, *Clarissa Harlowe*, which I had heard grandmamma declare was the most beautiful book ever written, expecting to like it still better. One evening, just as I had got interested in the first volume, my uncle awoke from his after dinner nap, and spoke to me without my hearing. Provoked at my inattention, he seized one of the volumes lying on the table to see what it was I was so engrossed in. But no sooner had he read the title than he snatched the one I was holding out of my hand, and fiercely demanded, 'How I dared touch it.' His eyes quite flashed with anger, and before I could speak from dismay and astonishment, he had gathered all the books together.

'You are not to read any of the books on that shelf,' he said, harshly. 'I won't have you do it; but I had better look the doors, and then you cannot.' And he arose from his chair as if about that instant to do so.

But the misery of many days made me desperate and overcame my fear of him, and seeing my one source of employment and amusement about to be taken from me, I burst into tears, and exclaimed, with sobs—

'Don't, oh, pray don't! I did not mean to do wrong. Grandmamma said they were nice. I cannot bear it. If you take those away that do at least amuse me, my heart will break!'

And I looked piteously up at him as I spoke.

He looked down at me as astonished at my burst as I had been at his.

'It is a pretty amusement, truly,' he replied, bitterly. 'I think everything in the world is against me. Any one would have thought that a girl without a farthing, and having her bread to earn, would have been thankful for such a home as this—grateful for the chance of inheriting it, if only for the sake of her mother and grandmother. But it seems to me you look on me as your worst enemy, and would gladly go back to your miserable London lodgings if you could. You had better recollect yourself, and remember you are throwing away a chance which will never come to you again; for let me tell you, you may get yourself sent back, whether you will or no. I have done enough to satisfy any one's conscience. Don't suppose I want to keep you here against your will. I am sure it is no pleasure to me to see you go moping about the house like a lovesick fool—and I suppose it is some jackanape of a lover you are fretting after. But I won't have any counter-jumpers here I can tell you!'

Whilst he was speaking I had dried my eyes, and now with burning cheeks, and with more indignation perhaps than truth, I exclaimed, angrily—

'I do not know what you mean by counter-jumper, or why you call me lovesick. I have not got any lover!'

'Is that the truth, girl!' he said sternly, and yet in a more modified tone.

'Yes,' I answered unhesitatingly, 'it is the truth,' but I spoke on the spur of the moment.

'So much the better,' he replied, 'but what are you so miserable about then? what is it you want, child, that you have not got? Speak out and let us come to a right understanding. I do not keep a prison.'

'I have nothing to do,' I said sobbing again, 'and nobody to speak to, and I never was away from home before, and I have got no pianoforte, and I am not used to being alone and idle all day. I could bear anything if I could only play and sing.'

'Bear anything!' he repeated in an accent of surprise. 'Any one would think I beat you. Pianoforte indeed! Do you know what such things cost? I am not made of money, I can tell you. So you can sing, can you? Well, let me hear you.'

I tried to obey, but crushed by his testy contemptuous manner instead of a note there came a sob.

'Oh, do not trouble yourself,' he said, sitting down in his chair again as if intending to go to sleep.

But I remembered that grandmamma had said he was very fond of music, and a gleam of hope shot through me that I might really tempt him into giving me a piano, so I walked to the table on which the decanters and glasses were still standing, and drank a little water, and then returning to my seat, made another more successful effort. Shyly and timidly I sang at first, but I gathered courage as I went on, and though he could not understand the Italian words, the air charmed him. He wheeled himself round in his chair for the sake of hearing better, and his expression softened to almost kindness. 'Yes,' he said when I paused, 'that is good singing, true and sweet, and you have been well taught, you deserve a pianoforte, no doubt. Now give me another song and let it be English, if you can.'

I sang 'Phillis is my only joy,' and his face softened still more as he listened to the strain he had been familiar with in youth, and when I had finished he called me 'my dear,' thanked me, and after a silence of some minutes he said, 'I have not heard it since I was a young man when Mary Wyford used often to sing it to me. I think I can see her now.'

There was an unusual tenderness in his voice as he spoke, and when I asked if Miss Wyford had been pretty, and if she were Mr. Wyford's sister, he answered as if he liked to talk of her—

'She was his aunt and the prettiest woman I ever knew. Her brother was the Mr. Wyford your grandmother should have married. I have sometimes thought,' and it was said more to himself than to me. 'I did not behave much better to her than she did to him; I found myself poor and Mary had no money, and I thought I could not afford it. I always meant it some day when I had brought things round, but before I felt myself rich enough she died, and I could never fancy any one else.'

As he spoke I thought of what grandmamma had said, and felt that his was not the only happiness which had been sacrificed to keep that dismal old prison house in the family. I seemed also better to understand his strong love for Mr. Wyford, and the wish he had had to leave his property to him, and it flashed across me with all the conviction of truth that he wanted to make a match between us and so accomplish the same end without injustice to me. Let me say here what I only learnt long afterwards. On the death of Major Trower my uncle was obliged to remake his will, and he proposed to leave everything to Mr. Wyford—now that the mortgages were paid off, the estate was worth quite 2,000*l.* a year—this added to the income of the other would enable a man to live at Trower Manors with ease. His plan was to leave it all to his relative and godson on condition of his taking the

name. But Mr. Wyford objected, 'I should be proud to take your name,' he said, 'but I cannot accept the property unless you will charge it with a handsome maintenance for your sister, and niece, and her child, I cannot profit by injustice to them.' 'I have spent my life,' my uncle replied, 'in freeing the estate from encumbrances, and nothing shall induce me to impose fresh ones.' 'Then,' said Mr. Wyford, 'do what is just; settle it on Mrs. Howard and her daughter, binding whoever marries the latter to take the name. If you leave it to me my conscience will compel me to make them a handsome compensation, or perhaps to marry one or other of them, which,' with a laugh, 'I might not like.'

But the word spoken in jest took root. If he could marry me to Mr. Wyford, inclination and justice might both be satisfied. Grandmamma had written of me as 'sweet and lovely,' so he ordered me to Trower Manors to captivate Mr. Wyford if I could.

CHAPTER IV.

Marry Mr. Wyford! I carried the thought with me to my own room, and sat meditating on it as I brushed my hair. My heart gave a great bound as I contemplated the possibility, but it was not with horror—nor yet with joy, it was a kind of fear, a feeling that I could not reach up to his level, and I said to myself with a sigh, 'I think Mr. Summers would suit me better, but I see my uncle would never allow that, and perhaps I do not really much care.'

That night the wind shifted to the south and water seemed dripping and pouring all round the house. In the morning a gleam of sunshine was sparkling on the wet earth and dripping trees, the air felt soft and warm, and for the first time in my life I heard a thrush singing in the garden. I had heard birds sing in cages often enough, but oh, how different it is from hearing them out of doors, when all the shrillness is lost and softened, and only the sweetness reaches you! His song seemed to me a promise of happy days to come, and I ran down to breakfast with a smile on my lips. My uncle met me more kindly than usual, and when he spoke his voice was more cordial. As he had stopped my novel reading, I betook myself to my only other occupation, that of writing to my mother; and as I told her everything he said, and I said, and all my thoughts and feelings, my letters were nearly as long and as minute as Harriet Byron's. Would he ever give me a piano? that was a question which seemed to me of more importance than any other. As to Mr. Summers, I really did not know what to say beyond an assurance that I would not fret about him, and I was going on to tell her, how sure I was my uncle would never consent to my marrying any one but Mr. Wyford,

when I became aware of a most unwonted noise and bustle. There was the distant cry of many dogs, the sound of a horn, the tramp of horses, and the shouting of men. And Patience rushed into my room and told me to make haste out, as the fox had just run across the meadow. I caught up a shawl and flew down the stairs without the least knowing why, and met my uncle in the hall in as great a state of excitement as she had seemed. 'Come along, child,' he cried, 'come along. Here is a pretty sight for you!' and we hurried together out of the house just in time to see a poor tired-out fox disappear round the garden walls, and a stream of hounds in full cry break through the hedge in a distant corner of the meadow. The whole field followed, hunter after hunter came leaping over the fence and galloping across the turf, the horses splashed up to their necks with mud, and their riders up to their shoulders, so that there was not much difference between the scarlet of their coats and the white of their breeches. Everything was animation and stir, the whole village seemed suddenly to gather round the house, the very cows began to gallop about with their tails straight out behind them, and the cocks began to crow, and every dog about the place added his voice to the chorus. There was a moment's halt at the moat, for the poor fox had taken to the water and swum round to the bank. But a view halloo from behind told where he had landed and hunters and hounds swept round to the spot. 'Come along,' cried my uncle, 'we shall be in at the death now,' and he turned and ran through the house with an alertness and speed wonderful for so old a man. 'Oh!' I said as I ran beside him, 'I hope the dogs won't catch him.'

'Dogs!' he exclaimed with as much indignation as if I had called them cats, 'hounds, child, you mean, hounds,' and we reached the yard just in time to see the huntsmen holding up the poor fox by his brush above the heads of the pack swarming around, all clamorous to get at him. It was a very pretty sight, the February sun lighting up the background of brown dripping trees, and wherever it touched the various groups of dogs and riders bringing into brilliance the scarlet and white, the greys and the chestnuts. Apart from the rest on a dark horse sat a spare short man with a hook nose and thin mouth, erect and as stiff as if cut out of wood. 'Do you see him?' said my uncle, 'there is the Duke!' and even I, though I had never seen him before, knew I was looking at the Duke of Wellington.

Ten or twelve years afterwards I saw him again in the House of Lords, where he sat on an ottoman huddled up in his scarlet and ermine robes, like a hatchet-faced little old woman in a red cloak, and heard him roar out a few sentences in a voice that seemed all too mighty for so frail a body. Again in the night of the 15th of November, 1852, I saw not him, but the hearse and troops, conveying his remains to Chelsea. John and I were in town, and about two o'clock in the morning I was awoke by a noise in the street. I roused

my husband and we both got up and went to the window. A body of the Life Guards were just passing along; behind was the hearse, then more troops, and then a train of mourning carriages; out of the deep shadows of the distance they seemed to emerge into the deep shadows to vanish. Solemnly and slowly they passed through the silent dimly lighted street, night and the darkness clothing the procession in a majestic grandeur so awful and mysterious as to be almost ghastly. But I must not digress. As soon as my uncle saw him he advanced, and took off his hat, and the Duke perceiving his approach, rode to meet him. They met near enough for me to hear what passed.

'I hope we have not done your meadow any harm,' I heard the Duke say as he touched his hat.

'Not at all,' was the answer. 'I should be happy and honoured to see your grace here every day of the week,' and my uncle spoke the word 'honoured' as if he meant it, as he did.

'I remember your brother at Waterloo, Mr. Trower,' was the rejoinder. 'He was a very fine officer, and much esteemed. No man kept his regiment in more efficient order. I was sorry to learn the death of his son a short time back.' Then, looking round, he added, 'You have a curious old place here.'

'Very old,' my uncle answered, deeply gratified by the mention of both brother and nephew, 'but that tower was part of one still older, and I have a barn they say is British.'

And he led the way across the yard amongst the pigs, walking himself with perfect unconcern through the straw and the slush into a large open sort of shed, and showed him the large unshaped timbers of which it was built, just as if the trunks of two trees had been bent one against the other and thatched over. I do not suppose the Duke cared, but he looked round with an air of interest, admired the house, and then rode slowly away.

Almost every one but the Duke went into the house for a luncheon of bread and cheese and beer, but I felt I should be in the way, and stayed in my own room until all were gone but Mr. Wyford. After a while I went down stairs and into the dining-room, and just as I entered through the open door I heard my uncle say, 'I think I can trust her,' and by their guilty faces, when they saw me, I knew that they had been talking of me.

I thought it more honest to say what I had heard, and so I said to him blushing and timidly—

'I only heard you say you thought you could trust me—at least, I suppose I am *her*.'

I half expected my uncle to be displeased; instead, he patted me kindly on the shoulder, and replied—

'Yes, and I think I can trust you. Come and dine with us, Wyford, and this child shall sing to us afterwards; she can make the afters ring, I promise you.'

He was in high good humour, being greatly gratified by the Duke's mention of his brother.

'They say,' he said, 'he never forgets any one who fought and fell at Waterloo. I have the letter written with his own hand announcing his death—not much more than half-a-dozen lines, but every word tells, and he would not have changed any one of those words of praise for any title that could have been offered him.'

I finished my letter to my mother that afternoon, but I had so much to say about the hunt and the Duke, I quite forgot to say anything more about Mr. Summers. What I should sing to Mr. Wyford was a more important question, and would he persuade my uncle to give me a pianoforte? When I thought of what pianofortes cost, I felt it most unlikely my uncle would spend so much money on me. But if he did not, how could I bear my solitary and lonely life, and what could I find to do? I amused myself whilst dressing for dinner by singing the scales, but already I could hear that my voice had deteriorated from want of practice, and I felt very shy and nervous, and because I was so anxious to do my best, I feared I should fail. Nature had given me a voice of great compass, and my ear was trained to accuracy. I had been carefully taught, and never allowed to slur over a passage, and never allowed to sing what I could not properly accomplish.

My solfaing, however, did not overcome my nervousness, and when my uncle called on me after dinner for 'Phillis is my only joy,' my voice shook so much that I paused at the end of the first bar, and said blushing, and almost crying, that I could not sing sitting there whilst they both looked at me, without any music book or piano to help me; and so I jumped up and went behind the window curtains, and when once out of sight recovered my faculties and sang away merrily. Every now and then I peeped out at my audience, who sat sipping their wine on each side of the fireplace; and after giving them several ballads, I wound up out of compliment to the incident of the morning with 'John Peel,' which was new to my uncle, and delighted him. By the time I reached that, I had sung myself into such a state of excitement, that I was not afraid to throw all my strength into the song.

'Thank you, my dear,' my uncle said, when I had finished; 'that is splendid. But don't talk to me of a piano; with such a voice as yours you do not want one.'

Just then Patience came in to tell him the bailiff was wanting to speak to him, and he left the room.

'Oh, Mr. Wyford,' I exclaimed, coming out from my retreat; 'does he really mean that? Do—do persuade him to give me a pianoforte.'

'I will certainly try,' he said. 'I can do no less out of gratitude for my share of the pleasure you have given us this evening. And it would be a great shame you should not have the power of cultivat-

ing and keeping up your singing, and you would be happier. He told me the other day that you seemed quite wretched.'

'And I have been wretched!' I said, with energy, 'shut up here without a soul to speak to, and nothing to do, and you who promised to be kind to me, vexing my uncle by never coming near the place. I almost made up my mind to go home, let it cost what it would. If I had not found some novels in the library, I think I should have run away; and now he has taken those away from me. I hear the servants talking and laughing in the kitchen, but I never laugh. It was cruel to bring me down here.' And I looked at him reproachfully.

'I did not mean to be cruel,' he replied, 'in urging your claim on your uncle, and I am not answerable for his way of acknowledging it. It is a very dull life for you, I know. But,' with a smile, 'you are not always wretched. I am sure when you were giving us so much pleasure you could not have been unhappy yourself.'

'No,' I said, 'to-day has been less dull. You are here now, and the foxhounds stirred all the place up this morning; but,' with a sigh, 'they will not, I suppose, come again; and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, it will be all the same. Oh, you must make him give me a pianoforte. I am young, and I might get used to being alone; a little thing soon brightens me up again. I want to be cheerful and happy as I was at home. I am better when you are here, because,' hesitating, 'I think you mean to be kind, and that you like me a little. It is hard to have no one to care for me.'

'I do like you,' he said, half laughing, 'though when I heard you were coming, I intended to do the contrary, and I mean to be kind to you. I assure you I have often thought of you with great compassion, and I have feared that you might have deeper causes of unhappiness than loneliness and want of occupation.'

And he hesitated.

'Yes,' I replied. 'I do want mamma. You know I never was away from her before.'

But he went on without heeding my answer.

'If you find yourself in any difficulties, trust me; your uncle might have misunderstood you.'

And he held out his hand. I put mine in his, and said—

'I do trust you; but I have no difficulties.'

He looked at me with something of a searching glance, and I blushed and looked down, and thought of Mr. Summers, but repelled the recollection, and said—

'I think *I* shall say also trust me.'

'I will,' he answered, and he kissed the hand he still held, ere he let it go. 'And one thing I can do to help you at once. I have most of the Waverley novels, and will bring you one of them to-morrow. And in time you will grow more comfortable; you will make friends and

acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. Mills have two daughters about your own age, and very nice pretty girls; they do not find life dull here, I assure you. Just at present they are away, but they will soon return.'

That evening it was midnight before I stirred away from my fire, I had so much to think of. I put my fingers up to my cheek, and said to myself, as if talking to my mother—

'You know, mammy, it is not as if Mr. Summers had kissed them; that would have been quite a different thing, for he is young, and no wiser or better than I am. But Mr. Wyford is twice my age, or very nearly, and I feel his notice and kindness are something to be proud of. I almost think I like him best. After all, I never made Mr. Summers any promises, neither did he ever ask me. *He* never even promised he would always be kind to me.'

The next morning my uncle went over to Trower Wood to speak to Mr. Wyford about business, and my want of occupation made me again very dull and restless; but the two gentlemen came back together, and the latter stepped up to the dining-room window, at which I was standing, and asked me to open it.

'I am too dirty to come in,' he said, 'but I have got something for you. In the first place here are two books,'—and he put the *Betrothed* and the *Talisman* into my hand—'and in the second, I have brought you a companion to share your captivity.' And out of his other pocket he produced a tabby kitten, still in all the soft delicious beauty of kittenhood. 'I found her in the stable this morning, and thought she would make you a nice playfellow, and I hope the two kittens will be happy together. You will have to console this one for the loss of her mother, as she is rather young to be taken away.'

'Thank you—thank you,' I said; 'she is lovely, and I will take such care of her. But who is to console her poor mother? You should have brought her also.'

I had never had a pet before, and my pleasure in pussy was very great; and Patience, to whom I timidly showed her, was most unexpectedly good-natured about her. She gave me a basket for her to sleep in, and a saucer of milk. My uncle also made no objection; he watched me feeding her at breakfast the next morning, with something like a smile, and perhaps thought of the saying, 'Love me, love my dog.' And before he left the room he turned and asked if I should like to go presently to Easthampton with him, and see if we could find a piano.

I looked up with such a glow of delight as I could see pleased him, though the next instant he told me not to make too sure of getting one, as he did not intend spending more than a certain sum on it. But I did not heed the warning. Any change would have been welcome to me, and my spirits rose at the thought of seeing again the cheerful bustle and stir of town life. I went singing up

the stairs to get ready, and looking back saw my uncle standing in the hall listening and smiling. Patience undertook to take care of kitty for me, so I had no anxiety on her account, and it was with a most joyous heart that I took my place in the shabby carriage. But that day I cared nothing for its stained and ragged lining, and even saw my uncle array himself in an old cloak, and the other put under the seat with indifference. I had got used to his way of dressing himself, and had learned that country gentlemen walked about their fields in garments which would not be suitable in London.

The day was one of those deliciously balmy ones we sometimes get in February, and I felt as we drove along as if I had never known before how delightful pure fresh air could be. Indeed, I never had. Everything was new to me. I remember as we were toiling up the hills to the downs how I drank in the music that seemed dropping from the clouds, what a chorus of sweetness it was, and how strangely it mingled with the plaintive clamour of the sheep-folds like joy and sorrow—the cry of pain on earth, and the jubilant praise in heaven. Our drive was a silent one; but I did not want to talk. It was also rather solitary, for after we had left the village behind us, we passed only one roadside homestead ere we came to the outskirts of the town.

Easthampton was even then a very large thriving place, and looked as it had done the day I first saw it, full of animation and bustle. The streets were thronged with people and vehicles, and the shop windows, though not equal to London, were a treat to me. Having put up his horse and carriage as usual, my uncle took me to a large stationer's shop, and bade me wait there for him. It was full of people, and I did not find the waiting dull. I amused myself with criticising the dress of the ladies who came in and out, and listening to a group of gentlemen eagerly discussing the railroad which was to run between Easthampton and London. It was already nearly finished; many regrets for the coaching days which were so soon to come to an end were expressed, and one old man was most energetic in his prophecies of the evil to result from substituting steam for horses. The talk was very animated, the great question being as to whether it would increase or diminish the value of their property. One declared that whatever brought London within easier reach must be a gain; another, that it would bring down a lot of riff-raff and spoil the country. Hunting would become impossible, and hounds and foxes be cut to pieces by the engines. My uncle came in as the party broke up, and carried me off; but every one he spoke to in the street was full of the same subject. He himself was quite indifferent.

'It does not come nearer to me,' he said, 'than this, and I shall not smell its smoke or hear its shrieks; and I never go to London.'

Easthampton was a large enough town to contain more than one music warehouse. We went to the largest, and were most fortunate in

finding there a piano, which though not quite new, I thought charming in tone and touch. It was what was called a grand square—a shape, which though ugly and gone out of fashion, had much to recommend it. The shopman showed us a letter from a lady from whom he had bought it, stating what she had given for it a year and a half before. He himself asked 40*l.*, and I ventured to say I liked it better than any of the quite new ones, and that it was not dear. Mr. Howell said it was a great bargain, and worth more than he was asking.

'That may be,' my uncle answered, shortly; 'but it may be more than I can afford all the same.' And his brow did not at all relax though I played him 'Home, sweet Home' on it and 'Robin Adair.' 'It is too much money by half,' he said; and he made me try another second-hand one for which only 25*l.* was asked. But *that* did not please him, though with even that I would have been contented. It was in vain I sang a verse of his favourite 'Phillis' to him; all I could obtain was a 'Well, well, I will think about it. You are not likely I dare say, Mr. Howell, to sell either between this and next Saturday. I will see how the markets are;' and out he went, and I had nothing to do but to follow. I suppose he had not an idea of what the disappointment was to me; my brief gleam of sunshine seemed gone indeed. He took me to a pastrycook's, and bade me get myself some luncheon, and wait there until he came for me. But I did not care to eat, I was too unhappy; I was angry also with Mr. Wyford. If he had only taken the trouble of coming with us—and I knew he was in the town—the result would have been different; and I made a vow I would never sing to either of them again. I sat what seemed to me a long time, and then Mr. Wyford came into the shop, smiling, and with his hand held out, and said—

'I hope the piano is satisfactory; but,' changing his tone, 'you look broken-hearted—all in tears. What is the matter?'

'I am not to have one,' I answered, in the most miserable and tremulous voice.

'No!' he exclaimed, 'that is very extraordinary, for Mr. Trower has just bought one. He and I went together to Howell, and he bought the one I understood you liked best. He offered 30*l.* for it, and got it for 35*l.*, and it is to be sent over to Trowers Manor on Thursday. I do not suppose he has bought it for any one else, do you?'

The smiles and the sunshine all came back as he spoke. I thanked him as warmly as if it had been his present, and felt quite ashamed he should have seen my tears.

'You must think me a baby to cry about it,' I said.

'No, I don't,' he answered, kindly. 'I can quite understand what a great disappointment it was to you. But we are going to the new railway station to see the up train come in, for though we are not yet

tacked on to London, we are tacked on to the coast. Will you like to walk with us and look at the monster?'

We found when we got there quite a crowd of people collected for the same purpose, for though the line had been open several days, the novelty had not yet worn off. We had not long to wait.

'Here it comes,' said my uncle. 'Look at the ugly brute—only fit to be one of the devil's coach-horses! And there goes the scream of the victims!' as the long train rushed past us like a gigantic centipede vomiting volumes of smoke, and the harsh, discordant whistle announced its arrival.

The crowd answered it with hearty cheers, and received the passengers as if they had been heroes. I suppose people would scarcely believe now-a-days how strange and almost awful a way of travelling it was at first considered.

As we drove home my uncle himself told me he had bought the piano, and I thanked him with a warmth that evidently pleased him, and he said, with quite a benign smile—

'Wyford tells me I must pay for my whistle.'

I pondered what was meant, and then looked up shyly and said, 'Am I your whistle, uncle?'

'So he seems to think,' he answered with a chuckle, 'I hope I shall not be required to pay any more just yet, for pianos are costly articles.'

The question was where should it be placed. I felt it would be in his way in either the dining-room or library, and so I ventured to ask, on Monday morning, if I might put the drawing-room in order and stand it there.

'Ah,' he said, 'I thought that would be the end of it. Well, you may do as you please; but I cannot have my old servants upset, and I do not mean to keep any more.'

'But I will keep it tidy myself,' I replied. 'I always dusted our sitting-room at home, and I shall like to do it. If they only will help me at first, I will not trouble them afterwards.'

'Wyford warned me you would turn everything upside down,' he said; but he spoke good-humouredly, and gave me leave.

'Oh,' I answered, with a gay laugh, 'I will not do that, if I may only turn that room right side uppermost.'

And I ran away to ask Patience for brooms and dust-pan, half-afraid she would make objections; but instead she entered with most good-humoured alacrity into the work, and ordered her satellite, Hannah, to fetch a pail of water and help me, and came herself as soon as she could. I had no fear of compromising my gentility, and whilst Hannah scrubbed the floor, and she stood on the house-steps and washed the white panels and rubbed up the gold stars, I stood or sat below and carried on the same work as far as I could reach. I was as happy as a queen, as busy as a bee, and as blithe as a bird. I talked

nonsense to Kitty. I sang scraps of songs, and laughed over every little misadventure my inexperience caused.

'La, missey,' Patience said, smiling kindly down at me, 'it does one's heart good to see you so merry, for you have been as dull as ditch-water since you have been here.'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but I have got something to do now, and that is a blessing.'

'So it is, miss,' she said. 'It is enough to make any one fit to hang themselves to spend the day without so much as threading a needle. It has made my heart quite ache to see you go moping about the house by yourself.'

'I don't mean to mope any more,' I answered, looking up at her with a grateful smile. 'I shall be able to amuse myself when the piano comes. I shall not mind not having a fire. I don't want to give you trouble.'

'Trouble!' she exclaimed, with some scorn. 'What is Hannah here for but to do the work? Of course you will have a fire—wood's plenty. Did not Mr. Wyford tell me, the other day, I was to make you comfortable?'

'It seems to me,' I said, laughing, 'that Mr. Wyford is pretty much lord and master here.'

'Well, he has his own way pretty much,' she replied. 'But, you know, he lived here until he was of age and went to his own place, and since then he comes almost every day about something or another. He is just like a son to master, and, besides, mighty fond of this old house. And, missey, you may take my word for it that he is as sweet a tempered and upright a gentleman as can be found. He would not wrong any one of a pin, not he.'

We worked away merrily until four o'clock in the afternoon, when, all the scrubbing being finished, we left the room to dry, and Patience invited me to come and take a cup of tea with her and Mrs. Garret, the housekeeper. I was quite willing, and followed her, with kitty on my shoulder, through the door which led to the offices, into which I had never ventured before. They occupied the other wing of the house, and when I came into the kitchen I exclaimed at its beauty as I mentally contrasted it with the little dark hole called by that name at home. This was large, oak-panelled, with great beams across the ceiling, and adorned with a brilliant display of pots and pans, which shone as if they were silver. Several pairs of stags'-horns were fastened to the walls, which served to support great bunches of dried herbs and peacocks' feathers. By the chimney, which was so wide a train might have gone up it, was an Indian screen, which shut out the draught from the back kitchen, where most of the cooking was done, and before the fender a small Turkey carpet covered the stone floor.

'I have brought missey for a cup of tea, Mrs. Garret,' Patience said. 'She has worked so hard I am sure she must want it.'

'And I am very pleased to see you here, my dear,' Mrs. Garret answered. 'Come and sit inside the screen, out of the draught. Betsy,' to the kitchen-maid, 'bring Miss Howard that small stool and that little table. There now, I hope you will be comfortable. So you are putting the drawing-room in order, and going to have a piano. You have a fine voice. Patience and I went into the hall the other evening when you were singing, on purpose to listen, and we quite enjoyed it.'

'But you could not hear me well, I am sure, through the shut doors,' I said. 'I will sing you a song now, if you like it.' And, without waiting for the assent I saw in their pleased faces, I sang 'Home, sweet Home,' and 'Annie Laurie.'

'Ah, my dear,' Mrs. Garret said, 'that *is* a treat. What a sweet voice God Almighty has given you!'

The words, so simply uttered, struck me, and the thought was a very rich reward for so trifling an act of kindness.

(*To be continued.*)

EASTER DAY IN CALIFORNIA.

ON BOARD 'THE PALOMA,' OFF CALIFORNIA,
Easter Eve (*April 20th*), 1877.

MY DEAR HENRY,—I must write you a few lines, ere setting foot for the first time in the great New World, though so many months have elapsed since any letters have reached me, that I scarcely know where this may find you, or what may be the latest tidings that have reached you from me. You certainly know that for two years we have made our home in beautiful Fiji, but perhaps you did not hear that last September I was tempted by an invitation to make a very delightful cruise in a French man-of-war,* which has resulted in my remaining for several months in beautiful Tahiti, travelling all round the isles in company with its young king and queen (the latter a very handsome Anglo-Jewish and Tahitian half-caste, whose accent and complexion are alike suggestive rather of Italy than of the South Seas).

The loveliness of the scenery made it a delight to explore these isles, and I am happy to have secured a good portfolio of water-colour drawings of many a beautiful spot.

The kindness of French officials and Tahitian chiefs was so great, that the weeks flew by too quickly, but at last I decided that I must make an onward step, and so took my passage to San Francisco in this little brigantine of 230 tons. She deserves her name, *Paloma*, (the 'Dove') for she is a beautiful little ship, carrying a crowd of whitest sails. She is exquisitely clean, her cabins very comfortable, and my fellow-passengers are most friendly and agreeable. We carry a cargo of 270,000 oranges, which were gathered green in the orange-groves of Tahiti, but have ripened during this long voyage, and we have done our best to diminish their number.

Measured in a direct line, our voyage should not exceed four thousand miles, but what with untoward winds, and unlooked-for currents, we have contrived already to make fully six thousand miles, and have taken six weeks to do it, and that, without once touching land! I never more fully realised the weariness of 'The wandering fields of barren foam.' Yet it has been a pleasant voyage, like a summer yachting cruise, and we have had lovely weather, though too often becalmed for days together, or else drifting aimlessly with the currents, or just kept moving by the faintest, softest breeze, which has generally carried us out of our course.

I believe we have made about the slowest voyage on record, though the *Paloma* is generally a swift sailer.

* *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man of War*, and *At Home in Fiji*. C. F. Gordon Cumming. Published by Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Our good Danish captain and his little wife attribute this to my perversity in writing letters on board! They say it *always* happens when passengers write, and that it ought to be a stringent rule that all ink-bottles are emptied when their owners embark.

[This is reversing the order of the old riddle, '*Un vaisseau étant arrivé en rade, pourquoi le commandant ne pût-il plus écrire? Parce qu'on avait jetté l'ancre* (*encre*).']

At first I thought they were joking, but when I perceived that they were quite in earnest, I retired to my cabin to save them the aggravation of seeing a Scottish witch working spells to bind the winds, with her magic ink-bottle.

We have strangely mixed nationalities on board. My two fellow-passengers are English and Irish, and have charge of an American child. The cook and steward and the two mates are Swedes and Germans; and a crew of seven Rarotongans complete the ship's company. They are all singularly gentle and peaceable.

Yesterday (being Good Friday), which in Germany and Denmark is called 'the quiet day' (*der stille Tag*), it was observed by the Danes and Germans, and all the crew, by a cessation from all manner of work not positively necessary. The Rarotongans are all Christians, and have their own books, which they read quietly on Sundays.

All this time we have been looking forward to spending Easter Day ashore, but now there appears very small chance of our doing so. Since the Easter morning on which we had to sail from Marseilles, I have never been within hail of our own Church for any great festival. The following Easter was spent in one of the remote Fijian isles, and this day last year I was amongst the Maoris in the strange volcanic region in New Zealand. As to Christmas, the first was spent in the heart of the Great Isle, with a wild tribe of Fijians who had only just abjured cannibalism; on the next we were trans-shipping from a little steamer to a big one, *en route* to New Zealand (travellers cannot chose their own days for journeying!); and last Christmas Day I read the dear old Service by myself, beside a clear river overshadowed by blossoming hibiscus trees, in one of the loveliest of Tahitian valleys.

So you see that a real ecclesiastical Easter would have special attractions. Nevertheless we have almost given up hope of reaching land so soon, as the wind has failed us again.

SAN FRANCISCO, *Easter Monday*.

I had written so far, when suddenly, a fresh breeze sprang up, and we literally flew the last hundred and fifty miles, entering the Golden Gates at 2 A.M. It was clear moonlight, so I was able to reconnoitre, and took in my first impressions of America in a series of lighthouses, which mark various points in the magnificent harbour, in which there is said to be room for all the navies of Europe. Finally we anchored

just before the cold grey dawn crept up with a chilling shiver—oh! how different from the balmy tropical mornings in which I have revelled for so long.

There was nothing golden in our first glimpses of California. Soon after sunrise we watched a number of huge steamers, densely crowded with excursionists, start from the different wharfs, to make the most of the Easter holiday.

Then we made our little preparations for landing. A sleepy, shivering custom-house officer had come on board, near the harbour mouth, but, as it was Sunday, none of our luggage could pass the customs. We were each, however, allowed to take a small bag, supposed to be a sufficient allowance for one night. Apparently every one is expected to bear his own burden in this free and independent land, but the friendly Swedish mate insisted on carrying the ladies' bags to the hotel where we secured rooms.

By this time, the Easter chimes were pealing from a multitude of church bells, and the streets were thronged with masses of human beings. The grey chill morning was succeeded by a day of brilliant sunlight, and among the crowds of well-dressed people were many in such gorgeous apparel, as to make us, poor South Sea islanders, painfully conscious of being downright shabby. London streets would wonder to find themselves swept by such gorgeous satins and velvets, or to see such diamonds glittering in the light of day.

My travelling companion, being a rigid Roman Catholic, led the way to S. Mary's Roman Catholic cathedral, where the Bishop was celebrating High Mass. It is a plain building, but made beautiful by its Easter decorations, and the profusion of exquisite flowers. Thousands of roses and lilies made the air fragrant, and were doubly welcome to eyes weary of the broad restless ocean.

It seemed to me a somewhat strange coincidence that, having received my last ecclesiastical impressions of the Old World at the Roman Catholic church of S. Roch in Paris, on Good Friday, 1875, I should next hear the grand Easter anthem in a Roman Catholic cathedral, on this, my first morning in the New World. The singing was most lovely, but the crowd was so dense that there was not a chance of a seat, so, leaving my friend to her devotions, I went to Grace Church, an Episcopal church which she had pointed out to me a little further on.

This was likewise densely crowded, but a very civil stranger gave me his seat, for which I was truly grateful, the long walk uphill from the harbour having proved fatiguing. Here also the decorations are most elaborate. Besides the great cross above the altar, which is made entirely of rare hot-house flowers, there hangs suspended from the great chancel arch, an immense cross of pure white calla lilies (arum) in a circle of evergreens, beneath which, in very large evergreen letters, each hanging separate, is the angel's Easter greeting, 'He is Risen.'

The effect of this device, so mysteriously floating in mid air, is very striking.

In every corner of the church, flowers have been showered with the same lavish hand, especially in the chancel, where the altar rails are altogether hidden by the wealth of exquisite roses. To some sensitive persons I can imagine that their perfume might have been overpowering, but to me it seemed like a breath from Heaven.

It was pleasant, too, in this far country to hear the old familiar Liturgy, like a voice from over the wide waters, bringing with it a flood of home memories and associations. Moreover, it was quite unexpected, as, during the last two years, I have been thrown in company with so many regiments of the great Christian army, that I suppose I had assumed that this Californian church would prove one more variety. Certainly I had not realised that America has preserved the old Book of Common Prayer, almost intact, with only a few minor changes, as, for instance, after the Commandments, where we, somewhat abruptly, introduce the prayer for the Queen, the American priest adds, 'Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith,' and sums up the Old Law by pronouncing the New Commandment, in the words of S. Matthew, xxii. 37–40. He then offers the closing prayer from the Confirmation Service—that we may be kept in the ways of God's law and the works of His commandments.

All repetitions are avoided. Either the Apostles' Creed *or* the Nicene may be said, either in the morning or the evening, but never both during one service. The frequent reiteration of the Lord's Prayer is avoided. In the canticles, such portions as seem inapplicable to ourselves (such as the last half of the Venite) are omitted, and verses of praise from the Psalms are substituted. The Magnificat is replaced by the 92nd Psalm — the Nunc Dimittis by the 103rd, 'Praise the Lord, O my soul!' Some slight verbal alterations occur, as in the Litany, 'In all time of our wealth,' is rendered 'of our prosperity.'

The principal variations from the English Prayer-book occur in the order of the service for the Holy Communion, which is almost identical with the office of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and as such, familiar to my ears.

In short, all was as a dream of home, with the exception of the strange and unnatural sound of hearing for the first time the name of the President of the United States substituted for that of 'Victoria our Queen,' and the use of the term 'Christian Rulers' in lieu of 'Kings.'

The singing is admirable, but not congregational. It is left to a carefully trained (and, I am told, highly paid) choir, of men and women; surpliced choirs are apparently not in favour, from an impression that they tend towards dreaded ritualism.

In the course of the day I looked into several other churches, each vying with the others in the beauty of their Easter decorations, and this

morning, the newspapers devote several pages to descriptions of the principal features of each. It reduces the poetry of the thing to somewhat prosaic detail, to find an exact record of how many thousands of each flower, were used in the decoration of each church, and what favourite 'stars' sang in each choir. I learn that in Grace Church four thousand calla lilies form one item; yet they did not seem more numerous there than in many other churches, so the inference is, that we have reached a floral Paradise, strikingly in contrast with the general scarcity of flowers in the South Sea Isles.

You would have thought that this was indeed the case, could you have seen this city yesterday evening. In California, the evening of Easter Day is the children's flower festival, and every church in San Francisco devotes its evening service to the little ones. I found my way back to Grace Church, and have rarely witnessed a prettier spectacle.

There must have been many hundred children of all ranks and ages, down to the tiniest toddles of the infant school. All were prettily dressed, and they marched in procession, bearing silken banners, and singing carols. All carried flowers, either in pretty baskets or great bouquets, or arranged in some device. Many had collected small offerings of money for different charitable objects, and each in turn presented its gift to be laid on the altar, which soon was literally buried beneath the flowers heaped upon it, which were afterwards distributed to the hospitals and to all the sick poor throughout the great city, that they might whisper the Easter message to many a lonely sufferer. The service consisted chiefly of carol singing, by the little ones and their teachers, and it was altogether very bright and happy.

I do not know how all this strikes you. To me, I must confess, it was a great surprise. I had imagined this city of S. Francis to be most unsaintly; in fact, that it was still much the same as it was a very few years ago, when wild scenes of misrule were the common events of daily life. And now my first impressions are of thronged churches, hymns of praise, and flower festivals. After the evening service I walked back to the hotel alone, passing through several dimly lighted streets. All seemed quiet and peaceful. Multitudes of young girls and their teachers must have gone by lonely and devious paths on their homeward way. But no shadow of dread seemed to suggest itself to any parents, and yet when I returned to the hotel, I heard gentlemen discussing the state of the town, and declaring that it was unsafe to go out after dark without a revolver! Evidently the subject admits of varied colouring.

This morning a friend took me for a long and most interesting drive to all the principal points in this gigantic baby city. Strange, indeed, it is, to hear of the marvellous changes that have occurred here within thirty years, all within his own memory.

Prior to 1849 San Francisco was merely one of twenty small stations of the old Spanish Mission, and the only antiquity to be seen in the city—the Westminster Abbey, which knits the present century with the past—is the old mission church of the patron saint, S. Francis of Assisi, a very plain building of adobe, *i.e.* sun-dried bricks. In its graveyard are buried wanderers from many lands, but the churchyard, like the church, looks melancholy and decayed. It bears date A.D. 1776, and was the first church of the little Spanish colony of priests who came here to teach the Indians, and were the only white men on this coast prior to the discovery of gold.

They themselves knew of its existence, but they discouraged all search for it, knowing well the evil that must result to their Indian converts whenever the mad excitement, consequent on a gold rush, should flood California with all the wild spirits of the earth. And rightly these good fathers judged.

Till 1849 they were able to guard their fold. Then came the gold fever, and, in a few months ships of all nations entered the Golden Gates, bringing thousands and tens of thousands, to retrieve broken fortunes or seek new ones, in this Land of Promise. On the desert sand-hills, where hitherto only a few wandering Indians had built their bark huts, there were now scattered tents, standing singly or in groups. Soon disorderly little settlements of shabby shanties were run up, which gradually enlarged till they covered all the available land.

The history of those early years was a chronicle of anarchy. Life in the city was one of reckless dissipation, a natural reaction from the hardest phases of privation and toil, endured in search of gold. Society was turned upside down. Men well-born and well-bred were thankful to turn their hand to every conceivable work which would bring in the means of life. I heard of one English gentleman, who, finding himself robbed of everything except his rifle, made his way to the mining districts, and made a very fair living by shooting bears, whose flesh the hungry miners gladly bought, at a dollar per pound. As a good bear weighs six or seven hundred pounds or more, the hunter soon realised a 'genteel competency' by the sale of bear steaks.

At first the miner's work was confined to what is called 'placer' mining—that is, surface digging, and washing for gold in beds of streams. Then came the more systematic business of quartz-crushing, and by 1858, three hundred mills, with strong machinery, were hard at work. By that time the gold fever had reached its height, and began to subside; multitudes, weary of certain toil for such uncertain profit, having turned their minds to other industries. By 1861 not more than fifty mills still continued at work.

By degrees the wild spirits who had given the settlement at San Francisco such a bad name, vanished before the presence of Vigilance Committees and Lynch Law. Those who escaped summary justice

took the hint from a word of grave warning, and the majority went further inland.

Now, in the place where those log and shingle huts then lay scattered, stands a vast city of 300,000 inhabitants. It covers a space of forty-two square miles, and has many really splendid streets and a large number of immense hotels, like great palaces—most luxurious in every respect, save that of cosiness, a point which strikes one forcibly, because so many families have no other home. One of the principal buildings is the great Mint of the United States, said to be the most perfect institution of its kind in the whole world. It is open to all comers every forenoon, and citizens and strangers are alike at liberty to inspect the manufacture of Californian gold into coins equivalent to English sovereigns, but so much purer, that ours will only pass here at a discount.

There are theatres and an opera-house, a great city hall, splendid public libraries, free to all citizens above fifteen years of age. Equally free are the excellent Government schools. Besides these, every denomination has its own special schools, churches, and chapels. There are the Roman Catholic and Episcopal cathedrals, Jewish synagogues, and Chinese temples, gorgeous Turkish baths, numerous admirable markets scattered through the city. In its busy working districts there are foundries and machine-shops, smelting-works, lumber-merchants' yards, artificial stone-works, patent marble-works, potteries, woollen factories—in short, every industry you can conceive.

And yet all the older inhabitants recollect when the site of this great city was only a tract of most desolate shifting sand-hills, and when ships were lying at anchor above the sands which now actually serve as foundation for one of the finest streets—one moreover at some distance from the sea, which has gradually been driven back, as men, determined to retain advantageous positions for shipping, built their houses on piles, filled up the space beneath them, and so reclaimed acre after acre from the harbour. There are not wanting prophets of evil to foretell days of possible disaster, when some tidal wave or volcanic disturbance shall arise, and restore to ocean the land thus wrested from it.

We drove to a high point whence we could look down upon the city as on a map. The spot where we stood was once a quiet lake, and my companion told me how his happiest hours were spent snipe-shooting on its shores. Now it is one of the great reservoirs for the city. There are other great reservoirs in the Coast-Range Mountains, so that the supply is equal to the demand, which is enormously increased by the multitude of gardens and beautifully kept lawns, each requiring constant irrigation throughout the summer. Many families are said to spend far more on water than on bread, but they account it money well invested, as it has transformed these sand mountains into a region of most luxuriant gardens. Moreover it is the safeguard against fire,

which must be an ever-present danger in a town of which wood forms so large a part.

It certainly is strange to see a vast city with such splendid streets, and such princely homes, large mansions and pleasant Elizabethan villas, all apparently of beautiful white stone, and then learn that it is all wooden, and that the stone-like appearance is produced by a sprinkling of fine sand over a whitish paint. This is not because there is any lack of good stone for building purposes, but because the occasional slight earthquake shocks are a continual reminder that some day a great upheaval may come and swallow up, or at least severely shake, the huge young city.

There are boiling springs at no great distance from here, which forcibly suggest a connecting link with the great volcanoes which lie to the north, and forbid too absolute security. But even in respect to moderate earthquakes, wooden houses are found to suffer less than stone buildings, and are therefore preferred.

Recently, however, some of the great firms, who dread fire more than earthquakes, have built their business houses of real stone. The first to set this example was a company (Wells, Fargo, and Co.'s Express) which undertakes to convey parcels to every corner of the known world. But so expensive was labour in San Francisco, that the first stone house was imported bodily from China, where each block was cut and fitted, ready for its place!

Partly as a precaution against fire, the majority of dwelling-houses are built apart, each with a pleasant bit of shrubbery, so that you drive for miles through long avenues of fine detached houses, rather suggestive of the neighbourhood of a country town than of a huge busy city.

One of the great sights here is the fire brigade, which is a miracle of order and efficiency. At all hours of the day and night men and horses wait, ready on the instant, to obey any summons. The horses are so perfectly trained, that, at the sound of the alarm, they place themselves in position, so that in the twinkling of an eye their harness is adjusted and all is ready for action. The engines are worked by steam, and the fires are always kindled. So, as every district of the town, and indeed a vast number of private houses, are in telegraphic communication with the fire department, it is evident that little time need be lost.

Indeed, what with telegraphs and telephones, this whole city is like one great room—distances are annihilated. The sky is veiled by a perfect network of wires, connecting private dwellings with business offices.

A lady showed me on the wall beside her bed a small instrument like a clock, the face of which is divided into sections, having reference to fire, hackney carriage, message-boys, &c., &c.; so that by turning the needle to the point required, she can, without leaving her room,

summon a carriage, an errand-boy, a fire-engine—or any other trifle she may require. She tells me that this is quite a common household luxury.

Surely the genii of the *Arabian Nights* have cast their mantle on California!

Leaving the city, we drove some miles to see the great Golden Gate Park, which is to be the Hyde Park of San Francisco, and is already 'The Drive' and 'Rotten Row' for all fashionables. It is still so new that its beauty is undeveloped, but already it is a triumph of art and industry over an ungenial nature. Only six years ago it was a waste of desert sand, like those rolling sand-hills which extend on every side of it.

It was determined to reclaim about a thousand acres of these desolate dunes, so a large tract was enclosed, and thickly planted with the hardy perennial lupine, which is indigenous to California, and, flourishing on this thirsty soil, grows to the size of a large bush. When it has once taken a firm hold of the sand it subdues it effectually, and creates a soil on which, with the aid of abundant irrigation, turf will grow. Tens of thousands of trees have been planted, and are growing at an almost incredible rate; while the turf has been so diligently cared for, that already the wilderness is transformed into a rolling expanse of smooth, undulating lawn, brilliant with flower-beds. The ground is admirably laid out, and promises to become a thing of ever-increasing beauty.

To me the chief fascination lay in the pioneer lupines, which, of their own sweet will, are striving to carry on the work of reclamation, and have overspread many thousands of acres of the arid shifting sands. I had never dreamt of such wealth of flowers. Hitherto my ideas of lupines have been derived from the little packets which, as children, years ago, we sowed so carefully in our gardens, embedding them in chopped gorse as a protection against slugs and other foes. But here, for miles, we drove through lupine scrub, each bush bearing thousands of spikes—orange, pale-yellow, blue, white, or pink. Besides these shrub lupines, all the other sorts, common in English gardens, grow abundantly; the large succulent blue lupine, the smaller lemon-coloured variety, and all the dwarfs of every hue.

Here, then, was a glimpse of California's lavish way of doing things. Elsewhere we drove among green pasture-hills, variegated by patches of the most intense orange. Here was Californian gold indeed, glowing in the bright sunlight. I was puzzled by this new freak of vegetation, and marvelled what flower had been so abundantly showered all over the green hills. It was too deep in colour for the familiar buttercups, though these abound. So at last I had to satisfy my curiosity by a nearer inspection, and recognised that these sheets of yellow gold are all produced by the escoltzia, which is here known as Californian poppy. Here and there a patch of deep-blue larkspur

or the scarlet 'painted brush' varied the colouring of this beautiful wild garden.

But my friends are planning an expedition to the Coast Range, that I may form some idea of what a floral paradise really is. There, they tell me, the hills and meadows are literally carpeted with countless varieties of flowers, and that no less than six hundred different sorts are to be found there, in the course of the spring and summer, all growing in wild profusion—only think how lovely it must be!

The object of our drive this morning was to reach the cliffs overlooking the Golden Gates, which, as yet, I had only seen in the moonlight, as we sailed through them into the Bay of San Francisco. The title is highly metaphorical, as the headlands which form the portals of the bay are in no sense golden, or even beautiful. Like all the cliffs round the harbour, they are of a dull red colour, crowned with slopes of greenest grass. But, as a sea-view, the prospect was magnificent. The Pacific, untrue to its name, was all foam-flecked by angry waves, and huge green billows rolled in with deafening roar and dashed in white spray against the gates. But the fascination of the scene lay in the foreground, where herds of sea-lions * are for ever disporting themselves on the rocks, totally regardless of the human presence on the cliffs above, although a comfortable hotel has there been built, with a broad verandah, from which all lovers of strange wild creatures can watch these to their heart's content.

They are the pets of the State, happily protected by law, and no Goth dares to fire a gun in their demesne. So, in fearless security, these creatures, generally so shy, remain in peaceful possession of their ancestral rocks, within an hour's drive of the great city.

The number of the herd is variously estimated at from one to three hundred. I do not myself see how any one can pretend to count animals which are for ever gliding in and out of the water, and are, moreover, so much alike. They are like a crowd of black, slimy leeches, as they climb wriggling out of the green sea or the white surf, with fish in mouth, and lie basking on the rock to enjoy their prey. The hot sun soon dries them, and they then appear to be greyish brown. How they do bellow and bark, and turn their sleepy heads and gape at one another, showing formidable white teeth. Sometimes they all yelp simultaneously, like a pack of foxhounds. Then some old grandfather begins to roar, wakening the echoes with his deep bass.

Some have strongly-marked individuality, and are easily recognised, so of course these have received characteristic names. One patriarch, before whose presence all the others slink away meekly, is known as Ben Butler. He is a huge sleek fellow, fatter than any fat sow, and is supposed to weigh about two thousand pounds! They certainly are very like gigantic leeches—so soft, and glossy, and black! Sometimes they have furious fights. They open their great mouths, and go at

* *Otaria Stelleri.*

one another, biting viciously and barking. At last one is beaten, and slinks down into the waves to hide his diminished head, while the victor draws himself up the steep, jagged, black rock by means of his long front flippers, and, having reached the highest point he can attain, he there lies basking in the sun in perfect repose. The frivolous young seals gambol and snort, and carry on great games, while their mothers sleep peacefully, with their snouts pointing heavenward, and their heads pillowed on their own natural bolsters of fat.

Sometimes a grave old grannie curls herself up that she may the more easily scratch her nose with her hind flipper—a ludicrous position, as you must know, if you have ever observed a cow scratching her head with her hind leg! Besides these sea-lions, the rocks are haunted by various wild sea-birds; grey pelicans and black cormorants sit solemnly perched on the crags, while white sea-gulls circle around with shrill, piercing cries, which blend with the roaring of the seals and the beating of the surf on the rocks.

This was a scene after my own heart, and, as seen with the aid of my dear old opera-glasses (inseparable companions of all my wanderings), I could discern every movement and expression of each individual in the herd, though I cannot pretend to have observed the external ears, which, I am told, distinguish these from other seals. Surely such a spectacle seen from such comfortable surroundings must be unique. I happened, on returning here, to express my delight with the scene, and some smart town-bred San Franciscan ladies looked at me with pitying wonder. They were in the constant habit of driving to the Cliff House, but not for love of the sea-lions!

There is another group of rocks, about thirty miles from here, which is also tenanted by these creatures. These are the Far-allones, precipitous masses of white granite. We sailed very near them the night we came in, and could discern a multitude of dark creatures moving on the white rocks, which gleamed so coldly in the moonlight. Their name is legion. Happily they have such poor fur as to possess no commercial value. Hence their impunity. The gulls, which are there in myriads, are less fortunate. Their eggs command a ready sale in the market, and countless thousands are annually carried to San Francisco and there consumed. The advent of the egg-collectors is gladly hailed by the lonely watchers in the Far-allone lighthouse, to whom the presence of other human beings must be a rare interest.

On our homeward way we came by the Lone Mountain Cemetery, the great burial-ground for the city. It takes its name from a lonely sand-hill within the Roman Catholic Cemetery. A great cross crowns the hill, a solemn symbol, visible from afar. Now this region is all peopled with the quiet dead, and a multitude of graves occupy the hilly ground overlooking the harbour. It is a fresh, breezy spot, fragrant with the choicest garden flowers, which loving hands have planted round their dead, and which flourish and spread in rank

luxuriance; roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle festooning the monuments and railings, while fuchsias, pinks, lilies, and violets run riot in their rich profusion.

This graceful consecration of flowers extends even to the names given to the winding paths, and Acacia-avenue, Lily-path, or Rose-walk are the inviting titles which distinguish different portions of God's acre. It is a pleasant resting-place, marked by no grim formality, rather suggesting a quiet shrubbery, with graves grouped here and there in green glades, overshadowed by fine old 'live oaks,' as the ilex is here called. The eucalyptus, cypress, mimosa, and other trees and shrubs have taken kindly to these once barren sand-hills, and now form shady groves and rich clumps, and will in a very few years become stately and beautiful trees.

So the last home of the sleepers is an embodied idyll. Flowers and sunlight, and quiet, green hills overlooking the great calm haven, fading away in a hazy mist which veils the distant hills. To-day they are Easter flowers, bathed in Easter sunlight, and the radiance of the blessed Eastertide sheds its brightness and its holy calm on the Lone Mountain, where the dead rest in peace beneath the shadow of the Cross.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BARRICADES.

My mother did not come home till the evening, when the streets had become tolerably quiet. She had a strange account to give, for she had been at the palace all the time, in attendance on Queen Henrietta, who tried in vain to impress her sister-in-law with a sense that the matter was serious. Queen Anne of Austria was too proud to believe that a parliament and a mob could do any damage to the throne of France, whatever they might effect in England.

There she sat in her grand cabinet, and with her were the Cardinal, the Duke of Longueville, and many other gentlemen, especially Messieurs de Nogent and de Beautru, who were the wits, if not the buffoons, of the court, and who turned all the reports they heard into ridicule. The Queen Regent smiled in her haughty way, but the Queen of England laid her hand sadly on my mother's arm, and said, 'Alas, my dear friend, was it not thus that once we laughed?'

Presently in came Marshal de la Meilleraye and the Coadjutor, and their faces and gestures showed plainly that they were seriously alarmed, but M. de Beautru, nothing daunted, turned to the Regent, saying, 'How ill her Majesty must be, since *M. le Coadjuteur* is come to bring her extreme unction,' whereupon there was another great burst of applause and laughter.

The Coadjutor pretended not to hear, and addressing the Queen told her that he had come to offer his services to her at a moment of pressing danger. Anne of Austria only vouchsafed a little nod with her head, by way at once of thanks, and showing how officious and superfluous she thought him, while Nogent and Beautru continued to mimic the dismay of poor Broussel, seized in his dressing-gown and slippers, and the shrieks of his old housekeeper from the window.

'Did no one silence them for being so unmanly?' cried Annora, as she heard this.

'Child, thou art foolish!' said my mother, with dignity. 'Why should the resistance of *canaille* like that be observed at all, save to make sport?'

For my poor mother, since she had been dipped again into the court atmosphere, had learnt to look again on whatever was not noble, as not

of the same nature with herself. However she said that Marshal de la Meilleraye, a thorough soldier, broke in by assuring the Queen that the populace were in arms, howling for Broussel, and the Coadjutor began to describe the fierce tumult through which he had made his way, but the Cardinal only gave his dainty provoking Italian smile, and the Queen Regent proudly affirmed that there neither was nor could be a revolt.

'We know,' added Mazarin, in his blandest tone of irony, 'that M. le Coadjutor is so devoted to the court, and so solicitous for his flock, that a little over-anxiety must be pardoned to him!'

This was while shouts of '*Broussel! Broussel!*' were echoing through the palace, and in a few moments came the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Guards to say that the populace were threatening to overpower the soldiers at the gates; and next came the Chancellor, nearly frightened out of his wits, saying that he had seen the people howling like a pack of wolves, carrying all sorts of strange weapons, and ready to force their way in. Then old Monsieur Guitauet, the Colonel of the Guards, declared 'that the old rogue Broussel must be surrendered, dead or alive.'

'The former step would not be accordant with the Queen's piety nor her justice,' broke in the Coadjutor; 'the second might stop the tumult.'

'I understand you, *Monsieur le Coadjuteur*,' broke out the Queen. 'You want me to set Broussel at liberty. I would rather strangle him with my own hands, and those who—'

And she held those plump white hands of hers almost close to the Archbishop's face, as if she were ready to do it, but Cardinal Mazarin whispered something in her ear which made her less violent, and the next moment the lieutenant of police came in, with such a terrific account of the fury of the mob and their numbers that there was no more incredulity; it was plain that there was really a most frightful uproar, and both the Regent and the Cardinal entreated the Coadjutor to go down and pacify the people by promises. He tried to obtain from the Queen some written promise.

'He was right,' said Eustace.

'Right!' cried my mother. 'What, to seek to bind her Majesty down by written words, like a base mechanical *bourgeois*? I am ashamed of you, my son! No, indeed, we all cried out upon him, Archbishop though he were, and told him that her Majesty's word was worth ten thousand bonds.'

'May it be so proved!' muttered Eustace, while my mother went on to describe how the Coadjutor was pressed, pushed, and almost dragged down the great staircase to speak to the infuriated people who were yelling and shrieking outside the court. Monsieur de Meilleraye went before him, backed by all the light horse drawn up in the court, and mounting his horse, drew his sword crying, '*Vive le Roi!*

Liberty for Broussel!' He was met by a cry of 'To arms, to arms!' and there was a rush against him, some trying to pull him off his horse, and one attacking him with a rusty old sword. The Marshal fired at him and he fell, severely wounded, just as the Coadjutor came down, and seeing him lying in the gutter like one dead, knelt down by him, heard his confession, and absolved him.

(It was afterwards said that the man was a picklock, but we always suspected that the Coadjutor had made the worst of him by way of enhancing a good story.)

Just as the absolution was finished, some more of the mob came up, and one threw a stone which hit the Archbishop on the cheek, and another pointed a musket at him. 'Unhappy man,' he cried, 'if your father saw you!' This seemed to touch the man; he cried '*Vive le Coadjuteur!*' And so easily were the people swayed, that they all began to applaud him to the skies, and he led them off to the market-place.

'We thought ourselves rid of them,' said my mother, 'we began to breathe again, and I was coming home, but bah! no such thing! They are all coming back, thirty or forty thousand of them, only without their weapons. At least the gentlemen said so, but I am sure they had them hidden. Up comes *M. le Coadjuteur* again, the Marshal de Meilleraye leading him by the hand up to the Queen, and saying, 'Here, Madame, is one to whom I own my life, but to whom your Majesty owes the safety of the State, nay, perhaps of the palace.'

The Queen smiled, seeing through it all, said my mother, and the Coadjutor broke in, 'The matter is not myself, Madame, it is Paris, now disarmed and submissive, at your Majesty's feet.'

'It is very guilty, and far from submissive,' said the Queen angrily; 'pray if it were so furious, how can it have been so rapidly tamed?' And then M. de Meilleraye must needs break in furiously, 'Madame, an honest man cannot dissemble the state of things. If Broussel is not set at liberty, to-morrow there will not be one stone upon another at Paris.'

But the Queen was firm, and put them both down, only saying, 'Go and rest, Monsieur, you have worked hard.'

'Was that all the thanks he had?' exclaimed Annora.

"Of course it was, child. The Queen and the Cardinal knew very well that the tumult was his work; or at least immensely exaggerated by him, just to terrify her into releasing that factious old mischief-maker! Why, he went off I know not where, haranguing them from the top of his carriage!'

'Ah! that was where we saw him,' said Nan. 'Madame, indeed there was nothing exaggerated in the tumult. It was frightful. They made ten times the noise our honest folk do in England, and did ten times less. If they had been English, M. Broussel would be safe at home now!'

'No, the tumult was not over painted, that I can testify,' said my brother.

But when my mother came to hear how he and Annora had witnessed the scene, from the windows of M. Darpent's house, her indignation knew no bounds. I never saw her so angry with Eustace as she now was that he should have taken his sister into the house of one of these councillors; a *bourgeois* house was bad enough, but that it should have been actually one of the disaffected, and that the Darpent carriage should have been seen at our door, filled her with horror. It was enough to ruin us all for ever with the court.

'What have we to do with the court?' cried my sister, and this of course only added fuel to the flame, till at last my mother came to declaring that she should never trust her daughter with my brother again, for he was not fit to take care of her.

But we were all surprised by Eustace when he bade my mother good-night, quietly bending his dark curled head and saying, 'My mother, I ask your pardon, I am sorry I offended you.'

'My son, my dear son,' she cried, embracing him. "Never think of it more, only if we never go home, I cannot have your sister made a mere *bourgeoise*.'

'How could you, brother!' cried Annora, waiting outside the door. 'Now you have owned yourself in the wrong!'

'I have not said so, Nan,' he answered. 'I have simply said I was sorry to have offended my mother, and that is true; I could not sleep under her displeasure.'

'But you do not care about ruining yourself with this perfidious foreign court.'

'Not a rush, so long as I do not bring Meg and her son into danger.'

Things were quiet that night, but every one knew that it was only a lull in the storm.

I set off to morning mass with my son and little Armantine as usual, thinking all would be quiet so early in our part of the city, but before the service was over there was the dull roar of the populace in a fury to be heard in the distance, and Nicole met me at the church door entreating me to et home as quickly as possible.

To my dismay there was a large heavy chain across the end of the street, not such as to stop foot-passengers, but barring the way against carriages, and the street was fast filling with shop-keepers, apprentices, market women, and all sorts of people. The children clung to my hands, half frightened and half eager. Suddenly we saw a carriage stopped by the chain, and the people crowding round it. Out of it sprang two gentlemen and a lady, and began hurrying forward like people hunted. I drew the children back into the church porch, and was shocked to see that those who were then fleeing in haste and terror were the Chancellor, M. Séguier, with his brother, the

Bishop of Meaux, and his daughter the beautiful young Duchess de Sully. I tried to attract their attention and draw them into the church as a place of safety, but they were in too much haste and terror to perceive me, and a man began shouting after them—

'To arms, friends, to arms! There's the enemy. Kill him! and we shall have vengeance for all we suffer!'

The mob rushed after, shouting horribly. Armantine began to cry, and I took her in my arms, while Nicole held my son.

The whole crowd rushed past us, never heeding us, as we stood above them, and as we were only thirty yards from home I hoped soon to reach it, though I hesitated, as the screeches, yells, and howls were still to be heard lower down the street, and fresh parties of men, women, and children kept rushing down to join the throng. If it should surge back again before we could get home, what would become of us?

Suddenly Gaspard cried out 'My uncle!' And there was indeed my brother. 'Good heavens!' he cried, 'you there, sister! They told me you were gone to church, but I could hardly believe it! Come home before the mob comes back.'

I asked anxiously for the Chancellor, and heard he had escaped into the Hotel de Luynes, which was three doors beyond ours. He had set out at six in the morning for the palace, it was believed to take orders for breaking up the Parliament. His daughter, thinking there might be danger, chose to go with him, and so did his brother, the Bishop; but the instant he was known to be entangled in the streets, the mob rose on him, the chains were put up, he had to leave his carriage and flee on foot to the Hotel de Luynes, where his brother-in-law lived. There the door was open, but no one was up but an old servant, and, in the utmost terror, the unhappy Chancellor rushed into a little wainscotted closet, where he shut himself up, confessing his sins to the Bishop, believing his last moments were come. In fact, the mob did search all over the hotel, some meaning to make him a hostage for Broussel, and others shouting that they would cut him to pieces to show what fate awaited the instruments of tyranny. They did actually beat against the wainscot of his secret chamber, but hearing nothing, they left the spot, but continued to keep guard round the house, shouting out execrations against him.

Meantime, Eustace had brought us safely home, where the first thing we did was to hurry up to the balcony, where Annora was already watching anxiously.

Presently Marshal de Meilleraye and his light horse came galloping and clattering down the street, while the mob fled headlong, hither and thither, before them. A carriage was brought out, and the Chancellor with his brother and daughter were put into it, but as they were driving off, the mob rallied again, and began to pursue them. A shot was fired, and a poor woman, under a heavy basket,

fell. There was another outburst of curses, screams, howls, yells, shots; and carriage, guards, people, all rushed past us, the coach going at the full speed of its six horses, amid a shower of stones, and even bullets, the guards galloping after, sometimes firing or cutting with their swords, the people keeping up with them at a headlong pace, pelting them with stones and dirt, and often firing at them, for indeed the poor young Duchess received a wound before they could reach the palace. Meanwhile, others of the mob began ransacking the Hotel de Luynes in their rage at the Chancellor's escape, and they made dreadful havoc of the furniture, although they did not pillage it.

My mother wept bitterly, declaring that the evil days she had seen in England were pursuing her to France; and we could not persuade her that we were in no danger, until the populace, having done their worst at the Hotel de Luynes, drifted away from our street. Eustace could not of course bear to stay shut up and knowing nothing, and he and the Abbé both went out different ways, leaving us to devour our anxiety as best we could, knowing nothing but that there was a chain across each end of our street, with a double row of stakes on either side, banked up with earth, stones, straw, all sorts of things, and guarded by men with all manner of queer old weapons that had come down from the wars of the League. Eustace even came upon one of the old-fashioned arquebuses standing on three legs to be fired; and, what was worse, there was a gorget with the portrait of the murderer of Henri III. enamelled on it, and the inscription 'S. Jacques Clément,' but the Coadjutor had the horrible thing broken up publicly. My brother said things did indeed remind him of the rusty old weapons that were taken down at the beginning of the Rebellion. He had been to M. Darpent's, and found him exceedingly busy, and had learnt from him that the Coadjutor was at the bottom of all this day's disturbance. Yes, Archbishop de Gondi himself. He had been bitterly offended at the mocking, mistrustful way in which his services had been treated, and besides, reports came to him that the Cardinal talked of sending him to Quimper Corentin, and Broussel to Havre, and the Chancellor to dismiss the Parliament! He had taken counsel with his friends, and determined to put himself at the head of the popular movement and be revenged upon the court, and one of his familiar associates, M. d'Argenteuil, had disguised himself as a mason, and led the attack with a rule in his hand, while a lady, Madame Martineau, had beaten the drum and collected the throng, to guard the gates and attack the Chancellor. There were, it was computed, no less than 1,260 barricades all over Paris, and the Parliament was perfectly amazed at the excitement produced by the capture of Broussel. Finding that they had such supporters, the Parliament was more than ever determined to make a stand for its rights—whatever they might be.

The Queen had sent to command the Coadjutor to appease the sedition, but he had answered that he had made himself so odious by his

exertions of the previous day that he could not undertake what was desired of him.

The next thing we heard was that the first president, Mathieu Molè, one of the very best men then living, had gone at the head of sixty-six counsellors of Parliament, two and two, to seek an audience of the Queen. They were followed by a huge multitude, who supposed Broussel to be still at the Palais Royal.

The counsellors were admitted, but the Queen was as obdurate as ever. She told them that they, their wives and children, should answer for this day's work, and that a hundred thousand armed men should not force her to give up her will. Then she got up from her chair, went out of the room, and slammed the door! It is even said that she talked of hanging a few of the counsellors from the windows to intimidate the mob; but Mademoiselle assured me that this was not true; though M. de Meilleraye actually proposed cutting off Broussel's head and throwing it out into the street!

The counsellors were kept waiting two hours in the Great Gallery, while the mob roared outside, and the Cardinal, the Dukes of Orleans and Longueville, and other great nobles, argued the matter with the Queen. The Cardinal was, it seems, in a terrible fright. The Queen, full of Spanish pride and high courage, would really have rather perished than yielded to the populace; but Mazarin was more and more terrified, and at last she yielded, and consented to his going to the counsellors to promise the release of the prisoners. He was trembling all over, and made quite an absurd appearance, and presently the Parliament men appeared again, carrying huge sealed letters; Broussel's was borne by his nephew in triumph. We could hear the *Vivats!* with which the people greeted them, as the promise of restoration was made known. At eleven at night there was a fresh outcry, but this was of joy, for M. Blancmesnil had actually come back from Vincennes; but the barricades were not taken down. There was to be no laying down of arms till Broussel appeared, and there were strange noises all night, preventing sleep.

At eight o'clock the next morning Broussel had not appeared; the people were walking about in a sullen rage, and this was made worse by a report that there were 10,000 soldiers in the Bois de Boulogne ready to chastise the people. We could see from our house-top the glancing of arms at every barricade where the sun could penetrate, and in the midst came one of the servants announcing Monsieur Clément Darpent.

He had a sword by his side, and pistols at his belt, and he said that he was come to assure the ladies that there would be no danger for them. If any one tried to meddle with the house, we might say we were friends of M. Darpent, and we should be secure. If the account of the soldiers outside were true, the people were determined not to

yield to such perfidy; but he did not greatly credit it, only it was well to be prepared.

'Alas! my friend,' said Eustace, 'this has all too much the air of rebellion.'

'We stand on our rights and privileges,' said Darpent. 'We uphold them in the King's name against the treachery of a Spanish woman and an Italian priest.'

'You have been sorely tried,' said Eustace; 'but I doubt me whether anything justifies taking arms against the Crown.'

'Ah! I am talking to a Cavalier,' said Clément. 'But I must not argue the point. I must to my barricade.'

Nan here came forward, and desired him to carry her commendations and thanks to *Madame sa mère*, and he bowed, evidently much gratified. She durst not go the length of offering her good wishes, and she told me I ought to have been thankful to her for the forbearance, when, under a strong sense of duty, I reproved her. Technically he was only Maître Darpent, and his mother only would have been called Mademoiselle. Monsieur and Madame were much more jealously limited to nobility than they are now becoming, and the Darpents would not purchase a patent of nobility to shelter themselves from taxation. For, as Eustace said, the *bourgeoisie* had its own chivalry of ideas.

There was no more fighting. By ten o'clock Broussel was in the city, the chains were torn down, the barricades levelled, and he made a triumphal progress. He was taken first to Nôtre Dame, and as he left the carriage, his old dressing-gown was almost torn to pieces, every one crowding to kiss it, or his feet, calling him their father and protector, and anxiously inquiring for his health. A *Te Deum* was sung—if not so splendid, much more full of the ring of joy than the grand one two days before! Engravings of his portrait were sold about the streets, bearing the inscription 'Pierre Broussel, father of his country;' and the good-natured old man seemed quite bewildered at the honours that had befallen him.

There were a few more alarms that night and the next day, but at last they subsided, the barricades were taken down, and things returned to their usual state, at least to all outward appearance.

(*To be continued.*)

'A LITTLE LESS THAN KIN, AND MORE THAN KIND.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LUCY AND CHRISTIAN WAINWRIGHT,' 'THE WYNNES,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

'My flocks feed not . . . , sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth; they die;
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our Love is lost, for Love is dead.'
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

'Woman's at best a contradiction still.'
—POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

'"FLOREAT Etona!" "Manners makyth man!" "Dat Deus incrementum!"' murmured little Fred Addison, as he busied himself this wet Saturday half-holiday in rearranging the contents of his crest-and-motto book. He was now engrossed in the pages devoted to the 'Public Schools of All England,' headed, as in private duty bound, by the motto of Sir William Harpur's old foundation in St. Paul's Square, Bedford.

'Yes, "Manners makyth man," but what makes a woman?' asked one of the three guests at the Rosemary End Manor Farm, laying down the book from which he had been reading to the four junior members of that young party, with a suppressed, if well suppressed, yawn.

'"O woman! lovely woman! *Nature* made thee to temper man" who "had been brutes without us!"' answered Una McCarthy, shamelessly and unhesitatingly, raising her blue eyes for one moment from some unusually engrossing Eis-wool crocheting, '*vide* Thomas Otway, and *Venice Preserved* that is! for I perceive, Mr. Mostyn, that you are fond both of quotations and alliterations, so may like to peruse and to ponder o'er poet and poem perfected.'

'What makes a woman?—having done with hateful lessons, and being allowed to have more freedom and enjoyment in life!' said Anne Addison, aged fourteen.

'One can hardly say "long dresses," any longer, seeing that short ones are now so much more in fashion,' mused Sally, her next elder sister.

'"Sugar and spice and all that's nice,"' sang fair-headed Fred

Addison in his sweet shrill little treble, without looking up from his very careful re-laying of a refractory coat-of-arms, 'makes "little girls"! A good deal of aromatic vinegar and acidulated mustard must be added to the adult article,' and Armigel Mostyn glanced at the eldest of the three home sisters, writing in the further window, as he spoke.

'*Anglicè*, Angelica Addison, then your adulteration and alliteration will be complete,' added Una McCarthy.

'On a wet day, in outdoor attire,' meditated Anne Addison, aloud, 'the *only* difference is that a woman has a little knob of plaited hair at the back of her neck.'

'Useful to stave off sunstroke, Annie,' for at this point—

'Oh, Gladys! spare us your ambulance anatomical anomalies,' groaned her brother.

'And the sun doesn't shine when it's raining!' said the guest with blue eyes and black lashes glancing away from her Eis-wool work to the depressing out-look from the windows. 'I wish it did!'

'What *never*, Una?'

'No, never! at least "hardly ever." It does sometimes, or there wouldn't be any rainbows, I suppose.'

'Can't remember Hood's opening lines about the rainbow; his moral conclusion is—

'"But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm further off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy."'

'Oh, Armie, don't begin your endless quotations, please! Perhaps you would not guess it, but we really *are* trying to cure ourselves of that favourite childish pastime; and if we were talking of girls as well as women, we weren't of boys; 'twould not have been mannerly with two such hobbledehoys as you and Fred in the room!' said saucy, privileged Sally, dipping her dainty head as Armigel made a feint of throwing his book at his old playmate of the happy days when all were young.

'I should have thought you would at least have improved and improvised so as to make the verse end with "girls"' said Anne.

'Oh, Annie! how could you suggest such a word to him!' cried Armigel's sister; 'he will be running off into "Come into the garden, Maud," next—with its "girls" and its "curls" and its "pearls." It is not really raining to hurt any one who *has* an ulster and cap to match. I have! so I am going out.'

'Where?'

'To Bedford.'

'Three miles in the mud?'

'"Anywhere, anywhere out"—of this over-populated best parlour. That's it, isn't it, Gladys?' cried Anne Addison.

'Child "of the mountain and the flood,"' added Gladys' brother.

'Gag him! gag him!' expostulated Una McCarthy, deftly throwing the Eis-wool scarf which she was crocheting across the offender's mouth as she spoke.

'Thanks! that will keep out the damp air nicely! I am going with Gladys. Can I do anything for any of you?'

'Call at Thompson's for the *Saturday Review*, will you?' said Angelica, without raising her eyes from her copying of a long synopsis of household accounts; 'it is so tantalising when it only arrives on Sunday morning.'

'Give me back my neckerchief, first,' said Una.

'No—excuse me—I never give back anything once given to me.'

'But I want it, Mr. Mostyn.'

'My dear Miss McCarthy Mavourneen, don't make such mournful moan for the moon! This quite too-too, utterly intense monumento, combines the mournful mistiness of moonshine with the mellowness of the moon's motive power—the sun—or of its donor's maidenly and munificent magnanimity,' and he held up the scarf admiringly. 'Good-bye all! for, thanks to young ladies' modern style of dress, Gladys is ready, I see, before myself. Coming, too, Annie? that's right! Good-bye. Walking, "I'll dream, love, I'll dream love, of thee."'

The young Welshman opened the furthest of the French windows of this long old-fashioned drawing-room, and the three started, looking in and nodding cheerily as they made their way under the verandah which helped such a September day as this to make the drawing-room of the Manor Farm of Rosemary End dark and dreary, and lacking in fresh air. Una watched them disappear, her colour still a little heightened, and her eyes bright with the ready tears of her quick feeling little heart, if tears kept within bounds and suffered only to suffuse them.

'I thought Armigel Mostyn a gentleman! I call this very ill manners,' she said at length.

'Well, Una, if I were you, I'd only *think* the latter as well as the first,' said Angelica, looking up, for the first time, from her writing, 'at least in such *little matters* as home manners "As we sow we reap."'

'Was I unwomanly?' asked Una, simply, if with pain.

'A little unmaidenly, considering that this time yesterday you were still unacquainted.'

'Nay, Angel, she sha'n't be scolded!' said sweet Sally Addison, putting her arms round her former school friend's neck and kissing her. 'She couldn't be unmaidenly if she tried! I only thought, dear, how graceful the manual action was—and manners comes from the

Latin *manus*, I believe?—which has lost you your scarf; but don't let it cost you any tears, also.'

'I had only two rows to finish it, and I wanted to send it to Aunt Mary by to-day's post.'

'But Miss McCarthy is still at the Charing Cross Hotel, is she not? So, as there is no Sunday delivery in London, it will not make any difference, Unie, if we get it posted, in some way, to-morrow,' pursued Sally, consolingly.

'But it will be spoilt! it won't be fresh—all damp, and nasty, and muddled.'

'Did Armigel really go out in it?' asked Angelica.

'Yes; he waved its ends to us as he passed the window. I believe he went through that further window on purpose.'

'Then he was far more unmannerly than yourself, Una; he used to be a nice boy, but cousins, or so-called cousins, *are* bores, and not brothers, as they grow older.'

At this moment, Roper, the ancient upper house-and-parlour maid, entered with a packet and card on the old silver salver which it was well some modern thieving collector of 'old plate' did not know was to be stolen as easily now as thirty years ago when first despised and condemned to daily and ignoble uses as 'clumsy' and 'old fashioned.'

'Letters, second post letters,' cried Una and Sally at once.

'No, the boy from the stables brought it up, miss, for Miss McCarthy.'

'"With Mr. Mostyn's compliments and thanks!" My poor scarf!' cried Una, exultingly, 'and not hurt, not even damp! Very well folded for a man, isn't it? Oh, I dare say he took if off as soon as they passed out of the verandah.'

'I saw them turn in at the front door,' said Fred.

'That was kind of him! Now I can finish and send it off after all! Come and read to me, Sally, cosily in this corner, and then we sha'n't interrupt Angelica. If we could only treat this wretched weather as winter, and have a fire!'

'It is not laid,' said Sally.

'I'll get sticks and coals in a minute,' said Fred, jumping up from his pasting; 'it would be jolly!'

'I don't think papa would like it,' said Angelica; 'but there *is* a terrible draught from that door; put the sofa cushion down to it, Fred,—cook must have set *all* the kitchen doors open in her Saturday afternoon cleaning,—and give Una a stool.'

'Mrs. Addison always liked you to be hardy,' said Una.

'And now we have to be economical,' said Angelica; 'these hard times are very hard for landlords, as well as tenants, I can tell you.'

'I thought Mr. Addison had never farmed his own land.'

'Nothing except this little home-farm until this year.—But poor Spriggens gave up the Bury Farm, next to ruined, last Michaelmas—and then, he knew it must be at a loss, but it kept the men on. And, with his love of order, he could not have borne the land left uncultivated as is really the case in some parishes. Then the last floods destroyed what hay they did not carry bodily away. And now—' and the speaker's eyes strayed from her desk to the ever-rising waters.

'The Ouse is almost over its banks again,' said Una, looking across the low rich meadow land lying between them and the river.

'Yes. I know this continued rain and low barometer make father and mother very anxious. I believe we are going to be very poor.'

'What does that mean to such people as ourselves, Angel?' asked Sally, laying down upon her knee the book she had been about to read aloud.

'I hardly know—having to think of every penny before we spend it, which is a hateful way of living! Not only living upon bread and cheese because we can't have cake.'

'Live upon potatoes and butter-milk, Lica! You don't know how nice it is; and with your Alderney cows—' began Una, seriously.

But the door was opened once more; and this time Mr. Addison entered, his faithful colley remaining—unbidden and unreminded of the standing order, 'no admittance to the drawing-room,' however wistfully and regretfully—on the mat outside.

'Mamma—where's your mother? Still with grandmamma?'

'No, Martha is back with grandmamma; in the store-room with Roper, I think. Shall I tell her you want her?' asked Angelica, rising.

'Thank you, if she can spare me two minutes. I will go up stairs if she be there; don't disturb her,' and Mr. Addison sank down in his daughter's vacant chair, and gazed over the low-lying meadows towards the river with careworn brow and a sigh; then turned towards his young guest to say, 'This is a dreary first day for you, my dear. I am glad you saw Writtlemarsh in brighter weather last year.'

'I am used to *outer* rain you know, and we have been very cosy indoors to-day. Sally was just going to read to me.'

'Not one of those worthless modern novels of which Mudie's last box seemed full, I hope?' and he rose and looked at the book. 'Ah, *Fronde's Agrestes*, something better worth the hearing. When does our "Mudie" subscription fall due, Angela?' he asked, as his eldest daughter returned; 'about Michaelmas, I think.'

'Next week. I have begun to make out a new list; you only put down two books the other day.'

'I must cease the subscription; so only take care that the box is

returned well within its due day; and write a line to notify cessation, will you? Thanks!'

'Oh, papa! Mudie's box! Our one connection with the outer literary world!' said Angelica, the cry escaping her almost unawares.

'We shall still have the *Times*,' said Sally, 'and its reviews are almost——'

'Till next Saturday, thenceforward the *Standard*,' and Mr. Addison went out into the hall to meet his wife.

'*This* is what being very poor to such people as ourselves really means, you see, Sally,' said Angelica, a little bitterly. 'Intellectual famine, if not physical.'

'Armie takes in the *Spectator*, and *Land and Water*, and *The Guardian*.'

'And *Bell's Life*, and the *Sporting News*, and an occasional *Daily Telegraph*, and *Lloyd's Weekly*, and *Record*, and *Christian World*, because he likes to know *all* sides of *every* question,' continued Angelica with a smile; 'and—what were you going to say, Sally?'

'That I am sure he will send them all on to you if you ask him.'

'What a hopeless confusion my head would be in if I ever attempted to see all sides *so* thoroughly! And the mere postage outweighs the poor shilling a week—only 2*l*. 12*s*. a year after all, saved by giving up the *Times*.'

'Would you not like him to send some of them? What would you like, Angel?' asked Sarah going up to her sister, knowing well, by the expression of her face, that she was trying to hide a real pain by light words.

'I don't think it much matters what I *like!* I think I shall have to do my best to take Roper's place—perhaps clean the plate.'

'Roper? is she really going to be married, and so quickly, at last?'

'We are going to set her free to do so if she likes. Papa and mamma told me a good deal last night. Margaret doesn't like to stay on any longer as only housemaid, but would keep her own work and take on Roper's harder work, being called "house-and-parlourmaid," if I——'

'And that has made you so grave to-day, poor dear!'

Most people's pity angered Angelica much, but not this of the younger sister. For Sally, having been brought up when means were at their best, and some 'expectations,' now quenched, great—and having always been of a dainty, delicate mould, made to be loved, and to be petted, almost too dainty and delicate for this world's daily wear,—was still a kind of gentle princess in the eyes of her three-years-older elder sister.

'Yes, I have been wondering, like you, what poverty really did mean to people like ourselves who *can't* end our days in the workhouse, whatever happens. I had thought it might mean 20*l*. a year instead

of *30l.* to dress and give away upon: knew it meant a maid the less; but one's books—'

'But have you read all those in the house itself?' asked Una innocently, 'all that long bookcase in the study; they look as if they had not been taken out of their shelves this century.'

'And they hardly have! Not since our great-grandfather chose to think the dear old Bury Farm neither good nor genteel enough for himself and his Kentish bride, Miss Angelica Fagge! Let us put on our working aprons and go across and dust the shelves, and see what the books really are. Come and help us, Fred; and bring a pencil and quire of lined paper, Una, to make a list of them,' and Angelica thus thrust away all further sign of care to avoid further remark or pity.

'*Annual Registers*, 1, 2, 3, 4—50 vols; Sterne's works, 8; *Gazetteer* 1, 2, 3, 4—50 odd; *Quarterlies* and *Edinburghs*, 500 I should think; Blair's *Sermons*—might do worse than read those, I believe; *Pilgrim's Progress* 1688—year of Bunyan's death, wasn't it? De Foe's *Plague;* Original Edition of Scott, complete—that's, probably, worth so much I expect it will have to be sold if these five bad seasons grow into seven! Byron's works, Wordsworth's, *Whole Duty of Man*, Law's *Serious Call*—have you got them all down, Una?'

'No, I can't write so fast! There, now I am going to finish my neckerchief. When you have read *all* these, Miss Angelica Addison, *and with attention taking notes*, I will resume my catalogue.'

'I do want to look into Law's *Serious Call*. Fred, you go on with the dusting, please. Some one's put a little book as a mark in here. Watts' *First Catechism*—"Angelica Addison, her book, March 10, 1780," papa's great-aunt, and all her little lessons marked off. To whom did *The Call* belong?—"Angelica Kauffman Fagge, her book;" but even she was not the first owner, "Anne Fagge, her book, 1730." Ah! that is nice! It *is* nice not to have to pick up old books on second-hand bookstalls, but have them ready made, and really one's own, like this.'

'You have read Miss Thackeray's *Miss Angel?*' asked Una of Sally, softly, not to disturb the reader. 'Surely she must have been godmother to Angelica Kauffman Fagge. Any second name, at that time so unusual.'

'That portrait of Mrs. Fagge is by Angelica Kauffman; was she a relation?' asked Sarah, 'no, only an old friend, I think. But I do not like her style, do you?'

'I never criticise family portraits, 'tis too nice to have them, and we haven't any! And you have not any of Mr. or Mrs. Addison? What a pity! Good-looking people ought to be perpetuated, they are so scarce.'

'Poor papa has never had any money to spare for such things,' said Sarah seriously, 'he had so many brothers and sisters; and grandpapa

died so young, he had to look after them all. It is well we are so few.'

'Yes, we have been going down in the world the last eighty years,' interposed Angelica, shutting her book to return to more practical work; and interested in her junior's talk from having had her own head that day much occupied with the fading family fortunes in consequence of her parent's admissions to her the previous evening, 'our grandfather was—well, a "splendid failure"—and most of his six sons idle spendthrifts or good-looking ne'er-do-wells, expecting their eldest brother to help them at every turn. Dear old grandmamma, with all her own good sense and goodness, could not turn out six sons like her eldest.'

'And now all your hopes rest upon Fred,' said Una, smiling kindly on the fair little lad dusting away so diligently.

'If only I had died instead of the first little Frederick, or if I had only been a son,' said Angelica seriously, 'I—'

'You would have cut me out of Rosemary End Manor Farm. No, thank you!' said Fred, flicking his duster at her with pretended indignation.

'I might have been of more use than I can ever be now—able to take the daily drudgery of that great Bury Farm off poor papa's shoulders at any rate. But I am not even well educated, for these days, as Gladys is, thanks to her Aunt Wren's foresight and aid. If Sir William Harpur's trust had been fairly used between boys and girls all these years—as they are beginning to talk of dividing it now—why, 'twould have been better for me!'

'Why, Lica, how well you play, both piano and organ,' began Sally.

'But I hold no certificate; nor could I gain one, even in music. I am worth nothing in the educational market.'

'"To know her was a liberal education!" I heard Armigel say of you only last night,' said Una.

'Did he? A misquotation, so very like him—but I know my own value or non-value better.'

'And governesses aren't wanted in these days, Angela. It seems to me that nurses, cooks, or dressmakers are the only women-workers really wanted, if you should ever have to earn your own living.'

'But I have no taste.'

'But what clever hands! and Sally has taste and feeling for colours. Oh, that would be sweet! The Misses Addison, modistes and milliners. Every fashion would look so sweet on Sally no one could resist having it tried upon themselves! Governesses! Why, Aunt Isbister had one hundred and ninety answers to her one advertisement in the *Guardian*, some of them offering to come for nothing, others begging to be taken at any salary. They so wrung her kind heart that uncle at last thrust all into the fire, and sent Agatha to school! But dress-

making! oh, how thankful I should be to get the black silk which Aunt Mary brought me from Rome, last May, made up by such hands and eyes as yours would be.'

'Have you it here? Are you in earnest?' asked Angelica, turning round to face this well-to-do motherless Irish girl as she spoke. Mr. McCarthy, an Indian judge, was to come home for good in another two years; and Una, his only child, who had left school this August, until then to share his maiden and favourite sister's wandering life, for Ireland was no longer a safe home to a lone landlady of fifty.

'Perfectly. Will you accept the commission?'

'Yes. I was wanting so much to earn fifteen shillings. I shall charge fifteen shillings for "making,"—that is what I had to pay Miss Paterson last winter.'

'And neither Miss Paterson nor Mrs. Page would even *look* at my poor dress yesterday, though it is beautiful Roman silk, truly "all silk." Mrs. Addison kindly took me to both, and to some other dressmaker as well, but equally in vain. Really an unmade dress is almost a white elephant in these days; if a present, only an encumbrance.'

'Have you any pattern?'

'No; but a dress made at Dublin that fits very nicely.'

'That will do! let me have it as soon as we have done these books, will you?' and Angelica turned back to her dusting.

Before Armigel and Gladys Mostyn and their young companion were half-way home from Bedford, the pattern had been taken, lining of the future bodice cut out and fitted, and had fitted well; at which Una seemed rather unflatteringly astonished.

"I don't see how this could help fitting if the original did,' said Angelica, 'at least I gave my mind to making one the fac-simile of the other!'

'But one may give one's mind to a thing and yet not succeed in it,' said Una, and she sighed.

'If only I had known in time to ask Annie to get me all the little etceteras I shall need. And, if I really succeed, perhaps you will employ "Miss Addison, mantua-maker and milliner," again; I should like the real lining of that beautiful silk to be more worthy of it than this remnant! After five, too late even to drive in,' she mused looking at her watch.

'Oh, yes! Don't fag yourself with such a walk in all this rain and mud; don't fag yourself about it at all.'

'When do you wish the dress home, madame?' asked Angelica in serious mimicry of the likely tone of a really first-rate milliner, 'I have a good many things on hand already, just now,—finishing Annie's dress and tippet, besides her lessons, and I am to help Roper to re-cover the drawing-room furniture before she goes.'

'This day—four weeks! Without fail! Only don't make a trouble of it! don't look so grave about it; but you look very handsome—very like Mr. Addison, I mean,' Una hastened to correct herself seeing Miss Addison look the reverse of pleased at her compliment, 'whilst giving my poor dress all this serious consideration.'

'I do feel serious about it. I want to do it very well—not to abuse your trust in me—and because—well, one thing which Mary Lavender and I did learn at that dear old-fashioned Moravian School, which perhaps was taught better than at yours and Sally's, not at Gladys—was—'

'To hold your tongues? Certainly, if it was taught me, *I* never learned it!" said Una with a little saucy laugh, rubbing her face against Miss Addison's as she spoke.

'No, to give all our minds to the one thing we were about. Now I want to measure, and count breadths, and buttons.'

'Let me help you.'

'Nay! This is my business, not yours. Run back to the drawing-room, if papa is there talk cheerily to him! Make him forget his spoilt hay, and threatened corn! no one can do this so well as you and Sally.'

Perhaps Sally was doing her possible part in the matter, already, by simply sitting on the floor beside her father and resting her head upon his knee. Whilst he kept silence yet found companionship in her presence; and comfort in now and then stroking the brown rippling hair never to be tamed into fashionable smoothness. He had had many troubles, many disappointments, many vexations these past twelvemonths to contend with; far more than Angelica had any idea of, or than he had spoken of even to his wife. Partly that, like Angelica, pity and sympathy were to him irritating rather than consoling; weakening rather than strengthening. Some griefs, such as sacrificing oneself to an ungrateful and suspicious generation, lie too deep for words.

But he looked up with a smile at his young guest's entrance, suggested a pleasant seat to her, and himself began conversation on a matter of which she knew so much more than himself that it became very easy for her to take the burden of entertainment from him to herself. Una was always a little afraid of Mr. Addison, as of his eldest daughter; and, but for Angelica's words, would have shrunk from thus reversing what she believed to be, in his eyes, their natural positions. Probably, sooner or later, nevertheless, she would have been chattering eagerly away, making him laugh, unawares, at her good Irish stories and pretty brogue. But this dusky evening it was *very* soon indeed; and, reading fatigue in Mrs. Addison's eyes when she joined them ready for the 6.30 tea, she continued her pretty little prattle and let all the others rest.

Presently Mrs. Addison remarked gently 'Your father is asleep, don't move, Sally, don't leave off talking, Una. I am so thankful your little ripple of talk is giving him repose.'

This repose was rather roughly broken in upon ere long by the entrance of the three walkers; wet and weary, bodily, but with bright eyes and cheeks, and full of triumph at the delightful walk they had had, the good it had done them, and the folly of those who had been too idle and cowardly to brave the mud and water, the mere contending with which had brought its own reward.

'*We* have not been idle?' cried Una stoutly, at once on the defensive, 'not so idle as you mere wasteful killers of two hours, and of this day of short daylight! I have finished my scarf—thank you, Mr. Mostyn for returning it uninjured—made a catalogue of the books in the study, had a dress tried on, and talked kind, patient Mr. Addison to sleep.'

'Nay, it was you who were kind, my dear, not to resent my gradually wandering attention by ceasing the pretty little ripple, as I think I heard mamma happily call it, that was lulling me to rest,' and he put out his hand kindly to her.

'Now, get ready for tea, Annie; it would have been better to have done so without coming into the drawing-room at all,' said the mother; 'your boots must be covered with mud.'

'That will do, "Auntie Taddison"!' said Armigel recurring to the name of his youth for her, 'Gladys and I are already rebuked enough through our innocent junior, and won't do so no more. Come along, Gladie.'

'When Roper is gone Margaret won't have time to sweep up after all you young people.'

'Roper gone? isn't she part and parcel of Rosemary Manor Farm? Won't it crumble and dribble into common dust and *débris* whenever *her* supporting presence is removed?' asked Armigel, with unusual seriousness. 'Old Roper's not really going, is she? she always promised me *I* should be married first; if Joseph's waited ten years for her why shouldn't he twenty? I shall give her Punch's advice to *all* young persons about to marry,—'*Don't!*' She's not really going, except for a holiday, is she?'

'Yes, for good—and this day month.'

'Oh! *après moi le déluge donc!* Term begins October 10,' and he looked relieved; 'and yet it's very good of me to say so! The soap she has rubbed into my eyes, and relentlessly, when washing my face as a boy.'

'And how long ago was that?' murmured Una the innocent.

'Centuries!' answered the Oxonian decisively.

'Oh, Armie!' from Sally.

'Well, decades! or at least very nearly! Am I not twenty years,

and eleven months, and three weeks old? and did I not first come here when a squalling brat of but a hundred and three weeks' old; and no doubt she began her objectionable practices from the very first.'

'She was not here, then, to begin them,' said Mrs. Addison, in a tone that made Armigel—very like a son to her in many ways, and two little sons had been born and died before had come the now twelve-year-old Fred—laugh and kiss her, as he answered,

'Thanks! for reminding me of *present* duty—preparation for the Rosemary End "high tea." I hope it is very high to-night, Auntie Taddison, for I am very hungry!' and he was gone.

'She is very fond of him,' thought Una, looking at the quiet happy smile unconsciously replacing Mrs. Addison's late quiet, wearied look. Una was right; she was.

CHAPTER II.

'This day my Saviour rose
And did enclose this right for this;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss:
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound'—

GEORGE HERBERT, 1632.

THE next day was Sunday; a soft clear bright morning worthy of May, succeeding the previous day's gloom and wet. The Manor Farm lay amidst fields and hedgerows some good two miles from the village church. And so Angelica and Sarah started from home at a quarter to nine punctually to be in time for the half-past nine Sunday school at Church End. It was a pleasant walk for the young and strong, and perhaps it was only the slight touch of autumn, and beginning of decay, in air and foliage, that made the two sisters pursue their way more silently than usual; perhaps only that sweet constant familiarity of congenial intercourse which makes conversation needless, as far as real communion is concerned, unless either really wishes to speak.

'Well! all that's bright must fade!' was Angelica's remark, unsentimental as she was by nature, as they paused for one minute under the not unwelcome shade of the modern lich-gate—the last of the old Vicar's many fond memorials to his wife—before going on through the churchyard to the school.

'Yes, there was no touch of yellow even in the limes, last Sunday,' said Sally, 'and now—'

'And other things fail and fade besides leaves. I mean lives and families!' and she gave a little shiver, more in unison with 'the

quivering aspens' shiver' beside the flooded Ouse, than with the cheerful changing flecks of light and shade which these trees were casting on the quiet green turf and well-kept gravel walk beneath them.

'Why are you so sad, Lica?' and Sally put her arm gently within her sister's; '*only* because we are a little poorer?'

'*Only* because all eves and sunsets make one sad.'

'But this is morning, and such a bright, beautiful morning.'

'And I suppose one ought to be glad! but lives and families set as well as suns! I—I should not mind for ourselves—only women! and young and strong!—but our father; it does seem hard that his life should be setting! at noonday as it *might* have been with him. But he is very old for only five-and-forty.'

'Sally was silent a moment, then said softly—

'"If life be long, oh! make us glad
The longer to obey.
If short—no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day."

'Perhaps Richard Baxter had not a wife and an only little son of his mid-age to leave behind him as papa will have. But when I think what a hard fight with life he has had from the first, with all those wretched brothers hanging about him, and none but us three girls (who lived) for the first ten years of marriage, it does seem hard that now—when uncle Robert *is* dead—Fred *is* born, and thrives, and promises so well—and Uncle George not only married, but to a woman who knows how to manage him,—and he *might* have a little peace and prosperity—come these hard times, which are breaking his heart, I am sure they are!' and the girl's voice broke with a sob; 'and I had been thinking him hard and cross of late, and never guessed.'

The school-bell stopped, and without another word Angelica ran on, and was just in time to put a resisting hand against the closing door, thus still gaining admittance, not only for herself but for half-a-dozen laggard general scholars as well.

'School teachers are requested to be in their places five minutes before the school begins, Miss Angel,' said Mr. Scudamore, with his forgiving smile, as he came up to shake hands with her after prayers; 'but yours is a long walk.'

'Not longer than for the last three or four years,' answered Angelica, apologetically, although some of her elders had complained that she had never been known to own herself wrong, nor to say she was sorry; 'and we *were* in good time, but stood too long resting ourselves, and talking by the lich-gate.'

'All well at home, I hope?' and with a little courteous bow and smile of deprecation at her apology, Mr. Scudamore moved on to speak

to Sally, as great a favourite with himself as with most people; for if 'beauty move us with a single hair,' what do not beauty and gentleness combined?

'Miss Angel has a mouth to be consulted,—
Sweet Sally a mouth to be kissed,'

had the old vicar—no mean judge of beauty, any more than of character and of old coins, of old wine, and Roman pottery—remarked incisively three years ago, when—the two sisters having been fellow-bridesmaids to his own only daughter—he had come upon the bridegroom's best man and his own London nephew discussing their rival charms.

Angelica had possessed more claims to prettiness at nineteen than at one-and-twenty. The last two years had been years of much silent mental growth with her, and if like her father, and thus unavoidably good looking, his good looks were, by no means, of a feminine type of beauty, and there were those who of late had thought Miss Addison growing proud and hard, not only in feature but in character. Even Mr. Scudamore, who had christened her, and loved her as well as known her these one-and-twenty years, had been conscious of some change in her; and vaguely, and against his will, felt it not one of mellowing maturity. But to-day he thought, with kind, fatherly satisfaction, she was as pleasing and pleasant to hear and to look upon as he had ever known her, and that the mellowest of fruits were never more acid than on the eve of maturity.

After a kindly word to each teacher, and a general look round at each class, he went back to the Rectory until church time, having, since his daughter's marriage, engaged a young curate, who would close both the schools for him as soon as the half-past-ten chime began, at which he would dismiss his own boys. This morning, before dismissing the girls' school, Mr. Jackson went round to each class distributing a packet of the grey-covered copies of Mr. Grundy's *Hints to Sunday School Teachers*, and of their own share of this pile the Miss Addisons had time before service to skim the contents whilst sauntering away from the church and the schools, under the elms of the shady Church Walk, to meet their great friends from the other end of the village, Mary and Phyllis Lavender. Such had been their weekly practice ever since four years ago, after Confirmation together, both sisters had simultaneously become morning Sunday school teachers.

They waited for these life-long friends and companions at the white-painted gate, set wide open every Sunday, leading from the Grange to the Church Walk, just under the shadow of the tall, deep-hued Scotch pines, planted by 'Frederick Addison and John Lavender, churchwardens,' a full hundred years ago, a good deed, and one that indeed has lived after them. Is it not Ruskin who thanks Heaven that

he had never abused a Scotch fir? And Sally Addison never tired of admiring the bold, rough, rich, red stems, angular branchings, and deep sea-green foliage, of countless spikes and needles, of these old familiar friends of her youth. Angelica also always enjoyed the few minutes' quiet at the gate, if more apt to spend them in moralizing upon mankind and morals than on Nature's grace and contrasting, yet all harmonious, hues. Her memories went back further than Sally's, and at times she could still expect to see the trim array of clothed maidens, in green camlet frocks and white tippets, and straw bonnets crossed with green ribbon, appear at the further end of that walk, and walk down it in orderly file two abreast, each with her well-marked and carefully-covered Bible and Prayer-book in her hand, which had been one of the sights and Sunday delights of her childhood. Old Mrs. Lavender, the teacher and clother of this privileged and Sunday first class, and her stalwart, old-fashioned, churchwarden husband bringing up the rear. Those were happy Sunday mornings to the little Angela when her father,—then fellow churchwarden, with this remnant of an elder generation,—had looked at his watch, and saying he should have time 'to go and meet John Lavender,' after seeing grandmamma, his wife, and little tiny Sally into church, and held out his hand to his eldest daughter to go with him; that warm, firm clasp still seemed to Angel the embodiment of earthly, bodily and mental, support and pleasure.

But old Mrs. Lavender was some ten years dead, and even before her death her daughter-in-law had become aware, as well as Mr. Scudamore, that entrance to this Sunday class at the Grange, combined with the ones prised and coveted clothing, had ceased to be a distinction and honour. They, therefore, with the old lady's death, had let both class and clothing drop. And, perhaps with it, had begun to cease from the Sunday school, 'the voices low and gentle, and timid glances shy,' which seemed 'for aid parental to one all wistfully,' of Keble's well-known lines. Angelica gazed dreamily up the avenue to-day, and thought a little scornfully of the pert familiarity which now characterised the manners of too many a child as well as teachers to—hardly the old vicar and her father—they were men towards whom no familiarity could breed contempt, but to many almost as worthy of honour and esteem. Last Sunday she had been teaching in a self-willed Babel of children and teachers whilst on a short visit to a town ten miles away, and had come out, amidst the general disorderly exit, to notice, in the playground, the wistful, heaven-directed face and attitude of a child-statue of probably the date of the foundation of that school, recalling to her perforce, as a stranger, the high and holy hopes with which, doubtless, that school had first been founded. It was a sad contrast with the general careless, good-natured irreverence with which holy words had been repeated—or not repeated, barely stumbled over

—holy books handled and mishandled, and left untidily and torn about the dusty desks and seats,—prayers profaned within. The next day she had been present at the so-called Religious Inspection. An ex-pupil teacher, brought up in these same *Church* schools, asking questions as to the ages of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob at certain events in their lives, and of their geographical surroundings, &c., 'thwacking a ruler down to draw attention to his remarks, and, I daresay, to relieve his own nervousness. Is this religion? Rather different from that inculcated by S. James—"To keep oneself unspotted from the world."'

'Mr. Scudamore does not examine our children like that!'

'No, thank Heaven!' said Angela fervently; 'but I can fancy Mr. Hart, the new certificated master at Bramble End, doing so! And yet each certificated master has at present grown up in a *Church* school, and been to a *Church* training college supported by *Churchmen's* alms; and yet, I believe, the schoolmaster's special "organ" is full of jealous hostility to the clergy, by whose self-denying efforts these vipers——' and Angelica broke into a laugh, for she felt her friend perplexed and pained at her intensity of feeling, 'have been reared at all. So "familiarity" has but bred "contempt" once more, and more than contempt—hatred. It is so hard to forgive an obligation!'

'Angel, what has so suddenly aged you?—and since Friday morning?'

'Having had to look life's realities in the face.'

'You are very mysterious! don't tantalise me like this!' but Angelica only shook her head and closed her mouth the tighter.

They had reached the old churchyard, and as Sally and Phyllis had, at this point, ceased their happy young girl chatter, so did their elder sisters their graver talk, and they passed in silence up the avenue and through the Perpendicular Porch, into the older, cooler church, with its red-bricked floors of many hues and levels, and substantial oak square pews and open benches.

'*Restore* my church!' had Mr. Scudamore said to his pet little Sally when, gentle and modest as she was by nature, she had last spring felt constrained by a new sense of duty to ask if he would not accept her late little legacy of 5*l*. from her grandmother Swayne as the nucleus of a fund for the 'church restoration.' She was then, only last spring, fresh from a visit to a schoolfellow's parents who had just spent, hundreds, and much loving thoughts and pains, in subjecting their own hereditary place of worship to a process that had, at least, effectually erased from it all antiquarian interest for ever. 'No, please God, it shall never need "restoring" so long as I am alive to *keep* it always in "decent" beauty and order.'

Perhaps Sally would really have been as sorry as any one, even as her grandmother, father, or Angel, had their old square pew with its

faded green-baize lining been actually taken away from them. Whilst 'church' would have ceased to be all old Mrs. Addison's real self comprised in that one word—loved shelter, and home, and refuge in many a past storm,—had she lost the cool, kind, quiet of those four terribly out of date, and to Mr. Jackson actually wicked—inclosing walls? How many praises, how many high-souled aspirations had been breathed there, safe from her fellow-women's or worshippers' notice and observation in her own especial corner; how many quiet tears over her first dead babe and late lost husband, and tender, heart-broken prayers for erring children, there found utterance! and, with utterance, in some senses, found relief and healing.

An accidental fall had for more than a year kept the hitherto light and active old lady to the house, for the last few months to her room. Another winter,—well, at least her eldest son knew well enough that another winter might cost her to him, and her earthly place know her no more.

Was it only this that was making him so very grave, quieter than ever, and he had always been a 'still' man, now summer was passing into autumn and even autumn on towards winter? Old 'madam' Addison, as some of the oldest people of the hamlet still called her, would not let either child or grandchild stay away from any morning service to be with her; but the hour that his two elder children were at the Sunday school Mr. Addison always now spent in his mother's room reading to her the Psalms and Lessons and Gospel and Epistle for the day.

'You will hear them so soon again yourself; read something else. Martha,' her old maid, 'can read these to me when you are gone,' had she often said at first, but he had always answered gently, yet willing to bow to her will were it really adverse to his wishes; 'nay, let me be your lay-chaplain, mother, all will be the sweeter an hour hence for our having shared them here together.'

With Mr. Jackson's coming an evening Sunday service had been established at the new schoolroom in the centre of a rapidly increasing population at a far end of the parish, and here, with her father's somewhat reluctant permission, Angelica had undertaken the harmonium 'for the summer months.' But he was allowing summer to run on to Michaelmas, only as the evenings drew in he was no longer content that she should have only Margaret's companionship, but walked down to the school to meet her or sent Roper with her. Thus, of late Angelica had been at home on Sunday afternoons, and spent part of each in her grandmother's room; at times with weariness and regret that she could not steal away into the congenial solitude of 'the open' when, after some hours' reading, old Mrs. Addison usually became drowsy. But this afternoon she rejoiced in the quiet and stillness of the invalid room, its spirit of refined simplicity, its dainty order and neatness;

and gazed at her grandmother's calm, deep sleep with a familiar quotation, which it vexed her should thus constantly haunt her in her thoughts—'after life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

Armigel, Gladys, and Una were to-day in sight, under the tulip-tree on the lawn, reading or day-dreaming in various attitudes of ease on the rug-covered turf below her. All three guests had declared they must go to this new evening service. But Mr. Addison had swept off Annie and Fred with himself and wife and Sally to the half-past three o'clock 'church,' with no opportunity and choice in the matter, if their wishes had been evident enough, though unspoken. Annie had pouted a little but dared do no more; she so longed to go to that unknown evening service, and had thought that Armigel would have managed it for her. But Armigel knew her father so well that he felt himself, so far from being mentally commended for going to *any* second service, slightly contemned as well as condemned for seeking after novelties.

But for what Armigel cared far more than the coming novelty of the school service was the present liberty of thus lounging, free and unquestioned, on that dear familiar lawn, and gazing lazily and at full leisure on the rich meadows, willow-shadowed river, old scenes familiar and so dear. Odd bits of thatched roofs or tiled barns peeping between the more distant hedgerows, and, three miles away in the distance, the grey spire of S. Paul's rising silently above a slight haze of Bedford smoke and river mist, against the soft autumn sky. Perhaps the autumn aspect of all nature, its beauty of 'calm decay,' was insensibly affecting him; or, it might be, that after two years' absence, the unchanged scene made him feel how changed he himself was from the big boy, who had last lain idly under the tulip-tree pelting Annie, then a mere child of twelve, with daisies or last year's cedar-cones, or anything that came 'handy.' Now, to himself at least, he was a man, and she seemed almost a young lady, whilst as to Angelica and Sally—'It strikes me the world's going a little wrong with Miss Addison!' was the thought at his heart: 'and as to her father, these hard times are making an old man of him!' But the lawn, the fields, the house, the river, the general aspect and general outlook, all so strangely the same. Here and there a tree grown higher, and a bit of familiar distance thus shut out. Here and there a willow pollarded or fallen aslant the river, and a new bit of country or old roof let in—from one such bit now rising silently the 'blue' wood 'smoke' of old peasants' homes and of the poets'—but, on the whole, the outward scene so far less changed than the living occupiers of the soil.

'E'en as I view thee, passing away!' he had whistled softly, more than once before Una took him to task for his absence of mind and dreariness of sentiment, and flung the little daisy-ball which she had

been occupying her idle hands in making, at this 'poor melancholy Jacques.' Gladys was reading so steadily, only looking off her book to compare the commentaries and concordances around her with the text of the subject of her study, that Una at least had found the last half hour rather dull, and had begun to wish that she had gone to afternoon church with Annie, in answer to the half-appealing, half-envious look the child had cast upon her.

'Poor little Annie! she would like to have stayed with us!' she said, pursuing her own line of thought aloud, as Armigel retained the daisy-ball, and put it into his breast-pocket with the solitary word, 'Thanks.'

'Yes, but pert young woman as she is growing in some ways! she knew better than even to ask permission,' the young man answered then; 'Mr. Addison at least knows both how to rule and to obey.'

'Yes. He——' Una hesitated a little, 'he is not your own uncle, is he?'

'No, only my father's widow's sister's husband.'

'I like him; he is so kind to me, he is such a true gentleman; but——'

'Ah?' asked Armigel, raising himself on his elbow, with interest.

'It vexes me; but I always think of him when I hear those words read, "an hard man."'

'"An austere man,"' murmured Armigel thoughtfully; 'some good people are. But is it their goodness that makes them austere? I trow not!'

'What then?' asked Una, earnestly.

'Their natural austerity may still flavour their "goodness," by which I presume we both mean "religious principle," and religious principle made the root of daily life. But query?—what would they have become, by this time, without the religion?'

'What do you mean, Mr. Mostyn?'

'Oh, take me as an Addison, and call me Armigel, as every one around you. I won't presume upon your goodness to take the liberty of calling yourself "Una,"' he cried, rather impatiently. 'What do I mean? Why that, without religion, Mr. Addison would by this time have been a hard, grasping miser, and exactor of that which truly he had neither sowed nor strawed. Now no one can say that he exacts more sacrifices to duty from those around him than he is making daily—and in silence, and without an outward sign and token—all day, and every day, himself.'

'You love him?' asked Una, a little timidly, Armigel Wren Mostyn was appearing to her in such an unexpected light.

'*Love* him? admire him! as a mongrel puppy-dog may a collie,' answered Armigel emphatically, as 'Hector' rushed upon them in advance of the returning carriage. 'There, that will do, you beauty?

you king of men as well as of dogs! Want another walk, do you? Remember I always used to take you out after afternoon church? Wise, good old fellow! Come along, then!' And he picked up his cap and rose. 'Perhaps the master will go also, as he's himself driven his womankind back, I see. Good-bye for the present, then?' and he swept a low bow with his hand and his cap, and moved away.

'What a nice fellow he seems to be, really,' said Una to Gladys, as he disappeared.

'*Really?* Yet I saw you did not like him at first—nor he you. He thought it such a bore to find a stranger here.'

'But I don't feel strange. I was here six weeks, a year ago; it is like home to me.'

'And, till that summer, this was like home to us, especially to Armigel, who for four or five years as good as lived here, for the sake of inexpensive education. Sometimes he came back to Wales for his holidays, to mother and me, but more often we came here to spend them with him—though the long, expensive journey was often a real difficulty, and *we* had really no claim upon even Mrs. Addison. Now——'

'Now?'

'Now matters are very different with us. Some of our poor father's investments are at last becoming highly remunerative, and proving he was farther-sighted than his most indulgent friends could once imagine. Our step-mother—dear Mrs. Addison's sister—has married again, and *well*, and Mr. Llewellyn is most kind to us. He really would rather Armigel had spent all this vacation at Pen-y-crywd, but Armie was so anxious to spend the last weeks here; and then he kindly let me come also, although I believe that he would have preferred my remaining to help entertain his shooting guests to having his own nieces in my stead. And I would have stayed, only——'

'Only?' as Gladys paused.

'Armigel had such a feeling that this would be, in some way, a "last visit," that his fears infected me. The Welsh are very superstitious.'

'You superstitious? You seem so matter-of-fact and practical.'

Gladys laughed.

'Thanks to Uncle and Aunt Addison, and my English training, and to my dear, unremembered English mother, then. Perhaps people never are *really* what they seem. At least, true English "Sassenachs" take such pains to hide their true feelings that I sometimes wonder if any one ever really knows them. No one will ever know—this side his grave, I am sure—how many other people's burdens, like our stepmother's with us, Uncle Addison has borne and suffered in this

world, let alone his own natural fardel of cares, which has been heavy enough, in all conscience, in itself.'

Una took up the *Christian Year*, which, with *Sister Dora* and various September numbers of semi-religious periodicals, had been the Sunday literature she had brought out of doors with her. She had even started with Angelica's autograph book, and not only laughed, unoffended and unabashed, when Angel somewhat severely abstracted it, but had remonstrated, 'There are a good many Bishops among them, you know, and lots of the inferior clergy.'

'Oh yes, I know,' said Gladys, with true Welsh impatience. "Not e'en the tenderest heart and next our own, knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh," Keble's paraphrase, as he tells us, of Pascal's simpler phrase "*Je nacquis et je mourrai seul.*" '

'I was really looking for something else,' said Una, gently and humbly, 'but I do not know the book well, and so did not remember that quotation,' and Gladys blushed. 'Here it is; I thought it had been more in the middle:—

> "'Meek souls there are, who little dream
> Their daily strife an angel's theme;
> Or that the rod they take so calm
> Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.'"

'Oh, you *are* reading the *Christian Year*. I am so glad,' said Sally, coming softly upon them unawares. 'Fancy, Gladys, she did not even *know* the book thirteen months ago!'

'Well, I fancy the Church of Ireland may well look a little askance at it!'

'So I gave her a copy last Christmas, and made her promise to read the verses for each Sunday and holy-day as they came round. Have you kept your promise, Una?'

'Not always. Not to-day as yet.'

'Let me read it to you. Shall we interrupt you, Gladie?'

'No; I have finished my own reading, and shall be glad to rest my eyes and listen.' And Gladys closed her own books, putting one carefully on the other, ready to be carried in; and then lay back upon the grass, not resting her eyes entirely, for they were gazing up into the blue heights above her, watching the white, fleecy clouds float, in still silence, on towards the north.

Now and then a prematurely shrivelled walnut-leaf, fragrant with its peculiarly pungent, aromatic fragrance to the last, floated down silently beside her; sometimes a robin perched so close above them to sing its shrill and happy song that Sally stopped reading to let all listen to this sweeter thanksgiving than their own. Sometimes a well-known squirrel ran swiftly to and fro, increasing its winter store of nuts beneath the cedar. Sometimes old Dobbin—used now only for this leisurely Sunday afternoon church-going, all its other ancient days

full 'Sabbaths'—came and looked at the group over the iron rail dividing lawn from meadow, observing them mildly with his wise, quiet eyes.

Then Annie rushed upon them with a rhubarb leaf full of mulberries in one hand for the ladies, and an apple in the other for old Dobbin, who whinnied and neighed and stretched his head further over the rails at sight of the girl, who, for her part, reciprocated his affection, and stroked his white-starred forehead, and even kissed the very centre of the spot, whilst he was munching with vast content his Sunday dessert, to-day the primest Ribstone pippin his old playmate had been able to stretch high enough to reach him.

Then the first tea-bell rang, and they collected their goods and went in; and Mrs. Addison felt Una's dress carefully to make sure it was not damp. 'My own girls are strong, but you——'

'We had the great carriage rug out all the time.'

'Yes, but I think of yesterday's steady downpour. However——'

'I pass muster?' asked Una, looking up into the kind face above her. 'I will change it, if you like.'

'I should be happier.'

'Then I certainly will, dear Mrs. Addison. Mayn't I—mayn't I call you "Aunt Addison," like Armigel and Gladys?'

'No, I think not. Mr. Addison does not like assumed relationships—although, perhaps, hearing Armigel and Gladys call me thus you may not think so; but that is the remnant of their early orphan days, too young to understand that my sister was only their "mother" in love. Now run away, or you will be late for tea. Now that Angela has to play at Bramble End, we have to be as quick, as well as punctual, on Sundays as on week-days.'

That was a sweet, balmy walk to the school service; a hearty, if somewhat rough and ready service once there; a quick, cheerful tramp home again, by starlight, through the narrow lanes to Rosemary End. Armigel and Una would fain have made Angelica and Gladys linger to gather the dewy honeysuckle, find blackberries, watch the stray glow-worms; but Angelica was resolute in pressing on.

'Papa always likes some hymns and prayers in grandmamma's sitting-room on Sunday nights, before Fred and Annie go to bed. And we must be home and have our things off and be ready to begin by a quarter to nine, or it makes it all hurried and uncomfortable for him, and keeps grandmamma up too late.'

So they walked on fast, and, once inside the still open door, ran up to their respective rooms at once, and, at least, Angelica was in her place, sitting at the sweet old-fashioned pianoforte, by the quarter, and beginning to play the hymn which Annie had chosen, before the others stole silently in.

'S.P.C.K., No. 43,' she whispered gently to Una, as she came

behind her, *Hymns Ancient and Modern* in hand; '"Hail, sacred day of earthly rest."'

Neither Una nor her young fellow-guests knew the tune, and both felt a little cheated at finding their favourite *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—that universal language, even at foreign hotels—thus supplanted at Rosemary End; but all three guests had mastered their respective trebles, second, and tenor before the sixth verse, and when Armigel's voice rose suddenly, in his true falsetto, sweet and high above even little Fred's, it seemed so true an earthly rendering of the spirit of the seventh, that Angelica felt her heart thrill, and Una's eyes filled with the pleasantly sad tears sweet music so often brings to sensitive natures.

But Una was 'dim Sassenach,' and when the last sounds of the last word had died away she spoke, to say if softly—

'"Sweet foretaste of that endless day,
Of rest in heaven."'

'The whole of to-day has been that, I think.'

Fred's choice was '492.' It seemed a strange choice to superstitious Armigel and Gladys, although the allegorical character of Dr. Neale's well-known 'Safe Home!' accounted very simply for the delight which the boy took in it. What did he know as yet of 'rent cordage,' 'shattered deck;' 'burdens borne' as well as could be, yet 'not always well;' of 'leaguered camps' or 'night alarms;' of 'wounds' or 'exile'? But, at each verse, some vivid picture, the vivid words and terse metaphors called up before even his boy soul; whilst to Gladys and Armigel and Angela they seemed a trumpet call to fight, till their life's end, under the banner—well of perhaps only 'Home and Duty,' but a high watchword too.

And to those whose race was nearer run had been borne in the promised comfort, once afresh—

'What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away?'

When, with these words, the hymn was finished, there was a little silence. All had so sung it from their hearts, and thrown into it their souls, were these souls deep or shallow, that mere physical and spiritual breathing space seemed needful before they could turn their thoughts into a fresh direction, or their thoughts into other words. After this pause Angelica did turn to ask her father to choose, as usual, the last hymn before prayers, which were always followed by his mother's favourite '421;' but what a strange, far-away smile was upon his lips—a smile that recalled to her with a stab, the end of one verse of that hymn:—

'Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor garland on.'

And, as she gazed, not repeating the question which she saw he,—usually the least absent-minded of men,—had not heard, the clock struck nine, he started, then said quietly, 'It is too late for more singing to-night. Let us pray.'

The short Sunday evening prayer was soon over; 'grandmamma's hymn,' from which Sally had quoted that morning, sung, as usual, unaccompanied; Annie and Fred kissed and dismissed. Mr. Addison gave his arm to his mother and led her tenderly across the passage to her bedroom, recalling forcibly to Armigel's and Gladys' fond minds many an old engraving of S. John's tender care and leading away of the Virgin; and the brother and sister exchanged a quick glance at each other as the thought struck each. And then Gladys looked at Angelica, Sally, and Una, and felt almost angry with their blind eyes and holden hearts, as, with some light, cheerful words, they were gathering and putting away music and hymn-books, and running down to the dining-room, bright and hungry; even Angelica feeling as if, in some senses, the pleasantest and most useful part of Sunday was only now beginning, and every minute of this last hour too precious to be wasted.

'No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*,' said Armigel curtly, as, after lighting Mrs. Addison round a dark corner of the stairs, he stood aside to let Gladys pass him.

'How is it that you always know my thoughts?'

'Ah! how indeed, but that family souls, as well as family bodies, are often much alike. And here we are both surveying the old familiar scenes with eyes enlightened and refreshed by two years' interval.'

Had the young censors heard Angelica's talk that morning, or could have looked into her sore young heart the previous afternoon, maybe they would not have grudged her the deadening effect of familiarity and consequent partial blindness to daily unconscious change.

(To be continued.)

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

EARLY ENGLISH HISTORICAL READING.

Arachne. I hope, among all these stories, you keep up your history.

Spider. I try to do so, but it is not easy. I sometimes wonder if one ought to read a regular course of history.

Arachne. The only regular course of history that I know of was that which Emma Woodhouse drew out so neatly for Harriet Smith and never began.

Spider. How did you learn history?

Arachne. By reading big books when I was quite young. Before I was six years old, my mother made me begin Rollin's *Ancient History* to her.

Spider. Didn't you hate it?

Arachne. No, indeed. There was a good deal certainly that I didn't understand; but there was Sardanapalus burning himself, there was Cyrus and the two Coats, there were Thermopylæ and Marathon, there was Alcibiades cutting off his dog's tail, there was Socrates, and there was Hannibal crossing the Alps. Oh! on the whole I enjoyed it, and I have recollected a great deal of it ever since.

Spider. How long did it take?

Arachne. Somewhere about five years, I believe.

Spider. Oh, but no one would teach a child in that way now!

Arachne. No, mothers do not give the time, and governesses don't stay long enough.

Spider. Did you learn no English history?

Arachne. I had a joining map or puzzle, of the portraits of the kings, and could tell in a moment which was taken out. I always think of them now by their very bad likenesses there. 'Henry IV. with his nightcap on,' as we used to call him; and poor Edward V. with his crown in the air above his head. I had read Bishop Davys's *History of England* in letters for children; also Maria Hack's *Stories of Modern History*, and having seen Mrs. Markham at my cousin's, I bought her with my own money when I was about twelve years old.

Spider. You don't mean that you read all that for your own amusement?

Arachne. Not exactly; but I never did actual lessons after one o'clock, and I was on honour not to enjoy my supreme delight, a chapter of Scott, till I had read twenty pages of history.

Spider. I am afraid many children of the present day would call Scott as bad as the history, since they must needs have him cut down for them.

Arachne. The notion that everything must be made easy has really prevented them from learning any language but slip-slop, so that they can't understand a well-written book, or make any sustained exertion of perseverance.

Spider. What other big books did you read?

Arachne. La Baume's *Histoire du Bas Empire*, eleven volumes, aloud, my mother and I reading and drawing by turns; and Sismondi's *Histoire de France*, which I bought for myself and read when I was between sixteen and twenty. It was all so much romance and food for character-building to me. My mother and I lived in it all; we used to discuss our favourites, and have our little jokes together. I remember we had to make a regular resolution, when reading Alison's *History of Europe*, *not* to call a skirmish a scrimmage, and another time not to name Scipio, Skippo, after the example of a good old lady in an Irish tale.

Spider. If you have some one to help you live in those times it is all very well, but suppose every one round you thinks them a bore, and that you are conceited if you mention them?

Arachne. Well, to care for history is not an absolute Christian duty, though I confess I think we lose a great deal in every way if we do not. And the various helps that now exist, such as examinations, correspondence classes, lectures, and essay societies, do a good deal to keep up interest and direct studies, though I am old-fashioned enough to think not one of them equal to the family reading together in the long evening, or in the forenoon, and discussing the book together.

Spider. There is another difficulty. It is not at all easy to get hold of one of those great standard books. Last year, Lucy's essay society required her to consult Hume's *History of England* for some sentence that was to be done into French, and there was not one to be had among all her friends—only one schoolboy happened to have a *Student's Hume*, and the piece wanted was not there.

Arachne. I remember an old Quarterly calling Hume, Smollett, and Gibbon, the tea, coffee, tobacco and snuff of libraries. And to have read her *Hume* was as much the part of a well-brought-up girl as to have made a shirt for her father.

Spider. But has not Hume been superseded?

Arachne. He was far from perfection, or even from working quite up to his own lights, and much original document has been disinterred and compared since his time; but I doubt whether your friend found anything to take his place among her acquaintance.

Spider. All the schoolrooms had Mrs. Markham—

Arachne. Who is Hume cut up, and made easy, with the chapters on manners in Henry's *History of England* done into conversations. But

I have a great kindness for her. I learnt much from her, and if she had had right views of Church matters, she would be very good.

Spider. One person had Greene's *History* from the library. That is what people read now if they read history at all.

Arachne. It aims at being a history of the people instead of the kings, and it is written entirely from the popular side, so that it is one-sided, and it is more sketchy than careful of minute details.

Spider. What do you think the best way to read? Should you get some big, long history?

Arachne. If I did so, I should take Knight's *Pictorial History*, which is full of entertaining detail, chronicle fashion, impartial, and without vehement political bias, except for honour and loyalty. But on the whole I think it is more convenient to have a thread on which to hang the best histories of individual periods.

Spider. What should you take?

Arachne. Some child's history first, tolerably entertaining, say the *Kings of England*, or Louise Creighton's *First History of England.* The order of succession and the dates ought to be learnt perfectly, unforgetably, like the multiplication-table, to be a foundation to build on. For a later and more advanced frame to build on, Miss Thompson's *School History*, edited by Mr. E. A. Freeman (Macmillan), is the best. Also Poole's is good.

Spider. Now for Saxon times.

Arachne. Sharon Turner's *Anglo Saxons* is full of learning, but clumsy and heavily written, chiefly fit for a book of reference. Lappenberg's two volumes are excellent; Palgrave's *Anglo Saxons*, one of Murray's old publications, is to my mind the most fascinating of all; and there is likewise Freeman's *Early English History*, clearly showing what *is* history, and what romance and tradition. For Church history, *Venerable Bede* is the fountain-head, but Archdeacon Churton's *Early English Church* is a delightful book for reproducing it. I am afraid, however, that is out of print, for it belonged to Burns's *Englishman's Library.* Some people too will object to the story of Croyland from the *pseudo* Ingulf, but I shall never forget my delight in it when first I read it.

Spider. There is a nice short Life of Bede in the S.P.C.K.

Arachne. Mrs. Phillipps' *Fathers of the English Church for Young Readers* (Bemrose) likewise gives a good account of the great Saxon saints. There is likewise the first volume of Dean Hook's *Archbishops.*

Spider. Plenty of reading there!

Arachne. I am not telling you to read all, only giving you names of books, in case any should fall in your way. I should mention here Gardiner's delightful *Old English Chroniclers* (S.P.C.K.), which gives a most excellent account of the sources of our history.

Spider. Now for the Conquest period.

Arachne. I shall always recollect with affection Thierry's *Conquête d'Angleterre*, which I read with all the charm of a novel. There I knew Hereward first as the false Ingulf showed him, and there I loved him! But Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Freeman have since each written a Norman Conquest, with far more of learning and research, and they must be your authorities.

Spider. How far do they go?

Arachne. Through the reigns of the Norman kings—Palgrave through Stephen's, and his description of the Battle of the Standard is especially brilliant. If you read either of these, you will have some real hold of the history of England.

Spider. Miss Strickland's *Queens* begin here too.

Arachne. Her *Queens* were particularly good in those early times, when she drew upon little-known records. Her writing too was better than it became in her later volumes. She is always a little affected, and does not always treat delicate matters quite as could be wished; but there is a great interest in her details, especially in those earlier times when they do not crowd on her so much, and she is not tempted into such vehement partisanship, as in some of the reigns, where she indulges in special pleading and scolding. But no one can enter into the character of the Queens and their Courts without reading her, and a book less known, but which I prefer, Mrs. Everett Green's *Princesses of England.* This is written with quite as much research, more discrimination, and a more satisfactory way of treating unpleasant topics, and the byways of history into which it follows our Princesses are delightful.

Spider. And the Church history of this Norman period?

Arachne. Lanfranc and Anselm are the great figures. I don't know where you can get Lanfranc so well as from Dean Hook, but I do not like his S. Anselm so well, and I would rather read of that good man in Dean Church's Life of him in Macmillan's Sunday Library. Our old Cameos are put together from these sources, and tell much the same things, only it is better to go as near the fountain-head as possible.

Spider. What do you think of Sandford's *Estimates of the Characters of English Kings?*

Arachne. They are very interesting to read, *after* you have read the history, but don't take them before. They are not safe guides, though they cast fresh lights and are quite worth study.

Spider. There is an old history of Henry II. in the Library.

Arachne. Lord Lyttelton's. I don't think it is a very striking performance. Henry II. and his sons are best shown in one of those most useful little volumes of Longman's Series of Epochs of History, Professor Stubbs's *Early Plantagenets.*

Spider. Yes. One at a time of those is not beyond one's purse, or one's travelling-bag. Is there not an earlier one?

Arachne. Cox's *Crusades.* But I do not like them. They are written from the modern point of view, which is not in sympathy with the Crusaders, and dwells on the darker side, instead of the high religious and chivalrous tone. Therefore among all the lesser copies of Michaud's great book, *Les Croisades*, I prefer Keightley's *Crusaders*, which used to be on the S.P.C.K. supplementary list, but I fear is out of print. Or there is G. P. R. James's *Life of Richard Cœur de Lion*, also a little out of fashion, but very charming.

Spider. Capefigue's *Philippe Auguste* supplies the Continental part of the history of those Plantagenets.

Arachne. From the French, and therefore the unfavourable, point of view.

Spider. Then there's Becket.

Arachne. You may read of him in Dean Hook, or in what I certainly prefer, Giles's *Life of Becket*, or picturesquely but unfavourably in Dean Stanley's *Memorials of Canterbury.* But I think we must put off the rest of our list to another day.—— Before you go, however, pray just try over one or two of these hymns.

Spider. Mrs. Carry Brock's *Children's Hymnal* (Rivington)?

Arachne. Yes. It will be a treasure to our Sunday schools; the hymns are so well chosen, and not too childish, but real hymns full of poetry.

Spider. Many people have asked me where to get 'The Child and the Angel,' by Miss Rutter. It is to be had now in a little book from Stedman, 33, High Street, Godalming.

A TANGLED TALE.

KNOT VII.

PETTY CASH.

'Base is the slave that pays.'

'AUNT MATTIE!'

'My child?'

'*Would* you mind writing it down at once? I shall be quite *certain* to forget it if you don't!'

'My dear, we really must wait till the cab stops. How can I possibly write anything in the midst of all this jolting?'

'But *really* I shall be forgetting it!'

Clara's voice took the plaintive tone that her aunt never knew how to resist, and with a sigh the old lady drew forth her ivory tablets, and prepared to record the amount that Clara had just spent at the confectioner's shop. Her expenditure was always made out of her aunt's purse, but the poor girl knew, by bitter experience, that sooner or later 'Mad Mathesis' would expect an exact account of every penny that had gone, and she waited, with ill-concealed impatience, while the old lady turned the tablets over and over, till she had found the one headed 'PETTY CASH.'

'Here's the place,' she said at last, 'and here we have yesterday's luncheon duly entered. *One glass lemonade* (why can't you drink water, like me?) *three sandwiches* (they never put in half mustard enough—I told the young woman so, to her face; and she tossed her head—like her impudence!) *and seven biscuits. Total, one-and-twopence.* Well, now for to-day's?'

'One glass of lemonade——' Clara was beginning to say, when suddenly the cab drew up, and a courteous railway-porter was handing out the bewildered girl before she had had time to finish her sentence.

Her aunt pocketed the tablets instantly. 'Business first,' she said; 'petty cash—which is a form of pleasure, whatever *you* may think—afterwards.' And she proceeded to pay the driver, and to give voluminous orders about the luggage, quite deaf to the entreaties of her unhappy niece that she would enter the rest of the luncheon account. 'My dear, you really must cultivate a more capacious mind!' was all the consolation she vouchsafed to the poor girl. 'Are not the tablets of your memory wide enough to contain the record of one single luncheon?'

'Not wide enough! Not half wide enough!' was the passionate reply.

The words came in aptly enough, but the voice was not that of Clara, and both ladies turned in some surprise to see who is was that had so suddenly struck into their conversation. A fat little old lady

was standing at the door of a cab, helping the driver to extricate what seemed an exact duplicate of herself: it would have been no easy task to decide which was the fatter, or which looked the more good-humoured of the two sisters.

'I tell you the cab-door isn't half wide enough!' she repeated, as her sister finally emerged, somewhat after the fashion of a pellet from a pop-gun, and she turned to appeal to Clara. 'Is it, dear?' she said, trying hard to bring a frown into a face that dimpled all over with smiles.

'Some folks is too wide for 'em,' growled the cab-driver.

'Don't provoke me, man!' cried the little old lady, in what she meant for a tempest of fury. 'Say another word and I'll put you into the County Court, and sue you for a *Habeas Corpus!*' The cabman touched his hat, and marched off, grinning.

'Nothing like a little Law to cow those ruffians, my dear!' she remarked confidentially to Clara. 'You saw how he quailed when I mentioned the *Habeas Corpus?* Not that I've any idea what it means, but it sounds very grand, doesn't it?'

'It's very provoking,' said Clara, a little vaguely.

'Very!' her new friend eagerly repeated. 'And we're very much provoked. Aren't we, sister?'

'I never was so provoked in all my life!' the fatter sister assented, radiantly.

By this time Clara had recognised her picture-gallery acquaintances, and drawing her aunt aside she hastily whispered her reminiscences. 'I met them first in the Royal Academy—and they were very kind to me—and they were lunching at the next table to us, just now, you know—and they tried to help me to find the picture I wanted—and I'm sure they're dear old things!'

'Friends of yours, are they?' said Mad Mathesis. 'Well, I like their looks. You can be civil to them, while I get the tickets. But do try and arrange your ideas a little more chronologically!'

And so it came to pass that the four ladies found themselves seated side by side on the same bench, waiting for the train, and chatting as if they had known one another for years.

'Now this I call quite a remarkable coincidence!' exclaimed the smaller and more talkative of the two sisters—the one whose legal knowledge had annihilated the cab-driver. 'Not only that we should be waiting for the same train, and at the same station—*that* would be curious enough—but actually on the same day, and the same hour of the day! That's what strikes *me* so forcibly!' She glanced at the fatter and more silent sister, whose chief function in life seemed to be to support the family opinion, and who meekly responded—

'And me too, sister!'

'Those are not four independent coincidences——' Mad Mathesis was just beginning, when Clara interposed.

'There's no jolting here,' she pleaded meekly. '*Would* you mind writing it down now?'

Out came the ivory tablets once more. 'What was it, then?' said her aunt.

'One glass of lemonade, one sandwich, one biscuit—oh dear me!' cried poor Clara, the historical tone suddenly changing to a wail of agony.

'Tooth-ache?' said her aunt calmly, as she wrote down the items. The two sisters instantly opened their reticules and produced two different remedies for neuralgia, each marked 'unequalled.'

'It isn't that!' said poor Clara. 'Thank you very much. It's only that I *can't* remember how much I paid!'

'Well, try and make it out, then,' said her aunt. 'You've got yesterday's luncheon to help you, you know. And here's the luncheon we had the day before—the first day we went to that shop—*one glass lemonade, four sandwiches, ten biscuits. Total, one-and-fivepence.*' She handed the tablets to Clara, who gazed at them with eyes so dim with tears that she did not at first notice that she was holding them upside down.

The two sisters had been listening to all this with the deepest interest, and at this juncture the smaller one softly laid her hand upon Clara's arm.

'Do you know, my dear,' she said coaxingly, 'my sister and I are in the very same predicament! Quite identically the very same predicament! Aren't we, sister?'

'Quite identically and absolutely the very——' began the fatter sister, but she was constructing her sentence on too large a scale, and the little one would not wait for her to finish it.

'Yes, my dear,' she resumed; 'we were lunching at the very same shop as you were—and we had two glasses of lemonade, and three sandwiches, and five biscuits—and neither of us has the least idea what we paid. Have we, sister?'

'Quite identically and absolutely——' murmured the other, who evidently considered that she was a whole sentence in arrears, and that she ought to discharge one obligation before contracting any fresh liabilities; but the little lady broke in again, and she retired from the conversation, a bankrupt.

'*Would* you make it out for us, my dear?' pleaded the little old lady.

'You can do Arithmetic, I trust?' her aunt said, a little anxiously, as Clara turned from one tablet to another, vainly trying to collect her thoughts. Her mind was a blank, and all human expression was rapidly fading out of her face.

A gloomy silence ensued.

LEWIS CARROLL.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE DERIVATION OF WORDS.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER II.

'It is important in the study of words,' said Uncle Peter, when the little party assembled in the library the following day, 'to collect together as many cases as possible in all the languages with which we are acquainted, in which the same root, the same group of letters seems to occur. This, however, must be done cautiously. For sometimes the same word will appear disguised in two forms. And sometimes two different words will appear in the same form. Take as an instance *pain* in English, and *pain* in French. The former is corrupted from *peine*, *pœna*, punishment, the latter from *panis*, bread; and so in French, *pêcher*, to sin, comes from the Latin *pecco*, which we find in *peccadillo*; whilst *pêcher*, to fish, comes from the Latin *piscus*; and *pêche*, a peach, from some foreign word. You must also, as I have said before, learn to shell your words; to take off the heads and tails of the shrimps. In *explore*, *implore*, and *deplore*, which we have to examine to-day, I take off the three prepositions, *ex*, *im*, and *de*, and I have *plore*, which I easily connect with the Latin *ploro*, and the French *pleurer*. But I could not do this unless I knew that the *ex*, the *de*, and the *im* were no parts of the original root, but merely prefixes to it.'

'But the *o* in *ploro*, and the *eu* in *pleurer* are different vowels,' said Laura.

'Yes,' replied Uncle Peter, 'but the principal consonants are the same, and the sense is pretty nearly the same—to bewail and lament. We have many other instances where the *o* in a Latin word becomes *eu* when the word passes into French. Laura, you are a French scholar, and Arthur can supply the Latin word, while I give the English.'

Uncle Peter.	Arthur.	Laura.
Hour.	Hora.	Heure.
Flower.	Flos, Flores.	Fleur.
Manner.	Mos, Mores.	Mœurs.
Nine.	Novem.	Neuf.
Proof.	Probo.	Preuve.
Professor.	Professor.	Professeur.
Sole.	Solus.	Seul.
Splendour.	Splendor.	Splendeur.
Orator.	Orator.	Orateur.

'You see from these examples,' said Uncle Peter, 'that when a Latin word with *o* in it passed into French, it very generally was changed into *eu*. And thus it is not a fanciful or arbitrary hypothesis,

that *plorare* and *pleurer* may be the same word. But *pleurer*, to weep, is, we must remember, derived from *ploro*, not *ploro* from *pleurer*. *Ploro* is the simple root. I am not quite sure that we know exactly its meaning in Latin. It was evidently some expression of grief, but whether or not by tears, I doubt. If we could trace the word to its origin I suspect we should find it meant not shedding tears, but clapping hands, or beating the breast, or something of that kind.

'But why?' asked Miss Foster.

'Because,' said Uncle Peter, 'almost all the other words in Latin and Greek, which express sorrow or grief for the dead, imply some special practice expressive of that sorrow, and not shedding tears only. For instance, to *lament*, *lamentor* (Latin) is literally to tear the garments into strips, *lamina*. And the Greek words to mourn for the dead, are κόπτεσθαι (*koptesthai*) to cut oneself; κείρεσθαι (*keiresthai*) to cut one's hair off; ὀλοφύρεσθαι (*olophuresthai*) to daub oneself; κλαίειν (*klaiein*) literally to break one's property to pieces. All those words we render in a lax manner, to *grieve*, or *lament*, or be *sorrowful*. But by not attending to the precise etymology we lose the insight into manners and customs which we should otherwise gain. The history of man is in fact stamped upon words, as the history of nations upon coins, and the history of the earth upon fossils. At any rate we may feel sure that *ploro* means to give some expression of one kind or other of sorrow. And *deplore* must mean to lament down on some one; as if we saw a friend lying dead beneath us, and shed tears upon him. And *implore* must mean to weep towards a person, as if we threw ourselves at the feet of a person and besought him with tears to grant our prayer. But then what is *explore?* According to the prefix it would mean to break out into a state of lamentation from some previous state of quiescence? What has this to do with an exploring expedition to the North Pole, or the interior of Australia?'

'*Explore*,' said Miss Foster, 'surely means to discover, to find out.'

'Not merely that,' said Uncle Peter, 'but with this addition, to discover after a long and difficult search. It conveys both ideas. If you leave out either of these ideas, you lose the force of the word. Now then to trace the history of the word, the affiliation of its meanings, I must try to discover some common familiar practice, in which such a long painful search followed by discovery, was always accompanied by a sudden outbreak into a passionate burst of sorrow—wailing or weeping, or beating the breast with the hands—whatever it may be.'

'Such as the Irish howl, I suppose,' said Harry, 'the wail for the dead, which they burst into the moment the breath is out of the body. I heard of this often when I was in Ireland last summer. The attendants never break out till it is perfectly certain that the breath is out of the body, and as it is difficult to prove this they feel the pulse, or apply

a feather to the mouth, or try if the limbs are cold. It is quite a long and painful process. Will that do, Uncle Peter?'

'I think so,' was the reply, 'at least the suggestion comprises the conditions required. It was the practice of ancient times at Rome to burst out into a wail as soon as it was absolutely clear that the breath had finally departed. To ascertain this was a difficulty, and made it necessary to examine carefully. And the practice was so common, that it might easily have passed by figurative language into a general expression for all anxious laborious investigations, terminating in the discovery of a fact. We have dwelt at some length on the word, but then we have learnt the mode in which such histories of all words are to be traced out. And this is the great mystery of etymology.'

'*Mystery*,' said Laura Foster, looking up from her work. 'That is another word which often perplexes me. I hate mysteries. They always remind me of something dangerous, not quite honest. And yet the word is often applied to subjects of religion.'

'Well,' said Uncle Peter, 'let us see what the exact meaning of the word was when it was used in the first days of Christianity. It is a Greek word, though I do not think it comes to us directly from Greek, or we should use it with a more correct appreciation of its meaning. Maggie probably thinks that it has something to do with mists and a fog in which it is hard to see anything distinctly.'

'Mist is spelt with an *i*,' exclaimed Harry, 'and *mystery* with a *y*.'

'And of course,' observed Arthur, 'the *y* in *mystery* is the *u* in the Greek word *musterion*. Constantly the English *y* is a sign that the word comes from the Greek.'

'Yes,' said his uncle. 'The *y* in the beginning or middle of a word often represents the Greek *u*, but not at the end. In the words *likely*, *hardy*, *fiery*, and *lovely*, the *y* does not represent the Greek *u*. In *crystal*, *sympathetic*, *dyspepsia*, *hyperbole*, it does. And the English *mystery** is undoubtedly the Greek *musterion*, brought before us, as it were, in a masque or domino.

'And it comes from the Greek, does it not?' asked Willy.

'That is another question,' replied his uncle, 'and a very difficult one. Half our blunders in etymology arise from our confusing two very different relations. You and I are nearly related, but I am not your father. Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots were nearly related. But what should we say if we read in a book that Henry VII. was derived from, or was the son of Mary Queen of Scots?'

* Our English, *mystery*, by its three syllables and termination, would suggest a French word *mysteris*, not *mystère*. I ask, only as a question—Was not the *mysteris* in French, one of the religious dramas which used to be exhibited for the edification of the populace, whilst *mystère* was derived from the Greek, *musterion*? Still *mystery* may have come from the Greek.

There was a general laugh.

'Well, we laugh,' said Uncle Peter, 'but nothing is more common than to meet with similar blunders in etymologies. Scarcely anything is so difficult in the science of language as to know which of two cognate words is the father and which is the son; and not to mistake nephew and uncles, first cousins and second cousins, for brothers and sisters, or parents and children. But to proceed with our word *mystery*. We shall have to travel back a long way to find its beginning. But I must first tell you two things. One will make you smile, and the second must make you grave. You won't remember, Maggie, but when you were first learning to speak your name for the kitten you used to be so fond of, was *Mew*. Why was that?'

'I suppose I called her *Mew*, because that was the noise she made,' said Maggie.

'Yes, and the dog was *Bow-wow*, and the cow out in the field *Moo*; the bees were *Buzzes*, and when I showed you the pictures of the snakes, I used to hiss, and so you always called a snake *Hiss*. Now this is an instance of one mode in which words are formed. It is easy to imitate a sound by the human voice, and natural to denote an object by the sound which it makes. Many words therefore have their origin in *onomatopœias*, which, my dear Maggie, is a Greek word, signifying the coining or making of names. You little thought when you called the kitten *Mew*, that you were practising the figure *onomatopœia*.'

Maggie shook her head in bewilderment.

'And you little think,' continued Uncle Peter, turning to the rest, 'why I reminded Maggie of the word *mew*. It was because the word *mystery*, which has so many deep associations, comes, I believe, really from that root, or rather I should say from the root of that root, which we find in the mewing like a cat. You look surprised, but I am prepared to examine with you all the stages by which the little word *mew* passes into the word *mystery*. And if we cannot prove it, we will not insist on it. But then there was another grave thought which I said I would suggest in regard to the same word. It was this. Mystery is now often connected in our minds with associations of suppression of truth; but it often happens that a word in passing through the world loses its character and becomes odious, whereas originally it was perfectly innocent. And to me the word *mystery*, when employed in its Christian sense, is full of invaluable truths. I think you will agree with me when we have examined its history; but we must understand its derivation first. Arthur has already told us of one form in which the word *mystery* occurs.'

'The Greek *musterion*,' said Arthur.

'Yes; but I suspect (I shall give you my reasons by and by) that *musterion* is not the father of our English *mystery*, but the great-great-grandfather. With Arthur's help we will trace up the family pedi-

grèe, taking first the composition of the Greek word *musterion*. It must be dissected, jointed properly. The meaning of almost every letter must be explained. We will begin with the end. Let us collect some English words with a similar ending.'

Laura suggested *criterion*.

'But,' observed Uncle Peter, 'in Greek, *terion* is not a simple termination, but is composed of no less than five or more elements, each representing a different idea; for this is one perfection of Greek that it often conveys its meanings by single letters, thus facilitating the composition of words. We must dissect the *terion* into the following limbs, t—er—i—o—n, and then collect some words which have been received into English ending only in *on*—for instance: *amazon*, *polygon*, *octagon*, *saffron*, *carbon*, *antiphon*, *iron*, *person*, *sermon*, *weapon*, *waggon*, *chaperon*, *tendon*, *lesson*, *blazon*.'

'Are all these words Greek words?'

'No, I fancy not,' said Miss Foster, 'for my German master showed me how many of the German words ending in *en* were pronounced and written carelessly in English as if they ended in *on*, thus—*wappen*, *weapon*; *wagen*, *waggon*; *blasen*, *blazon*.'

'And some are French, surely,' said Laura. '*Person*, from *personne*; *lesson* from *leçon*; *saffron* is in French *safran*; *iron* is *airain*: and *chaperon* is clearly a late introduction from French.'

'And then,' said Arthur, 'there are some words which come from the Latin, as *sermon*, *carbon*.'

'Yes,' said Uncle Peter, 'and even in the words derived from the Greek the *o* in *on* is sometimes put for *Omega*, or great *O*, which stood as it were for double *o*.'

'I don't quite understand what you mean,' observed Laura.

'In Greek,' said Uncle Peter, 'there were two letters *o*, one called *omicron*, or short *o*, and the other *Omega*, or long *o*. The long *o* lengthened the sound; the difference between the two letters being, I imagine, much the same as between *moon* and *mon*, *soon* and *son*. I wish we had such a long *o*, or could mark it so as to distinguish it from short *o*. *Amazon*, *polygon*, *octagon*, *siphon*, and *antiphon*, would all be spelt with the long *o*.'

'Suppose,' said Arthur, 'we were to dot the long *o* as we dot, or ought to dot, the letter *i*. Would not this be a good plan? And so also with the long *e*.'

'I think it would. Anything which helps us to unmask a word and detect its origin, and therefore its meaning, is of use. But to proceed with *musterion*. The *o* in that word is short. What will the termination *on* mean, Arthur?'

'It is the neuter gender of one of the Greek adjectives,' said Arthur.

'Yes; the Greeks had three pronouns for *he*, *she*, and *it*, to mark the three genders; and these pronouns were *os*, *e* (a long *e*, remember,

pronounced like our *a* in *bay, fray, lay*), and *on*. They gave a gender to every noun, and fastened on the sign of the gender to the end of the noun and the end of the adjective.'

'Like the dreadful German genders!' sighed Laura.

'When I was in Germany,' cried Harry, 'I never could make them out! I might want a pair of gloves, and a hat; but whether it was a *he* pair of gloves, and a *she* hat, or a *she* pair of gloves, and a *he* hat, I really did not know and did not care! I saw people afraid to speak at dinner whilst they were considering whether they were to ask for a *he* potato and a *she* beefsteak, *he* beer and *she* wine, *he* napkin and *she* bread, or not. So I gave it up, it was such a plague!'

'The genders are certainly troublesome,' said Uncle Peter; 'but they are not without their use. For if I have the gender fastened on to the end of an adjective, it helps me very much in knowing to which noun it belongs, and I can then move about my words in a sentence, and place them in a variety of positions. This is especially convenient in writing verses. I could not say in English "I saw a green lady with a virtuous parasol," meaning by it that I saw a virtuous lady with a green parasol, because I have no means of understanding with which noun each adjective is connected except by the immediate proximity to the substantive. But I could arrange the words in this order in Latin, because the inflexion or sign of the gender and the case at the end of each word would sufficiently denote how they were to be paired off in my mind. But now, having entered into such a minute analysis of the word *musterion*, I think I had better at once briefly sum up its history. *Mu*, then, I believe, represents the sound made by closing the lips and letting the air breathe through them, when compressed together, which would be, in fact, to mew like a cat. Now, as we form nouns from verbs by the addition of *er*, and thus, to *write* makes *writer*, to *paint*, *painter*, so in Greek, a noun is made by adding not merely *er*, but *ter*, and sometimes *ster*. As if instead of calling a man, a *maker*, I called him a *makester*, or instead of a *see-er*, a *seester*. In this way from *muo* (I close my mouth), came *muster*, a person who closes his mouth and keeps a secret; and the termination, *ion*, signified something of the neuter gender belonging to the *muster;* and this was naturally the secret which he had to keep.'

'But how does this apply to the meaning of *musterion*, or *mystery*, as applied to sacred subjects?' asked Laura.

'In this way,' replied Uncle Peter. 'We believe that when man was created, Almighty God was pleased to reveal to him certain religious truths relating to his own nature, man's duty, and the way in which he would be dealt with by God. And we find, not only after the flood, but before it, traces of a society or community who preserved and communicated these truths; but the history of all religions shows that as time went on the heads of these religious communities, instead of adhering to the truths transmitted to them, sought to excite the

imaginations, and command the obedience of the ignorant by substituting for them a more popular system of worship; and thus by degrees the worship of visible idols was introduced. The great hierarchical bodies of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and the Greek colonies who came from the East still retained possession of a great mass of true doctrine, inherited from the primæval revelation, but kept these secret to themselves, and only admitted persons to a knowledge of them upon the condition of silence, as the Freemasons now do. The individuals initiated were, in fact, pledged to close the lips and hold the tongue. And thus the word *musterion* was used to describe these secret doctrines. Now when Christian baptism was instituted, no one was ever admitted to it without being instructed in a certain body of religious truth; the same in substance as that which is retained at this day in the Apostles' Creed. In like manner certain doctrines were communicated to the persons initiated in the heathen Eleusinian mysteries. But the initiated in the Eleusinian doctrines were never allowed to communicate them to any one else. This was shown by the word applied to them. To be admitted to a knowledge of them was expressed by the term *μύειν, muein,** to hold the tongue or close the lips; and the person initiated was called *muster*—a man who holds his tongue; and the secret which he was bound to preserve undivulged was called *musterion*—a mystery. Ideas of darkness, obscurity, and unreasonable doctrine, and even of things repugnant to morality, were associated with the word, because such was too often the character of secret religious societies in heathen times. Secresy, however, is no part of the Christian creed; the object of which is to set certain historical facts before mankind in the most intelligible form in which they can possibly be exhibited. Nor is there any prohibition of inquiry and reason, for the Primitive Church undertook to prove the truth of her doctrines, both by Scripture and by reasoning; and Christians at the present day who learn the Creed are called upon to do the same, and to confirm by reason the truths which they first receive by faith. This is a remarkable instance of the way in which a word which has been attached to one object is in time applied to another which resembles it in some points but not in others. And from this have arisen painful misconceptions and misrepresentations in relation to the doctrines of Christianity. Words are double-edged weapons, and no one must play with them carelessly.'

* *Μύω, muein*, is not merely 'to be silent,' as a person may be who has nothing to say, but to close your mouth when you have a temptation to open it. So in Latin there is a difference between *sileo*, 'to be silent,' and *taceo*, 'to be taciturn.' A dumb man is silent, but not taciturn. *Taceo* is really (I suspect) to conceal, cover up, hide some secret which you are tempted to blurt out.

(*To be continued.*)

A PAPER ON TRAINING SENIOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS AS TEACHERS.

Some years ago, some one at the Church Congress said, "A Confirmation class must be to some extent a failure if no boy afterwards volunteered to take Holy Orders." If this be true, surely that Sunday school must be very much a failure where none of the grown-up young men and women are willing to become teachers. This is much to be wondered at in places like Lancashire, where so many have from infancy to the time of their marriage received teaching at the same school.

Two reasons are given by the scholars for this reluctance to help either as temporary or permanent teachers. 1st. They do not know *what* to teach or *how* to teach. 2ndly. They want still to be learners. The plan suggested in this paper is to meet these difficulties. It is no *theory;* it has been *tried* and found to answer. The elder scholars are gradually prepared to become teachers, and shown how all teachers must continue to be learners. In many poor parishes the clergy are dependent upon comparatively uneducated people for teachers, and are obliged to take those they can get. Where this is the case it must be an advantage to have a class trained for teachers to supply vacancies. This can be done, (*a*) By all teachers of scholars over twenty devoting one afternoon each month to a lesson in teaching; (*b*) Instead of losing time in *persuading* a scholar to fill an absent teacher's place, insist that each one shall go and teach when wanted in the order of their names on the register, unless some one else volunteers to take her place.

The scholars do not lose anything by having no fresh lesson one afternoon in the month. The old lesson is more firmly fixed on their minds, and fresh points brought out. It is surprising how thoroughly they teach a lesson they have not had for many months. At first, of course, they did very badly. Now, although they dislike missing a lesson and leaving their own class, the intense reluctance to take a class, with most of the elder girls, has quite disappeared. When a teacher is wanted, it is a good opportunity to see who will be unselfish enough to give up what they like best for the sake of doing some work for God. The first difficulty is thus done away with. With regard to the second, 'they want still to be learners,' a weekly class after they are permanent teachers does away with this objection.

There are many helpful classes for teachers often held by the clergy, and many may think nothing more can be needed. It is true that in no other way are they likely to get so much teaching; but can they be taught at these classes how to teach? Catechising can hardly be

taught in these classes. The teachers rarely have the advantage even of hearing the clergyman catechise; for it would frighten most teachers (particularly the uneducated ones) to be catechised; and still more alarm them if *they* were told to ask questions before one so much above them. A teacher with her scholars has more power in this way. She is of much less importance and therefore less formidable than a clergyman.

I propose dividing this paper into three parts—

I. *How* they may be *taught* to teach.

II. *What* they should be *taught* to teach.

III. How they may be taught to influence their scholars.

Some people may think girls ought to have a very good idea of teaching if they have been learning for so many years. No doubt without this previous teaching it would be well-nigh impossible to train for teachers comparatively uneducated people. Yet, without further instruction *how* to *teach*, many of the most intelligent scholars, (perfectly well able to *answer* when helped by a question), have no idea *when* or *how* to *ask* a question. On one afternoon in each month, instead of questioning *them* on some part of a chapter, the scholars are made to 'teach' it as thoroughly as they can. Having chosen a few verses the Sunday before, that they have *previously* had explained to them, as each reads a verse in turn, they are asked, 'What is the *first* question you would ask about that verse?' If one scholar does not explain it thoroughly, or passes over any word except *quite* simple ones, No. 2 is asked if she has anything else to say about it.

At first they only asked the meaning of what, to *them*, was or had been a difficulty, and it was necessary to point out the meaning of some word, perhaps left unexplained, telling them they must never 'take for granted' their scholars *know anything*, unless they have found out by questioning they really do understand the meaning of *all* the words.

After having thus explained what has been left untaught, they are again asked to explain the verse with *additional* questions. Until they have had some little experience they are apt to forget that what might never have been a difficulty to them may be to their scholars. They are taught, not only how to explain one particular chapter, but how to teach any chapter. Turning to some verses they do not understand, or have never had explained, they are asked what questions they would ask, and they often say, 'I am sure this word or part of a verse *ought* to be explained; but I don't know the answer myself.' This shows them what they ought to try and find out from books in preparing a lesson, nor *rest* until they do *thoroughly* understand it. They are advised, if they have not many books, to find all the references, and if *then* they do not understand it, *unhesitatingly* to go to some clergyman, or if unable to do this, to some friend, and ask them to explain it. How much influence clergymen's wives might

often have if they knew their teachers personally! Even busy or delicate people might have much influence in this way, and at least they would often give pleasure. Or their former teacher would no doubt gladly help those who become permanent teachers to prepare their Sunday lesson whenever they are in any difficulty. It is a good plan, if possible, to have some fixed evening when they may be sure of finding one in, and impressing upon them the *duty* of leaving *nothing* untaught, simply because they do not happen to understand it, and are too *lazy* to take the trouble of finding it out, or too *shy* to ask some one to explain it. How often the advice or explanation gained then will not only be such a help to themselves, but *again* and *again* a help to others whom they teach! What the Bible says of temptations, 'that they are common to man,' may apply also to difficulties. What has been a difficulty to the teacher will probably also have puzzled some *one* in her class, and that bit of teaching is sure to be real. Lastly, those intending to become teachers cannot have it too strongly impressed upon them to care for their scholars *individually*. Far more good, in most cases, will be done with a class of *six* in this way than a *general* interest in twenty. *Much* care, *many* prayers for one individual, may have an influence in the world now and in successive generations impossible to calculate. To give one practical instance that I know is true. A teacher, very ignorant of the right explanation of many plain doctrines, and slow to understand an explanation when given, asked a clergyman to explain something she did not understand at an instruction in church. This he did three times, not giving up because she was stupid, sparing no trouble to *make her* 'take it in.' At *last* she understood it quite clearly. Some years afterwards at a teacher's class, conducted by themselves, this same point was to them a difficulty. And on the following Sunday the lesson had to be given to the whole school. The one teacher with whom so much pains had been taken had not forgotten the explanation given, and managed to make it clear to the rest. The following week all the teachers said they had been able to make their scholars understand it thoroughly. Many hundreds were thus influenced by an explanation given to *one*. If this is the case with head knowledge, how much more important with spiritual teaching! Scholars can be taught this practically before they become teachers. Get them to find out *one* whom they can influence, and then pray for that *one*, call for that *one* to go to church, persuade that *one* to go for a walk with them, and interest her in what has been taught in church or school, &c. In this way I have *known* those who never went to church or school, brought there. A clergyman's daughter who has Bible classes for ladies' children, none being allowed to come except by invitation, takes them for walks that she may get to know them better. Dull girls who never go to school get so interested in the course of lessons that on Monday morning they can hardly work until the one next to them is settled

at her work, so impatient are they for her to tell them about the lesson. Try to make these scholars, beginning to teach, realise how awful it is to lose an influence once gained, for want of pains or prayers, or because the freshness of their interest has worn off. From the report of a sermon to Sunday school teachers I quote the following—'Would anybody guess that we had anything to do with church or school unless they were specially told? We need strict church-teachers of holy lives, that our scholars may grow up *in consequence* in the fear of the Lord. I say in *consequence*, for it is very wonderful how great is the power God hath given unto men to save *souls*. We have it in our power so to speak and so to act, that in *consequence* of our words, in *consequence* of our doings, *one* may go to heaven who otherwise might not. We have to care for those with whom we have to do; to be zealous, that through us souls may not die.'

In the matter of 'pains,' I quote some words of Miss Skinner's, of Torquay, showing that real workers must not grudge trouble:—

'Let your general reading, however large, your culture, however deep, all work into your class. Everything has its relation to God; bring that relation out always, remembering that your teaching is not *only*, or *chiefly*, intellectual—but *spiritual*. Spare no pains to find out all you can about your subject; put out all your *best* powers; read up thoroughly (not merely what you require for the class), in a word *saturate* your mind with it; then bring all your scholars before your mind's eye.'

'For many years,' she says, 'I have written out my lesson each week, read it through several times, then again read it aloud until I almost knew it by heart. I then jotted down a few headings and took it to the class.' The process seems laborious, but it has its *rich* reward in the deepened, instead of the flagging, interest for long periods of years which it wins from the *same* hearers, month after month, year after year. To this *continued* influence of one mind over many much permanent success is due.

If the teacher encourages these elder girls to subscribe something every month on this 'teaching Sunday' towards one or two useful books on teaching—*i.e.* a *Cyclopædia*, Hook's *Dictionary*, Sadler's *Church Teacher's Manual*, a *Commentary on the New Testament*, *Evan Daniel on the Prayer-book*, &c.—they can still better be shown how to prepare a lesson. Much good may be done by sometimes giving them a paper on some special subject. They *do* value this, and when we think what self-denial teaching involves to those who have perhaps been hard-worked during the week, we can grudge no time, sympathy, or help. Those who have been fortunate enough to have some clergyman whom they can *trust* to advise and help *them* in difficulties, will be the most ready (if only out of gratitude) to help others as much as they can. If it is suggested to them, many like to take in *Church Bells*, or some other Church paper, that they may now and then tell

those scholars who are old enough bits of Church news likely to interest them. Of course some girl is expected gladly to volunteer to become a *permanent* teacher when necessary, now that they can no longer give the excuse that they are unable to teach little girls. No one will be so well able to sympathise with the difficulty of resisting temptation, and teach how, by God's help and prayer, we may *by degrees* conquer special faults, as those who have had a hard struggle with their own besetting sins. Girls naturally wish to have pleasant children in their class. It helps to prevent their wishing always to have nice ones if they are told to try and be satisfied either way. With disagreeable scholars, they should be glad that they *may* be able to help those who want it most, always remembering they are but God's instruments for good, and that all their efforts could do nothing without Him; so they must be very humble and pray for each one.

On this teaching Sunday they are also asked how they managed the class they may have been called upon to teach during the month; what rules they would make if they each had a class; how prevent inattention; *when* they would make time to visit their scholars. Some of them had a class several Sundays in succession while the teacher was away from home; they followed the same plan adopted by her, and asked their scholars what they found of most practical help to them in the week from the previous Sunday's lesson. Their disappointment on finding many remembered *nothing*, helped them to realize more their own teacher's feelings when *they* remember nothing.

I. *How* to *teach.*

For a long time they could only be induced to ask *questions* and explain *difficulties.* After some time they are asked to think of some little story or illustration to make their explanation clear to a child. For instance, in explaining verses teaching the duty of returning good for evil, they would tell a child to try and make up her mind to lend her doll or tea-things, even if somebody had been so unkind as to refuse to lend her her cradle that they might play at putting the doll to bed; and tell the story of how the sun got the man to pull off his big coat much quicker than the wind, &c. In teaching children to be true, they would tell them never to copy sums from each other's slate, &c. They are each one asked what illustration they would think of (from what they had seen children do) to illustrate the verse they are explaining. It is astonishing how this habit of thinking of little illustrations seems to be quite easy to them in time.

II. *What* to *teach.*

After first making the girls themselves say what they would think *absolutely essential* to teach if they had a permanent class, they are then month after month asked to repeat the subjects (merely to name them) their teacher thinks *absolutely essential.* They are not asked to explain each subject, as they have been taught, even though imperfectly, something of the most important doctrines. In a lesson once

a month there is not time to teach much; but it *is* possible to have some idea how they will explain a *variety* of subjects—sometimes a practical lesson on some every-day duty, sometimes a portion of Morning or Evening Prayer, part of the Catechism, Baptismal Service, &c. They are also asked what lessons they would teach during Lent, or at any rate what special duties would they speak to their scholars about, in addition, perhaps, to some ordinary course of lessons? What they would teach on Ascension Day, Whitsuntide, Advent? How *they* would suggest these and other special days should be kept? How they would teach children to think of their holidays and treats then? What *different* ways they would suggest of keeping fast days? How interest them in the heathen? How teach children the duty of intercessory prayer and thanksgiving? also the *true* view of conversion *so often* unexplained even in Church except during a 'mission'? What prayers they would teach them? How to handle their Bibles, always asking children the question, 'Who do I want to read this verse?' telling them, '*All* must read it, but only *one* aloud.' Last, but not least, they are asked what they would do to try and make those they may have to teach *earnest, regular communicants.* Whether they would *themselves* teach them about it? lend them books, *take them* to some communicants' instruction; go themselves to a communicants' class, taking notes, and telling their scholars afterwards what the clergyman had taught them? or talk to them privately about it at their own homes? Every care is taken to impress upon them that teaching about Holy Communion must never be left to chance. The permanent teachers always have a lesson about it once a month in the weekly preparation class. It is well to impress upon them that *teaching* should not be a series of *negatives* as to what is *not* to be believed (popular as this teaching often is with scholars); but *definite, decided* teaching about what *is* to be done, what *must* be believed. We shall not then need to meddle much with other people's doctrine and practice, especially with young children. These questions are asked, not *once*, but *again* and *again*, until *all* have impressed on their *memory*, if nothing more (and even this is a step in the right direction), some of the truths necessary to teach.

Some people seem to think, and many say, 'It may be all very well to have plans and take great pains for *elder* scholars, but *most* of these girls have to teach children. Anything very simple will do for them. No elaborate preparation is required; and as for *doctrine*, children would not be able to understand anything about it.'

People who have had to do with little children know better. *They*, at any rate, *must* have a teacher who is 'awake.' Who does not know that in the long run *pains* almost always *tells*?

The following hints have been given on this teaching Sunday—*Never* take a book, when teaching younger classes, and poke out the questions, reading over the explanation, while the scholars' eyes are

anywhere! everywhere! Rather than do this, some teachers have learnt by heart every verse they intended to refer to. Two friends who prepared their lessons together (one having said she never knew how to prepare a lesson) heard each other repeat every reference by heart, also the explanation after carefully reading it two or three times. A few notes and references were jotted down on paper to take to the class in case any should be forgotten. They were thus able to keep *children* interested—not always an easy matter. Some teachers complain that their scholars 'will talk, eat sweets, fidget,' &c. The girls who occasionally teach have found the following hints for recalling their scholars' attention of use. They have been tried by one of the teachers with *invariable* success—

1. *Never* read from a book even a story by way of illustration.

2. *If one moves, or speaks*, stop teaching—lean back in your chair and be quite silent. This and a look is generally enough to stop them; if not, quietly say, 'When you have *quite* finished talking, tell me, and I will continue the lesson.'

3. *For those who read indistinctly*, make *no* effort to hear, rather lean back. This soon makes them read clearly.

4. If they forget to say 'please,' or 'thank you,' make them learn to spell these three words for a lesson during the week. Tell them to find out from a dictionary, or friends, *who* should use these words, to *whom* they should be used, and *where* they should be used.

5. Let it be understood that a single *word* spoken, an elbow on the back of a chair, &c., is the signal for them to leave the room, and be excused a lesson for that day. Be the best of friends when sending them away.

Those who wish not merely to *gain*, but to *keep* rough *boys'* attention, *cannot* be *too* kind, *too* strict, or *too* polite.

One teacher found this plan succeed with a class of fifty very unruly boys, who the first time she taught them thought little of giving long and shrill whistles in the middle of a lesson. She determined, if possible, this should never occur again. For the slightest movement they had the choice given to them—of leaving the class-rooms for the big school, or standing the whole time. They invariably chose the latter. They soon learnt that although their teacher would gladly hear any amount of noise from boys in a playground, in a lady's presence it is manly to be gentle. It is astonishing how quietly boys learn to walk out of the room. They are asked if they would like to be mistaken for gentlemen, owing to their gentle, manly manners? They are taught to refuse to be helped first at meals, or to go out of the room before their mother or sisters, even in their cottage-homes; what to do coming out of a train, or a tram, &c. So much do some of these little ways get impressed on the boys' minds (these were day scholars) that when told by the day schoolmaster to leave a class-room, they asked if they might wait until the girls had gone.

To return to teaching little children (for the *boys* mentioned were between twelve and fifteen). It is a mistake to think that they need only be taught a little reading, and to repeat some catechism like a parrot, and that it is '*quite* time when they are in a higher class to give them higher teaching.' How do we know they will ever *live* to be in a higher class? Many do not. Therefore, no *one* lesson should be merely head knowledge. Little children have tender consciences that can be touched. They can be taught to try and please Christ. There are those who think doctrines too hard for any but grown-up people to understand; and that none but well-educated teachers are capable of explaining them at all. *Facts* are the strongest proof that this is not so. Working women have been *known* to explain these things *simply*. Is it difficult for a working woman, when married, to teach her child—or if a teacher, to teach her scholar—the duty (that all teachers must find is so often forgotten) of confessing their faults *one* by *one* to God? They would not find it difficult to make children understand that they are going to *speak to Almighty God*. To make them wait until they are *quite* serious before they begin their prayers; to teach them to tell God anything naughty done during the day; to help very little ones to remember if they were disobedient or quarrelsome, &c., teaching them to ask Almighty God's forgiveness. Children know their parents are more ready to forgive them when they come and *tell* what they have done. If they are taught to confess their faults when they are *little*, they are not likely to forget it when they grow up. Even if scholars are never likely to become teachers, they, many of them, have young brothers and sisters; nor must teachers of elder girls forget the *fact* that most of them will probably be married. Now is the opportunity for teaching them how to make their homes holy and happy. One teacher having tried this plan, has been warmly thanked for it. Many of her scholars are now married, and counting all the children of her old scholars, there are forty under six, most of whom are being brought up in this way. The mother is the model most constantly before her children's eyes. Their characters are almost made by her. It is therefore all-important that she should have every possible help, that she may realise her awful responsibilities. Those people who have never had the chance of *knowing* children have indeed lost one of the sweetest pleasures in life. Children can be taught the duty of intercessory prayer. The most ignorant teacher can teach, the most ignorant child understand, simple prayers like these: 'Please God bless those who are going to be made clergymen next Sunday' (this for *Ember* week). 'Please God send more people to teach the heathen.' Often children's faith is *more* real and unquestioning than ours.

If big people are taught to tell God of their troubles, that He may help them, why should children lose this comfort because they are supposed to be 'too young,' or too 'free from care.' Children's

griefs, troubles—yes, and even anxieties, are often very many, almost always very real ones (especially the children of the working classes). It does not follow that a star *is* small because it looks so to us. If people with little sympathy think it absurd that a backward boy finds a difficult sum a real trouble, their *thinking* so does not alter the fact. Many children *know* how Almighty God answers prayers even about *lessons*, and makes difficult things turn out smoother than they dared to hope. Children's disappointments too are often as great as those of grown-up people. They feel neglect as keenly. They are as liable to suffer great pain, and want all the help they can get to bear it.

Children of all ages can be made to understand the advantage of trying to conquer *one* fault at a time. They know that if every week seven boys teased an old market-woman at her stall, and she tried to hit all seven of them at once, the blows would be so feeble that they would hardly feel them; but if she took *one* boy and gave him a good beating one week, he would remember it more than a few wild hits with a number of them, even if the punishment was repeated six weeks running.

Children 'take in things,' and remember them, more than we imagine. One afternoon the elder girls were having a lesson on baptism, and one of them having brought a little niece, three-and-a-half years old, some of it was explained simply to her, and I was surprised to find how well she answered, and seemed to understand. When asked why her mother washed the baby, she said, 'To make him clean.' Naughtiness is often associated with a *black* man in the mind of children, and it was explained to her why the clergyman poured water on their little baby, and why the people prayed for a child when it was christened. Five months afterwards she again came with her aunt to school, and as each one was asked what she remembered from the previous lesson, I asked her what the lesson was about when she was last at school. She answered, 'About christenings and washings, and the people asking God to wash our baby good.' A little boy of three-and-a-half years told his mother that a clergyman said in church a shepherd went first through a gate into the fold that the sheep might follow, and he explained that the gate was baptism and the fold the Church.

Little children can have work given them to do. They can pick primroses for church decorations; they can during their playtime persuade others to go to school. They can be taught self-denial, to give up sugar in their tea, or to save pennies from sweets and give them away. They can give up their favourite toy to another for a time, can rock the cradle when they want to play—can be taught not to choose the best place at a magic lantern entertainment or at a tea-party, nor to take the largest orange or cake, but leave it for others; and to do these things, *not* from good nature *only*, but for the sake of pleasing Christ.

One little child (not six) who came regularly with her nurse to a servant's class, was asked what she remembered from a previous lesson, and she said, 'I remembered not to call for mother to come up stairs when I tumbled down, because of tiring her, and I tried not to cry.' Children can be taught reverence in the church and churchyard, not to talk in church, to kneel, to say Amen at the end of each prayer. They can be taught that as it would be very ungrateful not to say 'thank you' for a present because we had not asked for it, so they must not forget to thank God when they have had a very happy day, or some great pleasure, as well as to thank Him for answers to prayer.

It does not do to think some other teacher will teach them this or that later on. We have a certain responsibility about all who have ever been in our classes. *We should see that we teach all the most important truths they are capable of understanding*, while we *have* the opportunity.

It has been found a good plan to recommend some *book of prayers* to elder scholars, always telling them it is not to *prevent* their using their own words if they find that way best. The prayers for different people and things are reminders that they are not to be forgotten; and it may be a help to suggest their saying prayers on fixed days of the week if they have not time to ask God all they want every day. Many would only remember to pray for missions on the day of intercession if they had not a fixed day every week. Most of these elder girls have the *Narrow Way*, price 6*d.* (Hodges), and it is not only useful for the prayers, grace before and after meals, rules for daily life, &c., but the explanation of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, &c., is a help when they have to teach. *Aids to a New Life*, by Hutton, price 3*d.* (Longhurst), is also good.

If elder girls have been encouraged to ask their teacher any question and come to her in any difficulty, and helped to summon up courage to ask a clergyman's advice when she was unable to advise them, they are much more likely to do the same when teachers themselves. And how much good this *individual* help, this individual interest does, not to the girl herself *only*, but to an ever widening circle!

On the monthly teaching Sunday they say how they would advise the children to choose their friends. The teachers of girls who may become teachers cannot be too particular about this, not only for the girl's sake but also for others. To have a good friend is a great incentive to do well. Those who cannot have good friends will find lives of great and good men a help that they seem almost like real friends. Teachers unable to buy many books can get many helpful tracts costing only a halfpenny and a penny each. A tract on Holy Communion by Rivington is very good, one by Mr. Guiness and Dean Hook (S.P.C.K.), and many of the Parochial tracts. These few are mentioned, *many teachers* having said they knew of none. By

spending a few pence at each special season the poorest teacher can get some fresh thoughts for her class. If books cannot be afforded it is a good plan to ask some one who can be relied upon to recommend tracts. *Hints for a Household in sickness*, No. 1768, and *A Manchester Cellar*, by S. W., 1595 (S.P.C.K.), are very good and useful, as reminders to these elder girls what to teach. It is well not to let them forget that as each class has often some one sick it is *necessary* to tell them what so many may be too shy to do, unless made familiar with the idea *beforehand*, that if they are very ill they ought to *send* for a clergyman, and not wait until they are hopelessly ill.

Cases have been known where girls have said they *longed* to ask if they might be prayed for in church, and when their teacher came to see them thought of sending a message by her, but wondered if they ought to do so. Many in the same way have not had courage to send for a clergyman, and yet are quite hurt that no one has been to see them. 'They have been ill several weeks, no one has been near; *they* might belong to nobody;' rather as if they thought the clergy had time to go round and ask at each house, 'Is any one ill here?' and yet it is often because the idea is an unfamiliar one that they do not send. People, too, are often in doubt as to whether they may ask to receive Holy Communion. Then, surely, it is necessary to talk about these things sometimes to a class, that when any are very ill they may not think it anything extraordinary to do any of them. It has been found a good plan to explain carefully, a little at a time, the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Some day, probably, we shall all be glad that the prayers in this Service are familiar ones, understood before we needed them. In any case it must be a good thing to be familiar with such helpful addresses, and most people will be ill sometime.

It is not a pleasant lesson that most of us learn, nor soon forget, that after *years* of teaching we find many scholars have left our class, many perhaps gone to their last home, and we have to *reproach* ourselves with having left many things untaught. No doubt we thought they knew them. We took *too* much for *granted*, and we cannot undo the past! It is well, then, if teachers of elder girls can help in any way those likely to teach others. We should all, no doubt, have been only too glad to get hints from anybody when we first began, and probably knew even less than we do now. Some people may say that any girls properly grounded will not require to be *told* to teach these things. Have we not often neglected to teach many important things clearly explained to us in church? Is it, then, to be wondered at that comparatively uneducated girls want reminding *what* subjects to teach? Yes, we all need reminding, and this not once, but again and again. Many of the elder girls write down every week one thought remembered in the week, this also helps to remind them what they have been taught. Every pains is taken to impress upon them the

necessity of teaching their scholars to be thoroughly *loyal Church* people, following *all* the rules laid down in the Prayer-book, not picking and choosing only those they may happen to like.

Remind them to tell their scholars *beforehand* of the fasts and festivals, as it is too late to prepare for a festival if only told on the day. Those who, because they work hard, or from some other reason, do not fast from food, can be taught other acts of self-denial; as on some particular day at their work to make a resolution not to talk for some time. Many working people have extra good things on Friday night; they might perhaps *sometimes* give up this extra delicacy for others, &c. Those who use the Collect for the first day in Lent—'Give us grace to use such abstinence,' must want help to do so (*or* be making a mockery of prayer by asking God to help them in something they have no intention of doing), and may be glad of suggestions. Teachers taken from the same rank as the scholars are often able to understand their special needs and difficulties better than we are.

They are asked what they would do if the *parents* dislike such definite teaching, or disagree with doctrines and practices taught, thinking it 'no good for their children to set up to be better than they are.' They are encouraged not to give way an *inch*, but plainly and firmly say they *must* teach doctrines they think important, and not merely like *history*. If, after quietly and patiently explaining anything the parent may wish to understand, they *still* object, tell them to ask the superintendent to remove their child into another class, *or* continue to send them with the distinct understanding that they can be taught in no other way. Still *more* disheartening is it if some of the *scholars* they have so *longed* to help, at *any* self-sacrifice, dislike some of their teaching, and that if *only* they altered a little they would be so much more liked. Hard, if they are charged with thinking much of forms, when they know it is the scholar who thinks *only* of the outward form. For instance, in baptism, the teacher, *longing* that they should think of something more than the *mere form*, teaches them to believe that the form would be *nothing* without the inward grace and faith in the promises of God made to them *in that sacrament*. It is little use telling young teachers 'not to mind what people say,' they cannot *help* minding; but all things cannot go smoothly, and before beginning any work the cost must be counted. It helps us to bear disappointments if only we think of the great happiness if by *any means* we may save *one* of them.

Even if the elder scholars are never to be teachers they ought to be able to give reasons for what they believe and practice. We have to think of the time when they would leave the school, or when perhaps their teacher leaves them. We do not want to make girls attached to a school and particular teacher; we want to feel (when they are married, or themselves teachers, and have no one to remind and advise them) that what they have learned has not been merely

head knowledge, to be forgotten in a few years, but that they are, first, Christian girls, acting from *principle;* secondly, loyal Church people, who will *keep* the rules laid down for the guidance of people better and wiser than they are. We want to be sure that our scholars know how to pray; that they are regular communicants; that they prepare carefully for each Communion and thank God afterwards; that they give to God on principle according to their means; that they deny themselves; that they understand the sin and schism of leaving the Church (and this once *thoroughly* impressed on their minds, and the reason why, they are not likely *ever* to forget it). Few teachers would mind as much leaving a class if each scholar was a *regular* communicant. If they realise the help and importance of Holy Communion and the danger of stopping away, they must *necessarily* by degrees be getting better. For being repentant and fully believing in God's power to help, at the same time trying to correct their faults, of course they *must* go on improving, however slowly; nor should *any* pains or trouble be spared, any stone left unturned, to remove a difficulty of any scholar *not* a communicant.

Then as to baptism. Once fully convinced of the necessity of baptism as a means of salvation, they would at least be sure to persuade their own relatives to have their children baptized; and in *many* instances, simply by their own explanation, they have *done* this. Some, after repeated efforts, having persuaded grown-up people to be baptized, explained to them 'it was no use if it was only to please them,' for it was no good at all unless they believed God would wash away their sin, and they were really repentant. A teacher wrote down in *their own words* the reasons they gave for asking people they cared about to be baptized. 1. Because it is my duty. 2. Because I could not care much about them if I did not. 3. Because it is a command of Christ, and we must see to it that we do what He says. On being asked if they would persuade their friend to have a child baptized if the friend disliked being interfered with, they said, 'Vexed or pleased, I would make a point of it.' When it was explained to them that many people did not seem half so uncomfortable if their friends were not communicants, they seemed to realise that all the same reasons they had given about baptism applied *fully as much* to Holy Communion, and to see the impossibility of caring *very* much for a friend if they did not warn them of such a great danger, and pray earnestly that they may be different until they are. They easily understand what a dreadful thing it is to be *fully convinced* it is your *positive duty* to do a thing (whether a person is vexed or pleased), and then not to do it.

This paper does not attempt to explain any subject, but merely to give an idea of the way girls have been shown, in a very imperfect way, *how* and *what* to teach others. As to telling friends about coming to Holy Communion, it is, of course, only meant

to apply to those they know *intimately*, and as most of them are engaged to be married, and many have left school and are married, they have, in many instances, had long talks with their husbands, and the result is that many are now communicants who were not before. They generally have a pretty good idea that advice as to choosing friends, &c., is meant to include those to whom they are engaged. I feel more and more convinced that a teacher who has her scholars' *true* interests at heart should not altogether ignore this subject. In *many* cases it does much good—many opportunities occur when it is natural to allude to it. For instance, crossing a married scholar's name off the register, &c. They very soon get to look upon it, *not* as a subject to laugh about, but as something very important and serious. Some there are who need to be taught that although the *law* of the land recognises civil contracts, the *Church* says, 'So many as are coupled together other than God's Word doth *allow*, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful' (for marriages at a register office are common enough). To see the way some people behave in church at a wedding, one can hardly believe they *know* a *service* is going on! It may not, then, be amiss to teach them that if they come to a service in God's house they too should pray, or at least behave reverently. It is often from want of thought that they stand on the seats, talk, &c. It is a good plan to show them the rubric 'that it is expedient that the married couple receive Holy Communion at the time or the first opportunity after;' and if the person they intend to marry is unfit to receive Holy Communion, he surely must be unfit for them to marry. When one sees the wretchedness of some village homes (generally through drink), where girls have married people about whom they know little or nothing, it is well if anybody can make them *think* before it is too late. No doubt some teachers would think this teaching unsuited to Sunday; yet great sacrifices *have* been made through suggestions given, so it must do good. My experience of Sunday schools has been in the north, where they frequently go to the mill after they are married. They cannot be too strongly advised to give up this, even if by doing so they lose money. There are other things more important; their children's home training, their husband's happiness at any cost must *not* be sacrificed. Not long ago I heard a clergyman* say, speaking of married women working in factories: 'They then become a fellow labourer, a fellow drudge, instead of the sweet companion and friend. How can they make their homes beautiful; how can these homes be holy ground!' It is a good thing to let them know a teacher would be disappointed if any girl in whom she was interested did not tell her when she was engaged, instead of seeming ashamed that her teacher should even know it, giggling and looking silly if she happened to meet her out. Yet now they tell in

* Rev. Henry Heywood.

the most natural way when they are engaged to be married, rarely leaving her to find it out, and she talks over their plans, &c. Ladies are often able to advise girls how to choose pretty, inexpensive things, to avoid staring patterns in carpets, papers, curtains, &c. Even a 4*s.* 6*d.* basket-work chair, with a cushion (made at home), will add to the comfort of a cottage kitchen, and yet their common wooden chairs are the same price. If there is a sitting-room, money saved by getting lighter chairs instead of horse-hair ones, will leave more money for house-linen, and a *few* ornaments, than could otherwise have been afforded. Now that a Clytie, Diana, &c., in parian, can be bought for 1*s.*, and carved brackets from 3*d.* upwards, there is no excuse for gilded figures and yellow gauze. If it is suggested to them, before they are married if possible, to ask their husbands to read a few verses from the Bible every evening, and have a short prayer together. It is much easier for the wife to remind her husband to read aloud to *her* than it would be to ask him to read to *himself*, if she saw him discontinuing it, and a habit of family prayer is begun. The working classes often seem to have an extraordinary objection to ask their future son-in-law to their house until they are married. Teachers might suggest his being invited to tea, as it is so much more satisfactory for the *mother* to get to know him well. This suggestion has generally been carried out to the evident surprise and pleasure of the scholar, 'that teacher should think of such a thing!' If they are told we should take it for granted they would not invite a friend to their house they would be ashamed to introduce to their mother, knowing she will *expect* to make the acquaintance of *any* of her children's friends, it is a check on them as to what friends they choose.

Of course we should never ask a girl to become a permanent teacher who was not a communicant. We *must* teach a far higher standard than our own practice; but *little* good would be done if the teacher taught anything she did not *try* to do herself. It would indeed lack force and reality. The scholars would also quickly find out if the teacher taught what she did not herself believe. On the other hand, if we do *thoroughly* from our hearts believe what we teach, and *long* to make others do so too, they cannot help paying attention. You force them to think it of *some* importance. Above all, it is necessary to impress upon teachers, taken from the same rank of life as their scholars, how *great* will be their *personal* influence. A self-denying life and good example will have even more influence than the teaching on Sunday. We all know how everybody's eyes are on the clergy—how much more is expected of them than of others. Even the worldly look for some self-denial from them, *some* outward sign of a higher life. In a less degree this must be the case with Sunday school teachers, especially those who come in contact with their scholars often during the week. If the teacher is gentle, quiet in her way, shows self-control, forbearance with others, and is reverent,

something of this must be caught by the scholars. Why is it that *some* people's words have so much *weight?* Is it not that their *lives* correspond with their teaching? It has been said, 'The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies,' and so we all know that earnest words of *consistent* men are remembered without an effort, whereas mere eloquence is but as sweet music, and the effect transitory. Let us advise these young teachers to be definite, to hit hard, to hit straight, practise this virtue, avoid that fault; let nothing be vague. It has been said, 'plain speaking on plain sins will generally come home to somebody.' Froude is reported to have said that in thirty years of hearing sermons he never heard one on lying or stealing. Lastly, teach them to be *real*, daily striving earnestly to live better and holier lives themselves; and, in the words of the text of a sermon heard long ago, let us spare no pains 'if by *any* means I might save some.'

E. H. PITCAIRN.

'THESE MY BRETHREN.'

BY MARY JOHNSON.

A Hebrew baby! not refined,
With costly robes, but simply dress't,
'Neath summer's heat and wintry wind
In hardship nursed, by few caressed—
Yet scorn not thou the poor man's child,
Such was our Saviour, meek and mild.

Travellers; a little weary boy
Fast clinging to his parent's hand,
Whom sun or rain or dust annoy,
What comforts can the poor command?
Yet, Christian, thrust them not aside,
In such a group did Jesus hide!

A pallid youth, with thoughtful brow
And nervous hands, that earns his bread,
Toiling with saw, with oar, with plough,
Yet poorly lodged and scantly fed—
Despise not thou his lowly mien,
Our Master in such guise was seen.

A workman, who submiss and still
Accepts each order, rude or bland,
And carries out with practised skill
Work that another mind has planned;
Should not the form be honoured more
Which once the Lord of Glory bore?

An outcast! whom the furious crowd
Pursue with wild and clamorous breath,
And with fierce gibes and cursing loud
Vex him in his unhonoured death:
Think, when this fearful scene you see—
"The King of kings bore this for me."

Funds for the relief of the Jews in Russia are most urgently needed, and will be received (for the Ladies' Committee) by Mrs. Finn (late of H.B.M. Consulate, Jerusalem), The Elms, Brook Green; Mrs. Johnson, 11, Wemyss Road, Blackheath; or the Treasurer, Miss L. M. Matthews, 23, Southwick Street, Hyde Park, W.

Spider Subjects.

'Unreality' is best answered, as to the real spirit of the word, by Chelsea China; Bog-Oak, the Muffin Man, have answered in conversations; Wandering Jew, Nightingale, Clover, Wallflower, Mignonette, X. X. E., are good.

WHAT IS UNREALITY?

I think unreality may be defined as 'a taste for expression in excess of experience.' It is something more subtle than profession without practice, and less innocent and inevitable than mere inadequacy of feeling to the occasion: there must be a certain pleasure in display to ourselves though not always to others. The childish lips that speak words that soar high above the childish heart are not unreal, even though they cannot possibly be conscious of how much more their words mean than they do. It would be hard indeed if nothing could be admired, learned, or practised, till experience came to show its full meaning; if no one dared to say 'Thy will be done,' till they really knew what doing it would cost them. When aspirations spring higher than the possible power of performance, there must be a certain deluding haze, and the high-minded girl who is sure she would be a martyr, and thinks with scorn of the slightest departure from the heroic ideal, is not, let us hope, always unreal because she is often selfish and timid, only a long way behind her own possibilities.

The most innocent form of 'real unreality,' if such an expression may be allowed, springs from imitation, sometimes of a system or school of thought, but more often of a person or of the spirit of the time. Religious practices, and also theories and views of life, perfectly real in the model, are taken on trust by the imitator. Also strong vivid enjoyment of art, music, or scenery may be the fashion of the time, and may be taken up by people who have not the temperament really to experience it. People whose tastes and feelings are so vivid that they cannot possibly make a mistake about them, are exceedingly hard on all this imitative enthusiasm, and yet to a certain degree it is better than dull indifference. There is also an odd kind of unreality which springs from making up an ideal character for oneself—not necessarily a good one—and acting up to it. A girl thinks she is proud, or reserved, or sensitive, or something which nature does not intend her to be, and by simulating it she introduces a discord into her soul which throws everything out of harmony.

Unreal and exaggerated professions of feeling and emotion are now at a discount, but there is a vast amount of unreal hardness and matter-of-factness, especially in youth, which, though of course the preferable extreme, is not without its own evil.

And, lastly, there is the fatal unreality which enjoys the emotions that it simulates—the acting to oneself, growing into the acting to other people, the love of excitement, which rarely remains unconscious of the comments made on it; the self-satisfaction at being so penitent,

so *blasé*, so artistic, or so simple; and then the higher the reality with the surroundings of which it plays, the worse the downfall, the more evil the example.

I leave out of count any intentional assumption of a part from conscious motives of self-interest, that is hypocrisy; and though unreality may lead the way to it, it rather goes through the motions for their own sake than for any ulterior motive.

Besides, unreality is rarely *thorough*; people experience something and express much.

Unreality can only be cured by experience; but I suppose it is repressed and discouraged by all systems of training, which insist much on practice and performance. Religious teaching that requires children to dwell on their own feelings rather than on great truths, must tend to make them unreal; and perhaps religious ceremonies and practices which are intended to excite personal devotion, and which require it, are apt, if not carefully used, to do so also, especially when applied to them personally. To the services of the Church they feel that they have to grow. CHELSEA CHINA.

The bravest action chosen by Ignoramus is Sir Richard Grenville in the *Revenge*. Vögelein, Sintram, and Bruce's Spider, Nightingale, A Bee, Constant Prince, and Leonidas. Maid Marion, the charge of the Light Brigade. Clover has some pretty verses on Guatimozin, but too long for insertion.

The most cowardly action specified by Bog-Oak is the kiss of Louis XI. and Edward IV. at Pecquigny; but considering the issues that depended on this kiss, we do not think it deserves to be branded as the most cowardly action. Vögelein, the murder of Siccius Dentatus. Nightingale, Nero at the burning of Rome; but this is not certain. A Bee, Louis XI. Bruce's Spider, the treatment of Joan of Arc. Sintram, the torture of Louis XVII. Maid Marion, the murder of President Garfield.

But Arachne thinks no one's act of cowardice was quite equal to that of Cranmer when signing the six recantations. They were simply to save himself; they belied the convictions of his life, and showed a fear that has really been uncommon in such circumstances; and his whole course had been one of unusual truckling to tyranny.

THE BRAVEST ACTION IN HISTORY.

'Day by day man learns to despise death.'

IN estimating the claims of the many brave actions of history to be *the bravest*, we must take several points into consideration. First, then, I think the action should be one which is chiefly notorious for courage, and not one in which the courage is subordinate to some other and perhaps greater virtue, *e.g.* Casabianca, where obedience is certainly the *motif* of the action. Next, there must, if possible, be a blending of physical and moral courage, but the first must absolutely be present, and therefore the courage of Guzman el Bueno in sacrificing, as it were, his son to his loyalty, is not a case in point. Thirdly, we must necessarily pass over all courage where supernatural help was probably given, as the martyrdoms of early Christians; and I think we ought similarly not to select those actions of heathens done under an impulse of supposed inspiration, as the devotion of the Decii. Next,

the action must be purely voluntary, and hence many a brave deed in battle cannot lay claim to be the bravest, because without disobedience to orders, or actual failure in duty, it could not be avoided, as the charge of the Light Brigade. Lastly, there should be an element of pure unselfishness, *i.e.* there should be absolutely nothing personal to gain by it, not even liberty or life. Many brave defences of cities and forts cannot thus reach the highest lustre.

Now in seeking for an action celebrated for courage, and courage chiefly, where, as far as we can judge, no supernatural help was given—a deed at once voluntary and unselfish—two deeds come to one's mind, very different in circumstances—the devotion of Arnold von Winkelried, and the death-shout of d'Assas. The reason we give the preference to the latter is, that Arnold in his grand charge had much to support him—the enthusiasm and excitement of the moment, the cheers of his comrades, the certainty of imperishable glory, the eyes of two armies upon him; while d'Assas made his choice in the darkness and silence of night, without any help or encouragement.

The Chevalier d'Assas was a young French officer in the time of the Seven Years' War. He and part of the Auvergne regiment went out at night to reconnoitre. It was October 15th, 1760. Leaving his comrades, he went forward alone into a wood, and fell into the midst of the enemy's advanced guard, making a night march to take the French army by surprise. They offered him life if he would be silent. He had but one instant to make up his mind. Within call were his friends who could give the alarm to the army. Such silence would be anything but golden. Around him, in the gloomy night were the unfriendly faces and bayonets. Raising his voice, he shouted, long and loud, 'Auvergne! Auvergne! the enemy!' Another moment, and the bayonets were in his heart. His work was done; that shout had given the alarm, and the surprise party had to retire.

The body of d'Assas was found by his men, and Louis XVI. on his accession gave a pension to the family. One is almost sorry so pure an act of self-devoted bravery should ever have been paid for in gold; but no such thought could have entered the head of him who on that cold night, despising a certain and instantaneous death, saved an army at the cost of his own life.

BOG-OAK.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTEEN packets in illustration of the three genera of ferns proposed for the January subject can hardly be called satisfactory. One cannot help remembering the exceptional mildness of the season, which certainly deprives our less diligent members of the usual excuse for neglecting out-door botany in winter-time. Vertumnus can only repeat his hope that the advancing spring will stimulate all to increased activity in the pursuit of their favourite science.

Anemone and *Viola* are the April subjects. Of the former genus one species alone will probably be sent by a large majority. The other two are rare, but may possibly be within the reach of some of our members. *Viola* is a family which will repay careful and minute examination.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

THE life of Epaminondas.

An account of poppies in their practical and poetical associations.

Notices to Correspondents.

Will some one be kind enough to make me acquainted with the name of the author of the poem which begins with the following lines?—

'Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality.'

—*Maude.*

Monica asks where to obtain the lines beginning—

'We must be semi-Atheists. God is here,
And we forget; yet, if some emperor,
A gluttonous satyr, were but near us now,
How reverent we should be; and yet we stand
With absent heart in the deep gaze of God!'

F. wishes to know who is the author of the words 'Plain living and high thinking,' and where they occur. Also what poem speaks of woman as 'the last at the cross, the first at the sepulchre.'

'. . . . The road where four roads met—
Experience, Wisdom, Love, Regret.'

—*Lady-bird.*

Violet.—You will find some good lessons in the *G. F. S. Advertiser* month by month, arranged for girls, 1*d.* per month; Sunday School Institute has *Life and Letters of S. Paul,* inexpensive; National Society, *Church Teaching for Sunday Schools,* by Prebendary Otley. You will find a full list in *Practical Work in Sunday Schools,* National Society.

R. A.—(1.) To the Editor, of course. Returned if the address be written on them and stamps sent. (2.) A second-hand bookseller is the person to answer you.

M. E. H.—The poem *The Red King,* by Mr. Stewart Rose, in a large quarto volume published in the beginning of the century. Public libraries would have it.

H. M. L.—Volumes are not usually sold separate. A bookseller can tell you the price.

A District Visitor.—*The Gospeller,* at a penny per month (Mowbray, Oxford), will supply you with much that is useful. Also Neale's *Readings for the Aged,* and *Plain Church Teaching for the Year;* Badley's *Short Readings for the Christian Year* (Skeffington) is very plain and short. *The Watchword* (Tanner, Winchester) has good bits for the sick.

Your contributor *Bubbles,* in her summary of 'Queens in their own right' (in 'Spider Subjects' for February), whilst acknowledging the uncertainty which prevails with regard to the guilt of Mary Queen of Scots, speaks of that of Joanna the First of Naples as conclusively established. Mrs. Jameson (and she is not the only writer who has believed in the innocence of Joanna) points out the remarkable coincidence between the lives and characters of the respective Queens, both (as she says) cast in troublous times, both endowed with

beauty and accomplishments far above the average, both accused on (she maintains) the most unreliable evidence of the murder of their husbands, and both dying a violent death. Petrarch and Boccaccio speak of Joanna with admiration and respect. It must be admitted, however, that S. Catherine of Sienna held her to be guilty, and her opinion certainly carries great weight.—*H. L.*

Priscilla will find the lines she seeks in a poem of Owen Meredith's, called 'Last Words.' It runs thus—

> 'Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man.
> Genius does what it must, and Talent does what it can.'

—*Dorcas.*

In answer to *Terra Cotta, The Child's First Lesson Book* was published in 1854 by David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street.—*H. P., Powis Lodge, Bickley, Kent.*

Miss Dixon and *Miss Gwyn, South Repps Rectory, Warwick,* inform *C. M. S.* that she can find the poem she inquires for in the *Monthly Packet;* 'Measuring the Baby' in the *Parish Magazine* for January, 1872, where it is stated the lines are by Emma Alice Brown in the *Christian Treasury.* If *C. M. S.* will send her address to *Miss Gwyn* she will send the verses.

A friend of the Editor is anxious to prepare a 'Shakespeare for Girls,' fit to be unhesitatingly placed in all hands in 'Shakespeare Readings.' He would be obliged if persons would send the Editor—to be forwarded to him—lists, drawn up from memory or experiment, of the plays that have been found most to interest young people.

MAY I be permitted to contribute a few lines, by way not so much of comment as of illustration, bearing upon the explanations given in the pleasant, chatty paper on derivations of words in the February number?

When 'toast' first came to be used as of the *person* toasted, as well as of the thing, may not be so easy to show; but grammatically it would be very easy indeed to give plenty of instances of the same sort of thing; and hence, because it is so common, so natural and easy a transition, the grammarians naturally have a ready name for the process—'metonymy,' or transference of the appellation. But of the practice itself, perhaps, if 'Uncle Peter' was not thinking of this passage in particular, he and his young and inquiring friends may be glad of it. From the *Tatler,* No. 24:—A celebrated beauty was in the cross-bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health in the company. There was a gay fellow in the company, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor he would have the *toast.* Though he was opposed in his resolution, this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a 'toast.'

I suppose that the explanation of the half-fuddled gay fellow's whim consists in the fact that the 'celebrated beauty,' like a *toast* floating in a bowl of liquor, was, according to the custom of the place, in the liquid bath bodily, and this supplied him with the ludicrous comparison. As to the practice, anybody who has been at Leukerbad, at the foot

of the Gemmi, will be at no loss to see how the idea might suggest itself to the gallants of those days at 'the Bath.'

As for the word *toast*, for the thing not the person, Richardson's Dictionary (which gives the foregoing passage) will also furnish a sufficiently good instance of this also :—

'Make it so large that, filled with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast *toasts* on the delicious lake
Like ships at sea may swim ;'

which, being from Rochester, is less likely to be in your readers' hands perhaps than the *Tatler*.

Independent of *drinking*, or *toasting*, or any connection with the subject, perhaps some of your younger readers, or others, may like to explain Shakespeare's meaning in 'making a *toast* for Neptune.' See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i., sc. iii. :—

'Where's then the saucy boat ?' &c,
'Either to harbour fled,
Or made *a toast* for Neptune !'

Of something *eaten*, the use is of course old and common enough, as 'a toast of *manchet* (fine, white, wheat-flour bread) ; but indeed we should have to go back to Ovid's days, and further, for this use. He uses the very word, and speaks of *toasted* cakes'—'*tosta liba*'—so that Uncle Peter's young friends will have no doubt of the *origin* of the word as such, though the history of its *usage* would not be at first so plain.

Curious feats have, we know, been achieved by others than Winchester boys doing '*derries*,' but I think good Uncle Peter will have to rival the celebrated Jeremiah King, or Ben Borbock, before he succeeds in connecting *explore* with *implore*, *deplore* and the French *pleurer*, because it is a different word, and has nothing (know) to do with the Latin *plor*-are ; whence the rest come at once. *Im*plore meant, as the word implies, lamenting *over* an object, with some idea of petition implied ; *de*plore, lamenting over it, but with the strong idea of *despair* added ; but *ex*plore is, if the Latins knew their own language, different, and they did not connect it with the others. And yet an old authority, 'Festus,' says that the ancients did use it for to *exclaim* and for to '*weep exceedingly*,' and a piece of a line is given even, in which it seems to have the meaning, said to be from so respectable an ancient as *Varro :* but whence the lexicographer *got* the line does not appear. It is one that seems very easily *made*, and does not wear a very ancient stamp. But if *plor*, and Fr. *pleur*, cannot claim a relation here, there does seem a real likelihood that they have a common, indeed a *commonplace* relative in another word. It may be thought an insult to them to connect them with so plebeian a relative, though nothing of the kind is meant ; indeed, there is something of a lofty strain in the blood, so to speak ; no doubt the same *onomatopœia* (his young hearers will understand the word) which originated the syllable *plor* and *pleur*, and must be credited with the humbler and commoner '*Blubberer*,' which may well make up in this case, I hope, for the loss of *explore* out of this family circle.

From a Correspondent.

Ladies as National Schoolmistresses.

It is a well-known fact that ladies requiring to earn their own living have great difficulty in finding suitable means of so doing; whereas there is abundant employment for respectable young women of a lower grade in society, both as dressmakers and as domestic servants. The position of national schoolmistress is, in many ways, more suitable for ladies than for the class by whom it is now generally filled; and if they would seriously consider the matter, it would be an advantage to all parties. Of course, few could pass the necessary examinations without special preparation; but this applies to all paid labour. Nobody will pay for work that is not well done, and no work can be well done without training. The *best* plan is to begin at the beginning, as a pupil-teacher, but here a difficulty arises. Our present national schoolmistresses—for the most part, excellent, respectable young women—are yet, in general, hardly the people under whom a clergyman or doctor would choose to place his daughter for a four years' apprenticeship. But there are exceptions; and if, in those schools where the headmistress is, both by birth and education, a lady, the vacancies among the assistants were all filled up from the same class, in a few years the number of lady national schoolmistresses would have multiplied itself. In the meantime, there are other ways of entering the profession besides serving the apprenticeship of a pupil-teacher, and particulars of these may be had on application to Bishop Otter's Memorial College, Chichester.

There are some practical objections to the present plan of taking the teachers from the same class in society as the children whom they teach. The schoolmistress wants a pupil-teacher, and as she naturally prefers a girl whom she knows, and of whom she has a good opinion, she offers the situation to the brightest girl in her first class. The girl is delighted, for to come to school as a teacher instead of as a scholar is great promotion; and the parents find it much pleasanter to receive money for their girl's teaching than to pay it for her schooling. But, as years go on, the work gets heavier, the examinations increase in difficulty, and a crowded home is not a favourable place for study; and although the pay is higher, it does not keep the girl. Worst of all, the other members of the family object to going out in life in lower positions than their sister's, and she cannot help a feeling of contemptuous pity for all her relations, parents included, who leave out their '*h*'s' and substitute adjectives for adverbs. At the end of her apprenticeship, at an age when a girl in her station ought to be quite self-supporting, the teacher has to come on her parents for her college fee, and this, together with her outfit, is no light charge. Now look at a lady in a similar position. Take the daughter of a man who can keep his family in comfort while he lives, but cannot leave suitable provision for them. If, instead of shutting his eyes to the future, and when he dies leaving his family unprovided for—too often, a helpless little band, to swell the great army of incapables—he does his best to give his daughter a good general education up to the age of sixteen or seventeen, and then places her as pupil-teacher in a national school, she will have no difficulty in keeping up with her work. French and music, learnt as a child, will come in usefully, and a home where books

and a quiet corner for study are no difficulties, and where cultivated conversation is the order of the day, will make all home preparations easy. As her father is quite capable of supporting her, her salary (between sixty and seventy pounds for the four years) may be saved to cover college expenses; and by the time she is three or four and twenty, she will be able to earn over a hundred a year. To some of us, this may not sound a brilliant sum, but, compared with the reports of the widows and unmarried daughters of the clergy, and other similar documents, it is luxury. The position is one of great influence and usefulness, and full of interest. One difficulty may present itself. Where are the colleges for ladies? At present but one exists. But demand creates supply; and as the entrance fee might easily be five times the amount of that in the present colleges, and the working expenses need not be very much greater, colleges of the kind required would surely spring up, if students were waiting to occupy them.

M. E. B.—The story of the Doves, translated from the German of Othilie Wildemuth, is at p. 393, vol. 18, of the first series of *The Monthly Packet*. Miss Burney's later tales are *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and *The Wanderer*. The best chance of seeing them would be through the London Library, or to ask a second-hand London bookseller to look out for them.

The Monthly Packet.

MAY, 1882.

APRIL SHOWERS: AN IDYL AND A PASTORAL.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN I ran into the drawing-room the next morning, I found the carpet had been laid down and the window curtains put up.

'Oh, Patience,' I said, 'how kind of you to get all this done so early. How did you manage it?'

'I asked the gardener to come in and do it for us, missey,' she answered. 'He is a very handy man about a house; and when you have righted the furniture, I will bring you a bowl of water and you shall wash the china.'

And ere long we had put all the spindle-legged chairs and tables in their places, stood two handsome cabinets one on each side of the middle window, and rubbed all the dust off the mirrors.

The room looked very quaint and pretty, just as if Sir Charles Grandison might have walked into it, for the hangings and furniture, though threadbare, faded, and even ragged, were too rich in material to look mean. I longed to mend them, grandmamma having trained me in tidy notable ways.

The china with which I adorned the room was most costly, though I did not then know it, blue and green gentlemen from Bow or Chelsea, with pink and yellow ladies. It all came out of a little room at the end of the passage, full of it, which opened into the garden by a door window.

'That,' said Patience, 'as I have been told, was the door your grandmamma went out of when she ran away with Captain Haughton. His family lived at Easthampton, and it was easy for him to be always prowling about the place; and he pretended to be great friends with Mr. Wyford, father of Mr. John, and some people thought was looking after his sister.'

'But it is all so long ago,' I said; 'I think it ought to be forgotten

and forgiven now. Things should not be remembered against people for ever, and grandmamma has been very good to me.'

I carried off a large blue and white vase, to stand under one of the cabinets. As I put it down I chanced to open it, and a faint, sickly odour, not wholly unsweet, made me put in my hand, and behold it was half full of the dust of what I suppose were the roses and the lavenders of sixty summers ago.

There was only one picture in the room, a lady in white satin with powdered hair and lovely blooming face, which I thought like my mother. I was standing gazing at it, with kitty asleep on my shoulder, tired out with play, when, turning my head, I saw my uncle and Mr. Wyford at the window looking at me.

I went to the door of the little china-room, and asked them to come and see our work.

But Mr. Wyford pointed to his muddy boots, and said he was not fit to enter a drawing-room; so my uncle came alone. He looked round with a half-pleased, half-sad glance; and a rent in the threadbare sofa-cover catching his eye, he said, pointing to it—

'Worn out, like the race, my dear; but the room looks just as it did when my poor old mother's coffin was carried out of it thirty years ago.'

'Is that her picture?' I asked. 'I like looking at it. It is so like mamma, and,' hesitating and blushing, 'though it is so lovely, I think I am a little like it too.'

He took my face in his hands, and turned it into the same position as that of the portrait, looking at it earnestly, and anxiously seeking for a likeness.

'Yes,' he said at last. 'You are like the picture, and though I cannot remember my mother as so young a woman, I can see some likeness to her. And so your mother is like that, is she?'

'Yes, she is,' I answered, 'very like it; she has just the same brown eyes, with the same sweet loving look in them.' And after a moment's pause I added—'The room is very pretty, and Patience tells me that there are several pieces of the damask put away in a cupboard in the tapestry room up stairs, and if I might have them, I think I might darn a great many of the rents in the curtains and covers, so as it would not show, and make them almost as good as new.'

He smiled, and patted me kindly on the shoulder, and said—

'That is right; always take care of the old things, and make them last as long as you can. You may use any of the pieces you want. All this damask came from Trower Court, and if my great-grandfather who sold the place had spent less on such costly plenishings, and in all similar extravagances, he might not have been obliged to sell half his property.'

Thursday brought the piano, and Friday evening, after dinner, we had tea in the drawing-room for the first time, and I played and sang

to him and Mr. Wyford until the latter left us. And I was very happy. Mr. Wyford stood beside me, as if he liked to be there, listening as if for him there was some special charm in my voice; and my uncle sat by the fire watching us, in a contented silence, well satisfied that there seemed so fair a prospect of his scheme being realised. Everything seemed smiling on me during the next fortnight. What with the Waverley Novels, my music, the mending work I had undertaken, and games of play with kitty running through it all, my time was occupied, and the days no longer seemed endless; and every day when he dined nowhere else, Mr. Wyford dined with us. The sun shone brightly, and out of doors there was a delicious taste of spring, and a breath of violets; the garden, the first I had ever known, was becoming to me a perfect garden of Eden. Almost every day I found some new treasure, great tufts of snowdrops, golden crocuses, huge bunches of hepatica, pink, blue and white; and what I liked best, because of their delicate fresh perfume, beautiful double primroses, yellow and lilac. I made great friends with the gardener, to whom my profound ignorance and my intense delight in everything I found was a considerable amusement.

'Blest,' he said, to Patience, 'if I didn't see her making herself a nosegay of common daisies and them there kingcups, and seeming as pleased with them as if they had been cinerarias and cytisuses. "La, missey," I said, "throw them nasty weeds away, and I will give you some flowers from the greenhouse." "Are they nasty weeds?" says she. "They are very pretty, and they are all flowers to me."'

But, in spite of his contempt, he showed me many little kindnesses, and had always a pleasant smile for me when we met. And so, unconsciously to myself, my heart was opening to the sweet influences of nature, and a love of the country and of Trower Manors was stealing into it. It was on one of these fine days that I had my first visitor. Mrs. Mills called and told me her daughters were coming home, and then she hoped we should see a great deal of each other. I had no manners, and if I happened to say the proper well-bred thing, it was because I felt it; but the genuineness made my words pleasant, and she was pleased with the simple gratitude and warmth with which I said how much I should like it. She noticed the piano, and when, at her request, I had sung her a song, she said she wished her girls could sing as well, and asked who had taught me.

'Mamma,' I replied; 'and you would not think much of my singing if you could hear hers.'

Postage was expensive in those days, and my home letters were not very numerous, nor did I get many answers; but my mother never wrote without mentioning Mr. Summers. Twice he had passed her without, as it seemed, seeing her, yet she wrote as if still believing in his constancy, as well as in mine, always as if she had no

doubt of my affection for him, and only feared I should fret at the suspense. It pained me, and I could not think without shame of the many foolish things I had said about him, and the yet more foolish dreams I had indulged in. I wanted to make mamma understand that my mind was quite changed, but I was shy of writing about Mr. Wyford; I was afraid; somehow I did not like repeating his words, or speculating what he meant by this or that phrase. He was good to me, and I was never so happy as when in his company.

One morning Patience brought me a large letter from mamma, and said, as she put it into my hand, 'There, missey, is something that will make you happy all day.' I opened it eagerly, but had not read many lines ere my face flushed and my heart beat from the shock its contents gave me. It was written in the warmth of my mother's love, and in the full conviction that my delight in reading would equal hers in writing, for she had again succeeded in meeting Mr. Summers, and this time face to face, so that he could not choose but see her. Even then, as I gathered, he was unwilling to stop, and after a hasty inquiry for me, would have passed on, but she turned and walked beside him, and told him where I was, and the change in my circumstances. His manner altered as he listened; he plied her with eager questions, asked her to meet him again and tell him more, and looked, she said, 'as if some great piece of good fortune had happened to himself.'

The next day they did meet, and his inquiries as to my uncle's property and probable income were very careful, but he was not more anxious to ask, than she was to answer. And at last he gave her a letter to forward to me, and, to quote her words, 'opened his heart to her.'

'It is not possible,' he said, 'that she should love me as I love her. Prudence has compelled me to keep away, for I could not marry without a little money on her side, or until I was earning a higher salary. Now we need wait no longer, and I may venture to give way to my feelings, and to assure her of my affection.'

He told her he was the youngest of the five sons of Admiral Sir Frederick and Lady Maria Summers, and a clerk in a London bank, with every prospect of advancement.

'My darling,' my mother wrote, 'with such a connection your uncle must be pleased. He cannot refuse his consent to so fitting a marriage. He cannot be so unreasonable as to object merely because he might have liked something else better, and I shall have my child settled near me, and this terrible separation will be ended. I know your heart is Mr. Summers's. Do not be persuaded or frightened into marrying a man you do not love. Better lose Trower Manors and let Mr. Wyford have it than that;' and then believing my return certain, she did as she had never done before, she told me all she had suffered since my departure. It made me weep as I

read it, and feel that I must go back to her whatever might come of it. I cannot describe the shock the whole letter was to me. The recoil was so strong, I could not summon up courage for some minutes to open Mr. Summers's. When I did, my first feeling, after reading it, was some return of my past liking. The love, the praise, the admiration stirred my heart, and for a moment made me think of him with a glow of gratitude and regard. Then I read my mother's letter again, and then his, and I think I became for a little while a woman as I read them, or rather as I read his. It made me very angry, for beneath the sweetness of the words I felt that he meant to make me feel I had no right to refuse him.

'We were bound to each other; your change of circumstances has swept away all obstacles to our mutual happiness,' he wrote, as if he had offered me his heart and I had accepted it. 'Was not my love implied if not declared every day? and did you not smile assent? I will not wrong you by doubting your constancy.' For an instant he did make me feel, but it was with horror, that I had no choice. Then mamma's words came to me, and I seemed almost to hear her say, 'Do not be persuaded or frightened into marrying a man you do not like.' And I said softly to myself, 'I am sure, I am quite sure, I don't love Mr. Summers, and never did. It was all play, and I do not think he would ever have thought of me again if mamma had not told him of Trower Manors.'

I endeavoured to recall all our past meetings, and to recollect whether he had ever said anything that really bound us to each other; but I could remember nothing more than idle compliments and insinuations of affection, to which no reply had been solicited, and we had parted without any declaration on his part. Since, my mother said she had passed him twice and he had taken no notice, or had not seen her, and now when they met face to face he would have hurried away if she had let him.

No; I had nothing but No to say to him, though how to say it I was sorely puzzled. I had no one to help me, and could only resolve to say as plainly as I could what I meant. I knew he had some excuse in my smiles for his security, and that in truth I had forgotten him, and I told him so. Then as I thought of my uncle, I felt so sure that if I had said 'yes' he would not have got Trower Manors, that it struck me it would console him for his disappointment if I added that, and so I wrote: 'I think you will be glad that my answer is what it is, when I tell you that I am sure my uncle would never give his consent, and certainly would not leave me his property if I displeased him. I should indeed have nothing. You told mamma that prudence had kept you silent till now, and so I hope the same prudence will quite reconcile you to my refusal.'

I made so many mistakes that I had to write my letter twice over, and I was so afraid it was not what it ought to be that I resolved to

send it, and his, to my mother, and beg her to read it before she posted it. That finished, I read my mother's letter again, and it almost made me wish I could say 'yes' to Mr. Summers instead of 'no,' I felt so much for the disappointment my answer would be to her, and my longing to go to her was so great. But again my better knowledge of my uncle helped me. 'Don't grieve, dear mother,' I wrote, 'I shall come and see you soon. I am sure if I ask Mr. Wyford he will see how wrong it is that you and I should be quite separated, and he will persuade my uncle to let me return and pay you a long visit. You cannot think how just and true he is, and how kind to me. And then, mammy, if I were to accept this offer my uncle would be so angry he would most likely take away your additional hundred a year, and you would have to turn out of your nice lodgings, and perhaps Mr. Summers would feel it was very hard he should be obliged to marry me without Trower Manors, for I do not think he would have asked me if he had never heard of that. I should go away from this, and though I thought once it would be so horrible to live in the country, I feel now I should be so sorry not to stay here. I am growing very fond of the place and should not like to lose it.' But my sorrow for my mother cost me many tears. Looking back, I can of course see that her love and longing for me led her judgment astray in this matter. She believed in my affection for Mr. Summers, and she too readily believed in his. Then *she* had no reason to consider the wishes of an uncle who had, I must say, so unjustly passed over her better claims in favour of mine, and his own pet scheme, and perhaps she had some desire to thwart it. As for Mr. Summers, I *now* think he was entirely right to drop the acquaintance. He knew he never meant to justify any feeling he might win, and he only acted as an honest and sensible man in keeping himself out of temptation. His offer and the manner of it was the worst wrong.

By the time my two letters were written it was late in the afternoon; and flushed and feverish with all the excitement of writing them, I left the sealing and directing until the next day, and went out to refresh myself in the garden, but my sorrow about my mother and my grief at having to pain her made me walk listlessly and sadly up and down, heedless of birds and flowers and scent and sunshine. But the young are soon consoled and diverted. Seeing Mrs. Garrett come out on the terrace through the china-room window, I went towards her.

'I am looking for you, missey,' she said; 'I have just got such a beautiful brood of young chickens hatched. I thought you would like to come and see them.' And so I followed her into the poultry-yard, and forgot my troubles in admiration of them and of a lovely peacock—for though the latter was far from being in full plumage, and I had to wait for early summer to make acquaintance with the marvellous splendour of his tail, yet the glories of his neck and breast were enough to delight me.

I think my uncle was especially kind and chatty to me that evening, and he brought out a box full of old papers and told me he wanted me to sort them for him. All the letters I was to open and spread out, and put on the back who they were from and what was the date, and bills and receipts I was to tie up together.

'I should like,' he said, 'to clear out the rubbish which has accumulated for several generations, and leave what is worth keeping in something like order. Most of it is only fit to be burnt. Take care of the seals, however, for some of them are curious.'

I liked being made of use, and the next morning, when I had fastened and directed my letter to my mother, sat down contentedly to my work. It was Saturday, and I knew she could not get it until Monday, and I did not know whether Mr. Summers would get the one enclosed for him that evening or the next morning. I wished it could have reached him sooner, but never imagined any mischief would arise from the delay. I had not been working many minutes at the papers when Mr. Wyford came in. He was going to drive to market with my uncle, and waited in the drawing-room till he was ready.

He sat beside me on the sofa and helped me to decipher some very old and faded writing. He brought me some violets, and some more of the Waverley Novels.

'They are very delightful,' I said, 'but they make me feel very ignorant; for though I did read a history of England and Scotland once I do not remember much about them.'

'What would you think of reading them again?' he said. 'I should like to persuade you to spend an hour in graver reading every day.'

'Do you then think me very stupid?' I said, vexed he should.

'Not stupid at all,' he answered; 'but'—with a smile—'ignorant, as every one must be who is not taught.'

'But, indeed,' I answered, 'I was taught. Mamma, it is true, had not time to teach me anything but music, but I did my lessons every day with grandmamma until I was sixteen; since then I have been teaching others.'

'And now,' he said,' I want to persuade you to teach yourself. I hope there is every chance of your succeeding to your uncle's property. You will find yourself some day in a very responsible position. I want you to grow fit for it; to be capable of using the influence you must have for the benefit of those who will be more or less dependent on you. Why almost every cottage in the parish belongs to your uncle, and a most excellent landlord he has been.'

'You frighten me!' I exclaimed. 'I hope my uncle will live for ever, or leave it all to you; not that I want to go back to London. I have grown very fond of Trower Manors, very fond of this room — I think because I have mended so many rents in the curtains—and I do not feel now that it would be dreadful to live in the country. Though

I have not read grave books I think I have learnt many things since I have been here. My mind, indeed, seems sometimes too full—the world is so fresh and so beautiful.'

'And you,' he said, 'have the young, warm heart to feel it. And so you have grown very fond of this home, and think you could be happy even if you had to live in the country always? Is that so indeed?'

He looked at me as he spoke with an earnestness that made me blush and remain silent an instant; and then with an effort say softly—

'Yes, I am sure I could.'

That was all, but he laid his hand on mine, which was resting on one of the old letters, as if he claimed it as his own. I do not suppose he would have said anything more then, but he had not the opportunity, for my uncle came in and took him away. Then he wished me good-bye, and told me he should not see me again until the next Wednesday. He held out his hand, and I felt as if, in the firm, resolute clasp in which he held mine, I had found the strength and the support of my future life.

When he was gone I sat down again to my papers, but left them untouched before me. A gleam of spring sunshine was resting on my head and on the violets I held in my hand. I hung over them to breathe their sweetness, but felt there was in my own heart a perfume sweeter and purer than theirs—a dream of love, a soft, mysterious glow, which stole in light to my eyes and in brighter bloom to my cheek. I was glad I was alone, and glad there was no one to disturb my stillness.

I was still there when my uncle returned, and I could see that something must have occurred to make him happy and pleased with me, as indeed it had. As they drove along Mr. Wyford had asked his consent, or rather had told him that as far as he himself was concerned he was ready and willing to marry me if I would have him.

'And I do assure you, sir, that it is love that compels me to this. In spite of the determination I had formed not to profit by your kindness and partiality to me, she has somehow bewitched me.'

'Thank God for that!' my uncle answered, and reverently lifted his hat from his head. 'You have been as a son to me all your life, and I give her you and my name and my property with all my heart. She is worth having, Wyford, for she is a very sweet and lovely child, and has stolen into even my old heart.'

'It is hackneyed to say she is like a rosebud,' he said, 'but yet she constantly reminds me of one. The look of childhood has not yet gone out of her face, and I hardly know whether she is most captivating when her eyes fill with tears, or when she laughs and shows her pretty little white teeth and the dimple on her chin. But she is

too young to be married. We must let her bide a bit, sir, and enjoy her youth.

'Bide a bit!' exclaimed my uncle; 'not with my consent. What should you wait for?'

'That we may do what is just by her. I want, before binding her to any promise, if I can so far command and control my feelings, that you should introduce her into society; give her the place that, as your niece and heiress, she ought to hold, and let her see other people and have a choice.'

'What!' cried my uncle; 'that she may be carried off by one of those young Huttons, or some spark in a scarlet coat?'

'I am not afraid to compete with them,' Mr. Wyford said; 'and I think I should rather like a rival. I should like to know that I was preferred to others. You must not hurry her, sir. I would rather leave her in her sweet girlhood for another year or so.'

'I am an old man, Wyford,' my uncle answered with emotion; 'and though you and she may afford to wait, I cannot. Let me have the happiness of giving her to you and of knowing that the old name and the old place will be kept together when I am gone.'

'I will do my best, sir,' he replied, 'to secure you that happiness, since you will not let me be self-denying and unselfish, though I really think it a shame to ask her when she has had no opportunity of seeing any one else.'

No wonder my uncle returned home cheered and brightened up. He had never been so good to me as he was that evening. He thanked me for the work I had been doing for him, and praised my neat legible writing, and said he hoped now I was such a busy little woman I was a happier one than I had been.

'Oh yes,' I said eagerly; 'I am quite happy now.'

'And don't look on me, missey, as your worst enemy, or want to run away from Trower Manors!'

'No, indeed, sir,' I answered blushing; and after a moment's hesitation I added softly, 'I should like to live here always.'

He took me in his arms and kissed me, and said—'God bless you, my dear; I hope you always may.' And the increased kindness and cordiality of his manner made me very happy through all the next Sunday and Monday, though we saw nothing of Mr. Wyford. In the gladness of my heart I went singing about the house and sang as I sat at my work. I remember coming down stairs and stopping in the midst of 'John Anderson, my Jo,' because he was standing in the hall, and his saying with a smile—

'Don't stop, I like to hear you singing about the house like a blythe little bird. There has been no such sounds of youth and joy in these old walls since Wyford and your poor cousin were boys.'

I began singing again, but not 'John Anderson,' because I recollected that Mr. Wyford's name was John.

It was on the next Tuesday that I walked to the Rectory to call on the Misses Mills, who were returned, and with whom I was invited to spend the afternoon. I went to luncheon, and very much enjoyed being with them, for they were lively and unaffected, kind to me, and very willing to be acquainted.

The Rectory was away from the village across some meadows, and as I was returning home, just as I got into the road, I happened to look behind me, and saw a gentleman rapidly walking away towards Easthampton. At first I thought it was Mr. Wyford, but no, it was a shorter, slimmer, smarter man, more like a Londoner; and the next instant I was sure that I was gazing on the retreating figure of Mr. Summers. My heart for a second stood as still as my feet whilst I pursued him with my eyes from very terror until he turned round, and I felt was looking at me. He stopped, there was a pause, and then he moved rapidly towards me. But as soon as I perceived that his intention was to return, I fled as if I had wings to my feet, but when I found I was not pursued, I ventured to pause, and draw a deep breath of thankfulness that I had escaped seeing him. That he had been to Trower Manors I did not doubt. What if he had seen my uncle? and I turned faint with fear as the almost certainty of such a meeting flashed across my mind. I shook from head to feet as I hurried on, vainly trying to comfort myself with the remembrance of my letter. I had refused him! what right had he to come there! Could it be that my mother had sent him? and that suggestion was the saddest of all.

CHAPTER VI.

Fear made me slacken my speed as I neared the house. If I could but get in safety to my own room, I thought, I should be able to recover myself ere I saw my uncle.

So I trod with stealthy footsteps over the gravel up to the front door, and opening it with as little noise as possible, found him, alas! waiting and watching to receive me. He was standing on the hearth, all the veins in his forehead swollen as if ready to burst, and his eyes literally like flames of fire, red with rage, the hair of his eyebrows and that on his head seemed bristling up with fury. One often sees a child's face convulsed with passion, but to see a man's, and an old man's, so transformed, is more fearful and shocking than words can paint. When he saw me, he gnashed upon me with his teeth, and stretched out his clenched hand, shaking it with rage, as if he would have struck me had I been near enough. I recoiled with horror.

'So,' he burst out, 'you think to steal back into the house, like the hypocrite you are, to cheat us a little longer with your false face and lying smiles! I ought to have known that your grandfather's granddaughter could be nothing else but a liar! But you cannot

impose upon us any longer. Your impudent lover has been here, and the sooner you go after him the better!'

'He is not my lover!' I exclaimed, with all the force that terror and indignation could give, moving a little nearer him with clasped and supplicating hands.

But he waved me back in undiminished fury.

'You lie, girl!' he shouted, 'you lie! I tell you he has been here—sent here by that meddling fool of a mother of yours. He had the impudence to tell me he would not object to take my name if I wished it, in consideration of the property! Don't answer,' as I made an effort to speak, 'it will only be another lie, whatever you say!'

'He is not my lover!' I sobbed out again; but it only seemed to add fuel to his fire.

'He swore he had been engaged to you for months,' he retorted. 'Get out of my sight, you cheat! I shall go mad if you stand there much longer, as I think what a fool you have made of me. Away with you, and never let me see your false face again!'

I turned and fled up the stairs, pursued by the horrible curses he kept heaping on my mother and me.

I had hardly reached my room when Mrs. Garrett and Patience came to me, full of concern, and had some difficulty in keeping me out of hysterics. I sat crying, and wringing my hands, and saying, 'What shall I do, what shall I do, to make him believe me?' Good, motherly Mrs. Garret put her arms round me, and laid my head on her shoulder, and comforted me as best she could.

'Oh, why did you let him into the house!' I said, looking reproachfully at Patience.

'Nay, missey,' she answered, half angrily, 'I could not help it.' And Mrs. Garrett gave me a little hug, and said, 'There, poor dear, have your cry out, and I will tell you all we know about it. It was not quite three o'clock when we saw him get out of a fly, which he dismissed, and walk up to the door. He asked first for you, and then for master, and Patience showed him into the dining-room, and says she, "He is such a nice-looking young gentleman—some lover of missey's, I'll be bound. And won't there be a storm!" And so, my dear, as I know well what master's rages are when they do come, which is not often, and how he can scarcely keep his hands off people, I thought it best to go into the hall, that if he grew very furious, I might go in and see that he did not strike the poor young man; and Patience, she would come too. At first we could not hear anything they said, but their voices grew loud as their tempers rose, and we heard your mother's name more than once, and how your uncle cursed her. We heard Mr. Summers say that she had sent him, and that you and he had been engaged long before you ever came here; and then your uncle broke into such a rage we could hear nothing but

shouts, and then there was a noise as if a chair had been knocked down, and I was just going in, when Mr. Summers rushed out of the dining-room and across the hall, and out of the house like a scalded cat, his face all on fire. It is a bad business, missey, I am afraid; and if you have deceived your uncle, I fear he will never forgive you.'

'But I have not, Mrs. Garrett,' I sobbed, 'or, at least, not much. Oh! if mamma had only known, she would never have sent him.'

'But the truth must have come out some day,' she replied; 'and the blow would have been only harder on your uncle. We all know how cut up he will be—and he seemed growing so fond of you! Why, it was only yesterday he asked me if you wanted anything in your room to make you more comfortable. To be sure, I ought not to persuade you to give up your lover, if so be you have promised him.'

'But I have not promised him, Mrs. Garrett!' I cried. 'And I don't want to marry him! And he is not my lover—not now.'

But Mrs. Garrett shook her head.

'Better confess the truth, my dear,' she said. 'What is the use of denying your mother's words?'

'It is true!' I repeated, with passionate energy. 'I hate Mr. Summers, and hope I shall never see him again!'

She looked at me as if still doubting, and I answered her look by adding—

'You *must* believe me! I don't want to marry him, and won't do so—not if my uncle turns me out of the house!'

'Then, my dear,' she said, smiling, and giving me a well-satisfied little hug, 'depend upon it things will come right. If you will say as much to him, he will forgive you fast enough. You go down to the dining-room, and just say those very words to him.'

And perchance if I could have taken her advice and gone to him, I might have prevailed; but I was afraid. I was so terrified by his violence I could not force myself into his presence. Instead, I wrote a few words, declaring that I was not engaged to Mr. Summers, and had not been false and deceitful. I folded it up, and Patience took it to him. He read it, and tore it to pieces, and bade her begone. Then a few minutes afterwards rang for her, and gave her a letter to bring to me. When I opened it, I found he had sent me my mother's letter, and, with a shaking hand, had written on the outside, 'Keep out of my sight. Your lies are useless; and don't let me hear or see anything of you again!'

Alas! if poor mamma had wanted to enrage him, and get me sent away, she could only have written as she did.

I sat on a low stool, crouching close to the fire, and crying over kitty as I hugged her in my arms. As a last resource, without saying anything to me, Mrs. Garrett sent for Mr. Wyford, but he was dining out, and she could only leave a message, saying he was

very much wanted, and begging him to come the next day. If my uncle would neither see nor believe me, what could I do? And when I thought of his face as I had last seen it, I felt as if I should never be able to look at him again. His dreadful curses kept ringing in my ears. Oh, if I were but back safe again in London! Grandmamma would know how to put things straight, if any putting straight were possible. And yet, what had I done? I had been foolish, and had got into an entanglement, which my youth and my mother's encouragement rendered almost innocent, and about which I had deceived him.

He bade me keep out of his sight, and so I would. I would go home. Perhaps when Mr. Wyford knew the truth, he would forgive me. He must know that it was all his fault that I no longer cared for Mr. Summers. How my mother could have sent this letter to Trower Manors after what I had written, or how Mr. Summers could have come, I could not imagine; but I felt the quickest way of learning was to go home.

My first wild thought was to quit the house immediately, walk to Easthampton, and go up to London by the mail; but when I opened the window and looked out, the darkness of the night made me afraid. My next idea was to start early next morning. I knew there was a coach that left at half-past eight, and I thought I could catch that without any difficulty.

Patience brought me some supper, which I greatly needed; but the evening seemed endless. When my uncle came up stairs to bed, he came to the door of my room, and ordered me to keep within it until he had made up his mind what to do with me. The sound of his voice made me tremble from head to foot, and I noticed that he turned the key of the door as he left it; but he did not remember that my room had another which opened on the back stairs. When the servants had all gone to bed, and everything was quiet, I stole down to the drawing-room, and collected my music, and closed the piano with a great burst of tears, as I thought how likely it was I might never touch it again. The books Mr. Wyford had lent me were on the table, and the violets he had given me in a cup beside them. Some large tears fell on *Woodstock*, and made a mark on its crimson cover, which still remains; the flowers I carried up stairs with me, and placed them one by one between the leaves of my Bible, where they stayed until they turned into dust.

With the fear ever present with me that I should never come back, I packed all my belongings into my boxes ready to be sent after me, not intending to take anything with me but kitty and my Bible. From a child I had been told of the violence of my uncle's temper, and the tenacity of his resentment. I was too frightened to stay in the house, and too hopeless of his pardon; and it never entered into my head that he or any one else would suppose I had gone off *with* Mr. Summers, or, at least, to join him. I longed to be at home to

explain everything to mamma, and to understand why she had written; and I hoped that she or my grandmother would do for me what I could not do myself—write to Mr. Wyford: that he would hear all from my uncle was certain. Perhaps, I thought, that though to the latter my deceit was unpardonable, *he* might be more merciful.

When I had made my arrangements, I laid down on the bed and slept for some hours, but woke up ere daylight from the distress of the dreams which seemed to have filled my sleep.

I rose some time after five, made myself tidy, and put kitty into her basket and tied it tightly down. I put on my bonnet and warm shawl, and taking my umbrella and boots in my hand, stole with noiseless steps down the back stairs. The house was still profoundly quiet, and the scroop of the door I had to open to pass into the hall made me shudder and hasten into the china-closet where I knew no one was likely to come for hours. I could not but think of grandmamma as I sat on a chair to recover my breath. She also had escaped from that very door, and alas! had never crossed its threshold since! Should I, like her, never return? Surely if I could satisfy Mr. Wyford, he would procure my pardon. As I put on my boots I heard the clock in the stable yard strike six, and a stir in the house which warned me not to linger. So I took up my basket, unlocked the door, and stept out; and the moment I was on the terrace, saw the gardener walking across the lawn towards the kitchen gardens. The light was still dim, yet if he had turned his head he must have seen me; but he was walking looking away into the shrubbery, and soon passed behind a clump of tall evergreens; and as soon as he was out of sight I flew along the terrace and round to the front, and passed the bridge without any one seeing me, the curtains being still drawn over the windows of my uncle's room. It was March, but the wind, though very high, was soft, and was laden with rain; everything was dripping with wet, and great drops fell in showers from the trees beneath which I was walking, and I put up my umbrella and wrapt my shawl about kitty. To avoid the village I turned into a footpath that led across the meadows to the Easthampton road, half a mile beyond the last house. The wind blew right in my face and almost took away my breath. I however comforted myself by thinking that I should find the road sheltered when I got to it, and perhaps when the sun was a little higher the clouds would drift away; that glorious crimson light in the east must surely break into sunshine. But by the time I reached the lane I was weary, and breathless enough to be thankful to sit down and rest on the step of a stile which was sheltered, and tolerably dry. I knew I had plenty of time, but a fear came over me that I had not the strength. Should I return? Almost I longed to do so, but my uncle's face and his dreadful curses came back to me, and I could not face them. No, I must go on if I died for it. Perhaps if I were picked up dead on the road

he would be sorry he had been so cruel and violent. So I sat and rested until the fear of pursuit made me start up and hurry forward, for there was a sound of wheels behind me, and might it not be some one sent to bring me back? I walked on in spite of my beating heart; but as the sound grew nearer I felt the grinding was too heavy and too slow for anything but a waggon, and presently a large carrier's cart lumbered past me, and the lad who was driving it turned round and looked at me with a broad insolent stare, and checked his horse as he called out, 'Have a lift, miss, I wont charge you nothing for it.' The grin with which he spoke made me tremble, but I found courage to decline in a quiet voice that did not show any fear, and happily he did not repeat his invitation, but with a loud laugh whipt his horse into a ponderous trot, which enabled me to drop behind and out of sight. Sheltered from the driving rain and wind by the hedges, I walked steadily on, but already kitty and my small basket seemed to hang heavily on my arm, and I knew well I had not yet gone half way. At last I turned out of the lane and took the road across the down, and as I began the ascent I said to myself, 'Only two miles now. I shall soon see the town in the distance, and that will cheer me up.'

But no sooner did I face the hill than the wind seemed to rush down it in a perfect tempest, driving the rain pitilessly against me, and almost tearing my umbrella out of my hand. Once it actually swept me off my feet against the railings which divided the road from the downs, and I had to cling to them for support until there came a lull. Then again I went on, with labouring breath, and feet that were growing sadly weary, down that hill, and along the level stretch where I was a little sheltered, and so began the last steep ascent which rose between me and the sight of Easthampton. Alas! should I ever reach it? As I toiled upwards with feeble knees, and half crying from fatigue, the blasts seemed to come closer and closer together, and I to have less power of resisting them. I tottered as I walked, and surely kitty had changed herself into a lump of lead. Yet I gained the top, though so spent that I felt as if I must sink on the earth and lie there helpless; but I could see the public-house and its open cart-shed a little way off, and thought if I could only reach the latter I could rest there and be sheltered. It was not many yards, and though the road seemed running all zigzag, and I could hardly see my way, I stumbled on until I reached it. A piece of timber was lying inside, but instead of sitting down as I intended, I sank down on it, and fainted away.

Kitty's piteous and miserable mewing brought me to myself, and made me cry; but I checked my sobs, and recollecting that I had a scent-bottle with me containing a little lavender water, I took it out and swallowed its contents. It was a somewhat rough remedy, but it was efficacious. The spirit revived and strengthened me. In a minute

or two I could stand, and felt equal to going on, and resolved that I would venture into the public-house and see if I could not get a piece of bread and a cup of tea.

The rain had ceased, and the sun was shining through a break in the clouds. I shook the drops from my umbrella, and took up kitty and prepared to move, but at that moment I heard a sound of approaching wheels. Some one was driving fast up the hill. In another instant or two I recognised my uncle's horse and carriage, and saw to my great joy that only Mr. Wyford was in it. I might have shrank back into the shed, and he would have passed me, but instead I stepped into the sunshine and turned to meet him, and the moment he saw me he stopped and jumped out.

'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'I am so thankful to see you.'

'Thankful!' he retorted. 'Good heavens, how came you here?'

'I was tired,' I said, 'and sat down to rest; but you will drive me into Easthampton, won't you?'

'Certainly,' he answered, in a cold and bitter voice, looking at me as if he scorned and hated me, 'if Mr. Summers will allow me. But what has become of him? Did *he* leave you here alone? or is he waiting for you in the town? and am I to have the honour of driving you there to meet him?'

For a moment I stood silent, meeting all the anger and reproach in his eyes, until my own swam in tears; then in a passion of indignation I moved yet nearer him, and lifting my clasped hands to his breast, I pushed him away from me with all my might.

'You!' I said. 'You to insult me by such questions. You are more cruel, more unjust, than my uncle. I was going home because he cursed me, and swore at me, and would not believe me, and because I hoped grandmamma might set things straight; but she cannot now. You are worse than he is—you who know that I do not care for Mr. Summers. You are very, very cruel to me. Let me go.'

For he had clasped one of his hands over mine, and kept them prisoners on his breast, and as I spoke he stood looking into my eyes as if he were gazing into every depth of my poor childish heart. There was a moment's silence, and then a glow of happiness spread over his own face, and in an accent of such deep tenderness as only pity and love can produce—

'My darling, you will forgive me, for how could I bear to lose you. If I am reading those sweet eyes aright, you will trust me still.'

'I am very young and foolish,' I said, 'but I am not deceitful. I don't care for Mr. Summers, and indeed I do trust you.'

'Then I need not drive you to Easthampton,' he said smiling. 'You will let me take you back to Trower Manors instead.'

'I would rather go home,' I answered. 'I am afraid to see my uncle again. He would not believe or listen to me; but perhaps grandmamma could set things right.'

But he interrupted me with a laugh. 'If I am not presuming, believe me, no grandmother is necessary. You and I *have* set things straight, I flatter myself, between us, without her help. Dismiss your fears; with your leave I have that to say to Mr. Trower that will give him greater happiness than anything else in the world can do, and if he cursed you yesterday, he will bless you to-day.'

'I should like to tell you about Mr. Summers first,' I said.

'Not now,' he answered. 'I don't care a straw about him. You are wet and tired, and the sooner you are at home again the better. You can tell me anything you like as we drive back.' And he handed me into the carriage and picked up the basket with kitty, and set it at my feet, and smiled as he said, in a tone of amusement, 'So you were running away, with pussy, were you, as your sole companion?'

We were not long in returning, but I had time enough to tell him all about Mr. Summers.

'I did like him a little once,' I said, as I finished my story; 'but it was a long time ago, before I came here and learnt better; and when mamma sent me his letter last week it only made me sorry and angry. I have a copy of what I wrote in answer, and perhaps if you show that to my uncle he may be convinced I have not been so false and deceitful as he thinks.'

'Have no fears as to him,' he replied. 'I only hope I may find it as easy to make things straight with Mrs. Howard. I am afraid I have disappointed her of the son-in-law on whom she had set her heart.'

'Have no fears as to her,' I answered, smiling as I repeated his words. 'But why did you come after me? How did you know?'

'Because the message left for me last night,' he said, 'made me so uneasy, and was so mysterious, that I came up the first thing this morning to inquire what was the matter. Patience went to your room to ask if you could come down, and found it empty. Of course we could not tell when you had started. But my object was to catch the early coach and follow you up to London, if on inquiry I found you had gone there. I had no expectation of being so fortunate as to overtake you.'

'It seems days since I left the house,' I said, as we approached it. 'Will my uncle be up?'

'No,' he answered, looking at his watch. 'It is not yet nine; and I will drive round into the yard, and you can then go to your room without meeting him; and I will see him first, that will be best.'

We arrived in a storm of rain, but in spite of it Mrs. Garrett came out with her apron over her head to welcome me back. 'Oh, my dear missey,' she exclaimed, hugging me in her arms, 'how ever could you do such a thing, and in such weather too?'

I was dreadfully ashamed of myself. But Mr. Wyford put his hand on her shoulder and said, 'Take her indoors, Mrs. Garrett, and take

care of her, or *I* shall be asking the reason why, and take her away altogether.'

She quite understood him, for she gave me another hearty hug, and declared she was as glad as if anybody had left her a fortune. Indeed she and Patience seemed not to know how to pet me and rejoice over me enough.

'Ah missey,' Patience said as she helped me off with my wet things, 'what would the place seem like without you now?' They lighted my fire and brought me the breakfast I so greatly needed, and then Mrs. Garrett insisted on my lying down on the bed promising to stay there until I was sent for, and they had not left me many minutes before I had fallen fast asleep.

A summons to my uncle woke me, and Patience who brought it assured me his words were 'his love, and would I come down stairs.' Still I trembled, and was very thankful to find Mr. Wyford waiting for me in the hall. With tender haste he led me into the dining-room, and though I could not look up, I saw my uncle's held-out hand, and put my own in it. 'Come, my dear,' he said cheerily, 'you must forgive the old savage, and give him a kiss,' and he kissed me heartily and added, 'God bless you. We will have such a merry wedding some day. I give her to you, Wyford, and all I have, with all my heart.'

'Please,' I said, moving closer to my uncle and putting back Mr. Wyford's hand, 'I want you to read my letter to Mr. Summers,' and I took it from my pocket. 'How could I imagine that after such an answer he would come here?'

'He did not get much by his journey,' my uncle remarked with a grim smile. And when he had finished reading my letter he gave it back to me with a laugh saying, 'Upon my word, my dear, I think you gave as sharp a dig in the ribs as I did.'

'I did not mean to give him any dig at all,' I answered.

'No,' he exclaimed, 'not when you tell him you are sure your having no money would console him for your loss. I am glad you had the sense to say it, but how after getting that letter the fellow could have had the impudence to come down here, and talk of a mutual good understanding, I cannot imagine. My dear, he swore to me if he only held up his little finger you would come to him.'

'I did like him once,' I replied, blushing deeply, 'but it was a long time ago, before I came here and had seen any once else.'

'So you are nothing better than a fickle lassie after all,' he said with a chuckle. 'You were wishing for a rival, Wyford, the other day. You have had one, you see, and I hope you like it.'

'Very much indeed, sir,' he answered, smiling at me. 'It gives me the pleasant assurance that I am preferred to somebody.'

'Not somebody,' I said, 'but everybody; for you have been kind to me from the first moment you saw me.'

'And because I knew the wishes and designs of that old match-

maker,' he replied, 'I fully intended to be just the reverse. But you must not talk to me of kindness, for I want something better from you than gratitude.

And I am sure he had it. I was only an undeveloped child, half afraid of the stalwart knight who was the captive of my April charms, and of his own tender and chivalrous heart, but my pride in him, my desire to do him honour, and to rise to his level, made me take pains to improve, and to do and to be everything that he desired. I suppose it was because I had read Sir Charles Grandison that I often called him, sir, and it was not until I had practised saying it softly to myself and whispering it into kitty's ears that I ventured to call him 'John.' As for calling him Johnnie or by any other nickname, I never did. Happily it was not the fashion of my day, and I do not think I could have done it, if it had been.

The next morning a letter from my mother explained Mr. Summers's conduct. He had grown impatient of waiting, and on Sunday told her he should go to Trower Manors unless he heard from me. Accordingly, no answer arriving, he came to Easthampton that evening, and to us the next afternoon. I am afraid my uncle must have treated him very badly, for he once or twice spoke as if his conscience were uneasy about him, and as if he would have liked to have made him amends. He made amends to me, by being kinder than ever, more cheerful, and more affectionate. He sent me home for a fortnight with a liberal sum of money in my pocket, and Mr. Wyford went with me to make acquaintance with mamma and my grandmother. He took to the latter directly, and she to him—indeed I think her joy in my engagement was almost equal to my uncle's, and the sympathy between them produced a fuller and more perfect reconciliation than had ever been before.

With my mother it was different. She did not think John handsome, and said he was too old for me; and though she was always kind and gentle, I felt her manner lacked the sweet cordiality she had shown Mr. Summers. And in spite of her music and her beauty *he* did not like *her*. The coldness between them was the one cloud in that delightful fortnight, but it often pained me much. It seemed as if she and I were slipping apart. She was so much with the Murrells that 'Louisa and Edith' had, I thought, almost superseded me. She scarcely cared to talk of Trower Manors, and said she should be very sorry to think that she should ever live there. Though I was jealous of them, I liked her pupils, and made great friends with them, and their father was very kind, and often lent us his carriage. John took us to exhibitions, and concerts, and the opera, and theatre, and to many sights which I had never seen. But I was quite ready to go home at the end of the fortnight. The sight of Easthampton was very pleasant to me, and I said to John as we arrived, 'I am so pleased to return that I shall not care now how shabby the carriage is which conveys me back to my fairy land.'

'Perhaps you will find it has been transformed during your absence,' he replied, 'into a vehicle fit for a fairy princess.'

And sure enough a few minutes afterwards I saw it standing in the street in all the glory of fresh paint and new lining. The young leaves were still coming out, the grass was springing, the sun shining, and as we drove across the down, the sweet pure and somewhat sharp May air seemed to me as exhilarating as champagne. And then the welcome that awaited me, the pleasant smiles with which as we passed through the village, hats were touched and curtseys dropt! My uncle's pleasure in seeing me, his hearty kiss and confession that he had missed me and 'was glad to have his sunbeam' again, the delight of Mrs. Garrett and Patience, and even kitty's purrs and rubs and licks, formed such a contrast to my first arrival, and so filled me with joy, that I had to hide my tears by drying them on pussy's coat.

Surely no one ever had so happy a girlhood as I had. Think what it must have been to walk with John in the woods, and see for the first time their wealth of flowers, and the glory of their transparent golden leaves; to hear the nightingales answering each other far and near, and to drink in their music with a heart all trembling and glowing with its own sweet youthful love!

I am an old woman now, but I think that when I wake up in the next world I shall remember still the deep overpowering happiness of that spring.

I was a great deal at the Rectory, and as the Millses were well off and very sociable, I met many of the neighbours there and made many friends and acquaintances.

In June grandmamma and my mother came to pay us a visit. I asked my uncle to let me give up my place at the top of the table to the former, and he agreed, and was pleased, and I saw her dear old face flush with pleasure as he led her up the room and put her into it. After the first pain of meeting and seeing how changed they both were, they had great happiness in being together. Grandmamma grew quite alert, and walked about the house and garden as if the being 'at home again' had renewed her youth. It was delightful to hear them talking over old days, and reminding each other of the stories and incidents that happened 'when they were young,' the frolics and adventures they had shared together. John and I were scarcely more devoted to each other than they were. It was poor mamma who was rather left out in the cold. She was afraid of my uncle, and that gave her manner to him a constraint and timidity he particularly disliked, and her music was better than he could appreciate. She had no taste for the beauties of nature, and she did not care for the antiquity of the house or for family records, and though she was as loving to me as ever, I felt she was longing to return to London. 'It is a pity,' she said to me one day, 'to take grandmamma away, if your uncle would like her to stay. I have been

thinking that perhaps I might return to town alone and leave her here a little longer. *I* must go back to my work and the Murrells.' And a day was actually fixed for her return, John promising to escort grandmamma back later in the summer, when one evening grandmamma complained of cold; she had stayed longer in the garden than usual gathering the blush roses of which her mother was so fond, and collecting those that were overblown for pot-pourri, and had caught a little chill, which brought on bronchitis, and in a very few days she sank under it, 'thankful' as she said, 'to die at Trower Manors, and so be laid amongst her own people.' It was a great blow to us all, and what was to become of mamma was a question which made me very unhappy, for I plainly saw that my uncle did not wish her to live with him, and that they would not be happy together. He was, however, kind, and invited her to stay on as long as she chose; but to my surprise, and I am sure to his relief, she declined, and announced her intention of returning immediately to London. 'It will be so desolate for you, mamma,' I pleaded. 'No, my darling,' she answered, 'it is here I am desolate. I rejoice to see how happy you are, and how entirely satisfied with your lot; but I should be always *de trop*. I have friends in London whom I value, and pupils whom I have learnt to love. The girls are urgent with me to return, and I had better go. It will be more cheerful for me there than here.'

And in spite of all I could say, go she did, and the next day wrote to confess what, she said, she had not the courage to announce whilst with us, namely, that she was engaged to be married to Mr. Murrell. He was a pleasant man with a good practice, and when I had recovered from my surprise, I was very happy about it, and so was every one else; and as he wanted his wife as soon as he could get her, they were married in August, my uncle making her a handsome present in money so that she did not go quite empty handed.

John and I were married in October, and after a month abroad settled at Trower Manors, and my uncle lived to hold his great-great-nephew in his arms, and to rejoice in the prospect that the name and the old place would still go on together. I think the joy killed him, for he died quite suddenly immediately after the christening.

He had nursed the estate to such good purpose that he left us rich, and with plenty of money for all the fresh plenishing that in many respects it greatly wanted. But nothing was thrown away that could by any possibility be repaired. The weather stains were left on the bricks, the ivy on the walls. Inside and out it was our desire to preserve uninjured that venerable look which the lapse of centuries had given the place, which art cannot imitate, and which money cannot purchase.

'A LITTLE LESS THAN KIN, AND MORE THAN KIND.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LUCY AND CHRISTIAN WAINWRIGHT,' 'THE WYNNES,' ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hastie
Wi' bick'ring brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle.

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal!"
—BURNS. (On turning up the nest of a field-mouse with his plough.)

THE next day was wet once more. Fred went in, on his light little tricycle, to the grammar school; and Armigel, on his high, dangerous-looking bicycle into Bedford; partly to give the little lad companionship one way, and, partly, not to run the risk of wearying the Manor Farm household of his company.

'What is it, Lica?' he asked, as, just as they were mounting, Angelica appeared at the front door with a piece of paper in her hand; 'it looks suspiciously like a long list of commissions.'

'But all at one shop. Don't start! or you'll be off!—Bailey and Broughton's. Fred will call for the goods after school. Won't you?' added Angelica, looking towards her brother for a moment; 'but he won't have time to go round and leave the note now.'

'Yes, I'll take it. Thanks! *Au revoir!*' and he lifted his cap and was off.

'Fancy sending Armigel to a fancy drapery shop,' said 'Annie the pert,' as Armigel had already twice called her that morning, nor had she taken umbrage at the title. 'What *do* you want, Lica?'

'A great many linings and little etceteras for making up Una's Roman silk,' said Angelica calmly.

'Oh, Lica, I told you not to make a trouble of it. The bits you had would have quite contented me.'

'But not me. I want it all to be perfection.'

'That's right, Angel, if it be but the making of a pudding that's in question,' said Mr. Addison, putting his hand on the girl's shoulder as he passed through the group to go out to his farmyard.

'It's nothing half so good as that, father,' cried Annie after him, 'only a black silk dress.'

'And perhaps a woman is known by her dress, as much as a child by its ways,' Mr. Addison turned back to answer ere he disappeared into the stable-yard. 'Make your own ways perfect, child, before you further pursue your recent unbecoming practice of attempting to improve those of your betters.' And he was gone.

'It depends upon who *are* one's betters; not *all* one's seniors, even of one's own family—*always*,' said Annie, coolly; but she was mortified; and Una felt that, if she had tempted her fate, it was hard to be thus visited with one's deserts in public.

'You had better secure half your hour's practice now,' said her mother, closing the outer door against the outer damp, as, punctually at half-past eight, she passed through the hall to the kitchen, 'then you will be able to get out earlier in the afternoon, if it has cleared by then.'

Annie shrugged her shoulders disapprovingly, but prepared to obey this advice, though muttering when her mother also had passed out of hearing—

'I hate this so-called "home education." No emulation, no companionship—no *real* improvement possible.'

'Pardon me; in *some* respects—good manners and common gratitude, only *too* possible,' said Gladys, always accustomed both to have a mind and to speak it.

Annie surveyed the good-natured companion of Saturday's long tramp with a moment's astonishment.

'*Et tu Brute?*' she said, slowly; then, with her own good-natured laugh, 'Never mind! If I am, now, only a child whom all of you chide and tease at pleasure, I shall have a sweet revenge a few years hence, when you will all be ugly old women, and I still young!' and, as Una affecting great wrath, pursued her, hand uplifted, the girl ran within the sheltering drawing-room, locked the door behind her, and began her scales without further delay or to-do.

'I am very glad that Annie is not at school; it would be the ruin of her,' said Gladys shortly.

'Would it?' asked Angelica, rather dreamily.

'Yes, she is so conceited and pert already, and *is* clever.'

'Still I think with Annie, that home education *is* a mistake.'

'A mistake that *you* should be victimised as teacher—yes.'

'Oh, I like teaching, and liked teaching Annie as long as Fred was her fellow-pupil, and until she had that year at school, where I fear she got an exaggerated idea of her own social and intellectual importance as well as of her talents. However——'

Angelica did not finish her sentence, but ran up stairs to do a little more 'cutting out.'

That was a famous day for needlework, when once the lessons and other

more imperative duties of life were done. It poured on and on steadily. Armigel came in at a quarter to one, the wet dripping from cap and hair, but bearer of Angelica's parcels; the thick extra brown paper covering, for which he had begged, not wetted through, though even the inner one damp and limp.

'Oh, that was kind of you. With no place for parcels as Fred has,' said Angelica, with a bright gleam of real gratitude in her eyes, which somehow affected the young fellow more than many more words would have done.

In the afternoon even Gladys only put on her ulster suit, to run three or four times round the drive, inviting and encouraging Annie to come with her, with whom she thus made peace. Armigel begged Mrs. Addison for a fire in the dining-room, and there the ladies sat and worked some good three hours, he reading to them the first and last hour of this time; and very steadily, and with no interludes of more or less dull or brilliant battle of alliteration or quotation in the midst, practical Mrs. Addison being one of his hearers. The middle hour he spent with old 'Madam Addison,' as he loved to call her, this almost obsolete title of honour seeming to him exactly to express the tender love and honour with which all men approached her; she had sent down Sally—till then her after-dinner companion—with a message that she should like Armigel to come up and 'call upon her, and tell her all his Welsh news, if not particularly engaged.'

'I leave my character behind me, fair ladies, in your hands,' he said, as he rose at once to obey the summons.

'We won't tear it quite to tatters,' said Una; 'you shall find a few remnants still recognisable, to be picked to pieces another day, on your return to us.'

'This *has* been a happy day,' he said gratefully to Mrs. Addison, at night.

'Has it, my boy? It must have been so because happiness had its seat and centre in your own breast; outer circumstances have been dismal enough.'

'You joining the quoters, aunt?' and he laughed. 'No, only just because it has been what it has.'

Two days later he was gone to pay a promised visit to Warwick, where his mother's one surviving brother, Doctor Wren, was the present and successful representative of a longstanding hereditary practice. This Uncle Christopher was also the sole remaining trustee of his parents' marriage settlement. And Armigel, finding how decidedly he wished his nephew's little 'coming of age' to be celebrated amongst his real kith and kin, wrote to Gladys and the Addisons, saying that, however reluctantly, he felt he must forego his own cherished wishes in the matter, and ask them to let his sister join him in Warwickshire, if she really desired to spend this birthday with him at all costs. Thus Gladys followed him westward, and that fourteenth

Sunday after Trinity proved, this year, their solitary one, in the old home of their youth.

'Well, it *was* perfect,' thought Gladys through gathering tears; as Mr. Addison drove her, in fellow-silence, into Bedford.

She was the bearer of many little presents from all the oldest servants as well as the so-called grandmother, uncle, aunt, and cousins of the Manor Farm. This attainment of Armigel's majority, elsewhere was, perhaps, for the first time making the brother and sister fully realise that no real relationship subsisted between the Welsh Mostyns and the Midland Addisons.

'I am glad,' said the direct Gladys, 'that Angelica is not a son, as I know she has often wished of late she had been. That there is no boy but Fred. No one can now mistake our love for that stupid passion of so-called deeper feeling.'

'And Lica sent me this?' he asked, taking up a fairly executed water-colour sketch of the older part of the house; 'how good of her to make time for it, so much as she always has in hand.'

'Yes, that is hers, just from the door of the great barn; the view from the cedar-tree towards Bedford is Sally's. You see she has written "In memoriam, Sunday afternoon, September 14, 1879," at the back.'

'But Sally was not with us that Sunday afternoon.'

'No, gone to church, like the wise, dutiful, as well as sweet and saucy soul she is; but she found me trying in vain to take the view, and Una ditto, without much better success. Una is cleverer with the needle than the pencil.'

'No need for her to be clever.'

'No, she has plenty of charms without need of any special talents to enhance them. I hope you like that old copy of *Gwillim?* I think it cost Uncle Addison something to part with it, but I know he wanted to send you some remembrance of Rosemary End of real value, and it is a perfect copy, even to the uninjured title-page.'

'And I can leave it back to Fred—*must* make a will now, I suppose.'

This was before breakfast. After it, uncle and nephew had a conference in the doctor's study. From it Armigel emerged with a bright look on his face, which told Gladys that nothing had gone ill with him. Indeed he, happy youth, had no debts to confess, nor any special follies, nothing to mar the great secret satisfaction with which he found his little fortune several hundreds more than he had expected; and his special portion of some mine shares, worse than valueless at his father's death, now risen 'above par.'

'Do you know what that means?' he asked Gladys, putting his hand under her chin, and kissing her forehead, with, she thought, strange exultation about a little extra money now that their stepmother's long hard widowed fight with poverty was over.

'No; something good, I suppose. Don't be rash, Armie—don't speculate.'

She was two years the elder, and had often heard the entire cessation of dividends from that very mining investment, and consequent impracticability of sale, spoken of as the last straw in their father's material ruin.

'No, I am going to be most prudent. I hate speculations, and I may some day want hard cash, and at hand. "Above par" means that I can sell out just now most advantageously. Uncle Christopher advises me to wait; thinks they'll go up higher still. But—but—I daren't risk it; suppose they *fall!*'

He spoke so solemnly that Gladys laughed, and said, 'You remind me of the story "*S'è non vero ben trovato*," of Alfred Tennyson, and the naming of his first-born son Hallam. "But why not Alfred, after yourself?" asked the future godfather Hallam. "Suppose he should be a fool!" says Tennyson solemnly.'

Armigel laughed.

'He has not been afraid of a fool in the next generation; his "golden-haired Ally drunk with life and new wine."'

'But why are you so glad about that extra money?' persisted Gladys. 'Surely the very best thing you could do would be to leave it where it is. Surely no fresh engagements of our poor father's have appeared to drag us down once more?'

'No; oh, no! If we lived "in a cot beside a rill," and lived *on* that rill, and eggs and porridge, to do it, all *has* been paid off now, and years ago. But I do love that extra 1,600*l*. It has, in anticipation, brought me great possible pleasure.'

'Why?—what?—Armie! Oh, don't become a miser!'

And as Armigel laughed, unhit once more, she changed her tone and said more soberly—

'Perhaps you want to marry; and if you really make medicine your profession, of course this will be a nice help towards a partnership and a house.'

'You are so awfully practical, Gladie;' and he still smiled, though perhaps his colour rose. 'I have always been of a far more romantic turn than poor prosaic practical you. If even Napoleon the Third went to war for an idea, why may not I have an idea?'

'As substantial as a "Nice" "Savoy" cabbage at last.'

'Ah, may be,' and he began to whistle, 'There's nothing in the world so sweet as love's young dream,' and to tie up the papers which he had all this time been holding loose within his hands.

'Is it to build a church at Mugail Ford?' asked Gladys, softly; 'I have 10*l*. put by towards that some day.'

'Have you, dear?' and he stroked her hair, but with a little pity, if not contempt, in the unusual action Gladys felt, and repented her admission. Perhaps, now that Armigel was of age she must be more careful, or he would be assuming the superiority of manhood over her really far greater actual experience. 'No, forgive me, and I don't

breathe such sentiments publicly, but it seems to me that the religious world's a little gone mad over mere material church building for the last fifty years!—witness, to take no invidious or more modern example, the twelve empty churches at Bethnal Green. A good missioner to set *living* example,—and later a mission-room, wherein he might gather in many to hear his "good things" who would never go near a church—would be more in the line of my ideas at Mugail Ford. But—'

'But it isn't even a missioner or a mission-room,' and Gladys smiled; 'and I expect you don't mean to tell me *what* it is.'

'Exactly! further than that there are, to my own mind, better ways of spending money than even in my own pet "missioning," and fifty years hence I suppose our own children will be thinking this a much mistaken mode of proceeding. Now, put on your hat and come out for a little air, and then I must come in and write nine notes of thanks to all these dear Rosemary-End people. Even Roper and old Joseph haven't forgotten me.'

This pair of happy orphans, who never yet had known real lack of home, or love, or care, went out finally in a sober mood for their morning walk towards Guy's Cliff. Armigel seemed for once to have the more to think about of the two. Gladys hoped he was not going to assume all the cares of manhood with its legal attainment. But did not disguise from herself that, with all his love for her, she was beginning to learn through him that 'the head of the woman is the man.'

And that had been a warm, sunshiny day at Rosemary End, the second consecutive fine day of the week, with cloudless sun and a rising barometer, so that Mr. Addison's largest field of wheat had all the morning been falling before the mowing-machine, and he trusted might be carried unharmed early the next week. 'But even if all should go well with the wheat-harvest,' he thought, 'I should really do far better to get rid of all these outlying acres in some way, perhaps even sell the old Bury House itself and the Great Farm with it, dear as it all is, and to-morrow, to that patient, long-waiting Potterill, to lay at his master's feet, than continue this hard, unequal battle for which nothing fits me but a kind of dumb iron will. A few more years of this fruitless toil—rising early and taking no rest, and disquieting oneself, and yet rightfully, and so not in the highest sense "in vain," with wife and children to provide for—would kill me—is killing me now!—now that heart and capital, as well as time and thought and brains, are being wasted in the useless struggle! And Fred so young! besides, could I ever condemn him to such a life as mine? "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap!" Yet one *has* to sow—*has* to reap, however ill the seasons, poor the crop. And as long as my mother lives, this sweet old familiar home shall be hers, and no acre sold away from it; it is the undoubted right of her who bore me.'

He gazed around him sadly and fondly.

'And please God she *may* live—sometimes I think will live, now, at last free, sheltered from all worry and care — ten, twenty years yet; and perhaps the wheel of fortune turn again for us poor agriculturists before I ever have to cut off my right hand for honesty—as it would be to part with any of the property for which she and I have sacrificed so much in order to leave it unbroken to my little Fred, as I and my father had received it from my and their fathers. Though how good times can ever come again to English agriculturists it's hard to see! And,—if the hearts of our men can't be turned to us, now poor suspected masters,—mere material prosperity would be worth little to us old hereditary landowners who have known such far other men as well as times—stewards faithful as the Eliezers and Josephs of old!'

A confused outcry of coarse screaming and excited shouting from the centre of the distant field, where the machine, beginning sunrise at the broad outer girdling hedges, had neared, in its ever-narrowing rounds, the centre, smote suddenly upon his ear.

'An accident!' and all his attention was recalled to present life in a moment. 'No!' as the sound of exulting laughter mingled with the outcry; 'but what is Fred doing? flying down to the field bareheaded in such a sun, fierce, now that it has come back to us, as in July or August!' and he took off his puggareed wide-awake and wiped his brow before himself striding off towards the shouting group.

Hector, who had been surveying his master's mournful reverie with mournful and minute attention, delighted at this sudden change from thought to action, fled fleet, and barking joyously, to the spot which he knew at once to be his master's goal, and reached it long before him. There stood little Fred, bareheaded and breathless, his fair cheek aflame and pale by turns with indignation and horror, harangu ing—eloquent and fearless in his earnestness and excitement—the group of half-amused, half-astounded rough men and rustic boys around him.

'It is wicked! It is cruel! Oh, stop!' he had cried before even Hector had reached him and, unconsciously, given him considerable moral support in the eyes of those he was addressing. 'Poor little things! they feel just as we do!' and he gazed pitifully, half choked with sobs, at the group of frightened, cowering,—when not maimed and dying,—hares and rabbits and smaller 'deer,' whom that cruel, relentless, ever-narrowing iron circle had been driving all the morning further and further from the sheltering woods and hedges, nearer to destruction at the hands of idle, cruel, thoughtless, but so-called 'higher-natured,' fellow-creatures. 'Oh, Job, I saw you throw that stick,—it has broken the poor hare's leg! Oh, Tom, put down that stone! Oh, let them go! let them escape!'

'Poor little lad, you come along o' me,' began Odell, one of the

better-natured elder men, a father himself; 'you're too young, Measter Fred.'

'Not too young to grudge a poor man a bit of relish to his dry bread, you see,' said Tom, throwing his stone.

It hit and stunned the frightened rabbit aimed at, for Tom Parkyns, if an extra hand, was a good shot as well as thorough radical, with no old feeling of love or fidelity to the lord of the soil, or any feeling but of dumb dim hatred to his 'betters' in feeling or estate. But before he was aware Fred Addison had flown at him. Tom had forgotten, or did not know, the hereditary pluck, the *noblesse oblige* which makes even an embryo English gentleman 'fight' with all his might as well as 'play.' And Mr. Addison arrived on the scene to find his slight, delicately-reared and natured son fighting furiously, and hitting out with all his little grammar-school skill and twelve-years-old-strength against this big country lad; Hector barking furiously round and round his young master's adversary, and really far the more formidable assailant of the two. The men diverted, at least for a time, from their cruel sport, some half cheering, all more or less pleased at the 'young measter's' pluck.

'Fred, come off this moment!' thundered the true master. What if that ill-conditioned young Parkyns, already no favourite with his master and knowing it, left parrying Hector to return blow for blow? or flung the little lad against the cruel machine still panting and puffing behind them?

Fred not only instinctively obeyed, and at once, the voice he had been accustomed to obey all his little life, but—the excitement of his wrath evaporating with a sense of his own powerlessness into sobs—ran up to his father and clung to him, crying—

'Oh, stop them! stop them! Don't let them do it!'

'What, my boy? What does he mean, Odell?'

'Th' young measter's *that* soft-hearted he can't abear to see e'en a rabbit killed.'

'But some are only maimed! and they *can't* get away; it isn't fair!' cried Fred, with a shuddering glance at the imprisoned animals crouching panic-stricken amid the remaining yards of sheltering wheat.

''Tis your dinner-time!' said Mr. Addison briefly,—a glance in pursuit of Fred's having given him the key to the whole scene,—gazing the group steadily, but with no anger, right and full in the face. 'I wish you a good appetite!' He lifted his cap; and the labouring men and boys turned off half-reluctant, half-relieved, some with a half-shy, half-surly, 'Same t' you, measter.'

'Now then Odell, and you Hector, help me drive these poor creatures—gently—out of this last patch towards the further hedge. Go home, my boy, ask mother not to wait dinner for me. I shall be ready by the time you're all helped round, if she or Angel will kindly take my place till then.'

Fred turned and went his way.

'Such a man t'measter allers was for getting his word minded by big or little,' thought Odell admiringly.

'Now then, Odell, these poor helpless creatures'—for alas! hopelessly wounded, as well as quite dead, were left behind their happier fellows in that last forlorn 'oasis of hope'—'must be put out of their misery,' no sight for Master Fred, and no pleasant task for himself, but he took his share in the duty, however hateful and repugnant this destruction of life was to his own feelings in cold blood. 'Eight are there? Give the men a shilling apiece for them, and one extra to drink Master Fred's health; keep the other for yourself. Don't let this happen in the other fields; I'll see no one's the loser in the long run, yourself least of all. Good morning!' and he lifted his cap once more; 'come, Hector;' and he strode away thoughtful and serious, yet, in one sense, relieved.

'Fred would never have made a farmer! scarcely even a mere country gentleman, had times been happier, to find his work and pleasure in "sport" and its concomitants. Too like my dear gentle if high-minded and practical mother,' he thought, as, after washing his hands both at the yard pump and in the course of his usual ante-dinner toilet, he knocked at Madam Addison's door and turned into her room with an apology at thus disturbing her at her meal. Late as he was he did not like to break through his invariable custom of coming in to have a few minutes' chat with her after his morning round of supervision. But his visit was briefer than usual, if not hurried. 'Despatch is the token of a strong mind, hurry of a weak one,' says wise Maunder; on the drift of this maxim had Frederick Addison been trained, and upon it he was trying, with his wife's aid, if with imperfect success, to train the generation to succeed him.

'No, he'd never have turned into a real working farmer,' Mr. Addison repeated mentally, as he glanced at his son on taking his place after mentally saying his own grace, 'nor into a mere ornamental country gentleman and crack Yeomanry officer, like my poor father; not sorry there's *some* fighting metal in the lad though!' And Fred, whose eyes had sought his father's, rather uncertain as to the aspect in which his late interference and doings would be really regarded, met a kindly light there, and returned to his roast mutton with much improved appetite.

'I have a toast to propose before we separate,' said the master of Rosemary End when that simple dinner was over—'Armigel Wren Mostyn, and long life and happiness to him! You must join us, Roper, for you had as much trouble as any one with him eighteen years since!' and he poured out a glass of sherry and handed it to the faithful old upper house-and-parlour-maid so soon now to leave them.

'It's more pleasure than trouble the lad's been to me all his life,

God bless him!' said Roper, a sudden rush of tears dimming her faded eyes.

'And to all of us!' said Mr. Addison, with deepest seriousness, 'and I thank God for it! And may he continue such to all those dear to him henceforth to his life's end.'

There was a moment's silence. Then the master rose, and Mrs. Addison went, as usual on Saturday afternoons, with her basket of Saturday socks, to sit with her mother-in-law, whilst Martha was thus set free for extra Saturday rubbings and cleanings. Surely the days of plain-living and high-thinking are happily not yet quite extinct in once duty-loving England, in spite of the much lamentation over the good old days before the modern rush of luxury and self-pleasing set in; carrying many of the old landmarks of men's lives clean away before it, at the last, with one fell swoop.

'You look pale, my boy—headache?' asked Mr. Addison, as he came in from his afternoon of superintendence to find Fred alone in the dining-room,—and not even carpentering, but reading, and rather idly,—and remembered the lad's hatless rush in the fierce mid-day sun straight from his three mile tricycle ride from Bedford, three hours' schooling there, and four and a half hours' fast.

'A little; but it doesn't matter!' and Fred's pale face kindled. 'You aren't angry with me, father?'

'Nay; it is well to be *zealously* affected always in a good cause. Humanity, even to animals, is no bad one; and we must all be content to pay the natural after-penalty of high-strung mental or spiritual effort in bodily lassitude and exhaustion. So true it is that "the corruptible body presseth down the incorruptible soul!" But I am talking over your head, my lad. Come out and help me gather some peaches for grandmamma's tea.' Fresh air will do him good, he thought, as Fred went to fetch the necessary basket, adding, half aloud, 'Poor little modern—if happily still all-unconscious—"*Athanasius contra mundum.*"'

CHAPTER IV.

"Heaven will be, if not what we desire now, at least what we shall desire then. If it be not contracted to our human dreams, those dreams will be expanded to its vast reality. If it be not fitted for us, we shall be prepared for it. In the true sense, if not in our sense, it will be a scene of serene felicity, the end of toil, the end of strife, the end of grief, the end of doubt, a Temple, a Haven, a Home!"—"*Elsewhere.*"—W. R. GREG.

'I WONDER whether Uncle Addison's got his wheat safe in yet,' said Armigel, as the next morning he took up a letter from Rosemary End directed by his uncle himself. 'This fine, dry weather's universal, only more sultry in the south, according to the *Times*.'

'Why hasn't one of them written to me? you had your share in

your birthday letters,' murmured Gladys; 'is there *nothing* for me within yours?'

'No! and all business,' and Armigel put his letters in his pocket, and went on with his interrupted bread-cutting. Gladys noticed his hand shook a little, and asked no more.

Half an hour later he joined her in the garden, where she was cutting late summer flowers wherewith to refresh her aunt's drawing-room.

'Something is wrong,' she said at once.

'Yes. Do you remember how I wished to spend last Sunday there? —in vain! But how thankful I shall ever be that we were there that last Sunday but one.'

'Oh, Armigel! *What* is it? *Who* is it? Not——'

'*Not which?* It seems to me it doesn't much matter which, where it's the whole household that's so dear. Where any one link broken——'

'Oh, Armie, how cruel you are! It can't be uncle, happily, as he wrote; but—not Angel? not Sally?—oh, not little Fred?'

'It—it is only old Mrs. Addison, really;—*only*, because it seems natural the oldest should go first. But she was not old, only sixty-eight.'

'That dear, sweet old lady!'

But yes, it *is* natural the oldest should go first, though by no means the rule, and it was a soft gush of tears that swept across the girl's eyes and loosened her heart. Had it been Mrs. Addison, or useful, conscientious Angel, or sweet Sally, or dear, precious little Fred, there must have been a bitter cry of outraged nature, a burst of rebellious sobs, before resignation could have come or even been imagined.

'You shall see uncle's few lines. Don't cry, don't make a fuss.' And Armigel walked away from the girl, for fear her tears might prove infectious.

The lines were few:—

'ROSEMARY END MANOR FARM,
'*Monday, Sep. 22nd*, 1879.

'MY DEAR ARMIGEL,—It must be my own hand to tell one who so dearly loved my mother, and she him, that she has been taken from us. Like "a shock of corn fully ripe" in the highest sense, I take comfort in thinking, if her own mother so lately dead, at eighty nine, you may have hoped, with my dear girls, we should have kept one so dear amongst us for many years to come. Just gently taken home, like a tired child. So Martha found her when she went to call her this morning. No pain—no vain struggle for aid, nor even consciousness that natural sleep was changing to that of death. *Deo gratia.*

'The funeral will be here—Friday, noon. Come if you will, but do not let Gladys think of it. I would rather not. Nor do I wish you to stay more than the Thursday night, nor that if it be avoidable. Kind love to her; one of the girls will write to her soon.

'Your affectionate "uncle,"
'FREDERICK SWAYNE ADDISON.

'P.S.—My mother was perfectly well yesterday, and much pleased with your prompt note of thanks for her own little birthday gift.'

'Oh, why mayn't I go?—oh, let me go!' cried Gladys when Armigel rejoined her. 'I could help them; they will all be so busy! I could work the machine, or cut out, or sit with dear old granny, and so set them free.'

'Why, Gladys, it is *she* that's gone!'

And Gladys was rebuked and silenced; though to one who had never, within memory, been brought so near to death as this, this impossibility of realising all that the *written* tidings really mean was most natural. That was her one outbreak; its folly, seeming heartlessness, and oblivion—or Armigel's look of reproach at what appeared to him such—closed her lips against any repetition of her request. Poor children! the next three days were very sad to both. Angel did write, but briefly—she was very busy as well as stunned; Sally was really too much bewildered by this sudden change in their young lives, and darkened home, to write at all; gently helpful in giving Fred the half-petting, half-nursing, which he needed all that week, for Monday's shock had already found him out of sorts, and with lines of thought upon his forehead which his father did not like to see there. But to these he had not given even his wife the key, hoping that she was too much occupied to have her own present anxieties added to by any perception of especial need for concern about her boy. Now the mystery of suffering, sin, and death was pressed nearer home upon him still.

'He must stay to follow his grandmother to her grave; then have quiet change of scene and thought,' was Mr. Addison's conclusion; and when he found that Gladys had made Armigel promise to return at once to Warwick that funeral day,—if not asked to stay on, after all,—to tell her all about them, he said at once—

'I wonder if Dr. and Mrs. Wren would let our little Fred go back with you? All this has upset him, and is bad for the boy. I don't think he is well enough to return to school on Monday, but that would be a useful diversion to his thoughts, and more natural return to wholesome natural life. I doubt if I am wise to take him to the funeral. But when he is older he will wish to have been there, and it's my dear mother's due that her eldest son's one remaining son should follow her.'

'The girls?'

'No, oh no! Women should be keepers at home at such times of all times. She herself would have said so.'

'I am sure Uncle and Aunt Christopher will be delighted to have Fred.'

'And Gladys will look after him when you are gone. I feel I may safely trust my most precious earthly possession to you two,' and Mr. Addison stretched out his hand to young Mostyn with a brief warm pressure. 'I don't want him to be cheered into careless forgetfulness, but—' and then he rose, and with full heart walked away to write by

that night's post to Warwickshire, to ask this kindness of these old friends.

Mrs. Addison's two remaining English sons came down by the morning express the next day and were to stay over Sunday. Armigel, at sight of them, instinctively felt why Mr. Addison had seized those few moments before post time, following his own arrival the previous night, to arrange another change for Fred than that which a visit to either of these kind-hearted but totally uncongenial uncles could have afforded him. This prior arrangement took all point or sting from Mr. Addison's inability to entertain their kind—but later—similar propositions for the boy.

It was a calm, quiet autumn day, and a calm, quiet, fitting earthly ending to the earthly life of one who had yet in her uneventful life borne her full share of labour and sorrow. The lime-leaves, this last Friday in September, were falling dry and shrivelled on the gravel path as the little procession moved slowly up the long familiar walk to the old parish church, wherein all had been baptised, some confirmed, two married; the old rector who had performed most of these services for them repeating the solemn words—too familiar to all but pale, awe-stricken Fred—as he met and led them once more, probably for the last time, all together into the old familiar church.

George and Charles Addison were warm-hearted men, though each had caused more than his due share of anxiety and sorrow to the tender mother now being garnered to her rest beside the husband dead—to her and to their sons', in some ways, irreparable loss—just five-and-twenty years ago; beside, their first-born babe, who had lived for but a day; Angelica Addison, the sweet playfellow sister of their own youth, who had died of decline at one-and-twenty, the first real grief and bringing home of personal loss to each of these three brothers; the present Frederick Addison's eldest son, a child of four; the brother Robert, who had come home to the old farm to end his wasted and far from honoured life there, but four years back. Perhaps never had Frederick Addison so sacrificed every natural feeling for his mother—so strained his very Christian charity—as to let this be. Did he repent it now? Nay, 'when death the great reconciler has come, it is never our tenderness, but our severity that we regret.' And to-day this seemed the sweetest garland he could have ever hoped to earn—fragrant with the wholesome bitter-sweet of the bruised myrrh of truest self-denying for deep love's sake,—to lay upon her grave.

Little Fred carried the one material wreath borne to the church that day. One which Angel, Sally, and Annie had all helped to make, of old Madam Addison's favourite mountain-ash and snowberries from the bushes which she and her husband had planted, in their new shrubbery, in the first happy years of their young married life.

'Forgive me, Armigel,' Mr. Addison had said, seeing the lad waiting in the hall with the cross of wheat-ears, hips and haws which Gladys

had sent by him; 'I had rather not. She lived in all old-fashioned simplicity; let her be buried so. This evening, if you will; I have begged my brothers to wait till then with their London-made wreaths and crosses. Even Fred's is something of a distracting eye-sore to me: but what did not she suffer for her children's sakes? What should not I for mine? It eased my girls' hearts to make it; it gives my little lad some other and brighter thing to think of than his own black clothing and the blacker yawning grave.'

So he and his little lad walked first, the two brothers behind them, Captain Wynyard, the one son-in-law in England, and Armigel bringing up the rear.

'It is good for us to have been here,' perhaps all four felt as they turned away, leaving Frederick Addison and his son behind them. So he had arranged; he wished to wait until the grave was filled in, and Fred could leave his wreath upon it, and he wished, meanwhile, to have a few last words with his son.

Fred answered little, but he never forgot those words; the deep affection and solicitude for his best welfare making itself felt even where the advice and solace given him were far beyond his boyish needs and comprehension; simple as the man of five-and-forty tried to make his meaning to this boy of twelve. Then they went into the vicarage that Fred might have a rest and also say good-bye to his kind old friend the vicar. And then turned back to the churchyard, where the men, having worked with a will, had the mound already turfed, so that the lad's wreath was laid already nestling deep amidst the thick grass of that wet autumn upon that precious grave.

So far the skies had held up. Two hours later, amid pouring rain, Armigel and Fred departed in a fly for Bedford, grave, but not unhappy. Mrs. Addison's heart yearned after her boy, but Dr. Appleton told her change of scene was the best possible thing for him; and it was so impossible for her to go with him, that this advice in itself soothed their separation. Nor did she wish him to be in the house with his uncles the three long days over Sunday. Poor woman! for all her sound common sense she would fain have gone with him still; but here undoubted duty to her husband and his family so divided her from her boy, that her clear sight saw not even a divided duty, and her last words were characteristically practical.

'Gladys will hear you your lessons, my boy; give no one any trouble; write to-morrow; you shall hear from one of us every other day. God bless you, and you too,' and she kissed Armigel warmly, 'my almost elder son.'

Una McCarthy, who had gone to stay in Bedford the previous evening whilst the house was full, and the family party best left alone, was at the station to ask how all had been gone through, and how was dear Mrs. Addison and all the girls.

'Fred come in to see you off?'

'No, he is going back with me to Warwick for a week or two.'

'What will Mr. Addison do without him?' But a warning glance made the girl add, 'Ah, of course he will be very busy! and it will be nice for Fred to know all your Wren cousins, and be with Gladys; and won't she be glad to have him! I could wish I was going with you too! Very kind of the Miss Maddocks to ask me, but I am only in their way really;' and she looked longingly at the open-doored railway carriage.

'Jump in then, and come with us!' cried Armigel, half in earnest; 'my uncle's house is large enough for us all, and——'

'I should *like* it! I *should* like to see Gladys again,—to hear more from you than I can now;' for poor little pale-cheeked, red-eyed Fred was, unconsciously, much in her way.

'Going, sir? Jump in, if you please!' cried the guard.

'You won't come?' cried Armigel, as he held open the door one moment before obeying him, after putting Fred safe within that first-class express to Bletchley.

'I *can't* come! Such is the martyrdom one has to undergo for propriety's sake,' sighed Una, as the train moved off; 'though I'm afraid Mr. Mostyn thinks I've outraged it, already, by coming here at all, and meant to punish me by making such an *extra*-outrageous proposal! But I don't care! I wanted to see *some one* from Rosemary End, and I've seen *two!* I wish that boy didn't look so delicate. I wish the Miss Maddocks had asked him to come in and stay with me. It is so dull with them, poor old dears! ungrateful as it is to feel it; and I'll never say it except to Sally, who *doesn't* expect every one to be perfection like herself, as do Mr. Addison and Angela!'

Meanwhile, old Mrs. Addison's will was being read at Rosemary End. Was there ever a will, designed with the purest intentions—die the testator worth little or much—that did not, when the day of reading came, belie those intentions, or ignore some well-imagined claims?

It was read and heard without remark; and the brothers separated in silence; and not one of them ever had a hard word over it. But this may be that, in this case, the claims of the eldest son had, at least, *seemed* the least regarded. The will was dated fifteen years back, when both his first boys were dead; when the two remaining daughters appeared likely to be all his family; when it was still believed 'old Fred Addison' (as a great uncle had always been called) would return from Australia—one of the early and successful settlers—to die in the old country, and retrieve the family fortunes and his late nephew's follies or misfortunes by making Frederick Swayne Addison his heir. So he had always written, and sent home from time to time substantial earnests of his intentions; but instead of that, the old man had married, on his way home, at Melbourne, and died there a year later, leaving not only a widow, but a son and heir to all his wealth, with

the exception of nineteen guineas 'to every living Addison born at Rosemary End,' and five pounds to pay all possible expenses incurred by adding his name to the long family monumental roll-call of his own generation in the chancel of Writtlemarsh Church.

Thus the present owner of Rosemary End accounted to himself for the tenor of his mother's will, when the first knowledge of its contents certainly gave him an inward shock, though shown by never a change of lip, of hand, or brow.

'And George was *always* her darling; delicate in his youth like our then dear Angel, and now my own little Fred!' he thought, with a fond, tender smile, as an hour later he was pacing quietly up and down the secluded shrubbery walk, his faithful dog alone keeping him company, because he had so willed it. 'If he only will not waste it! if—— But one blessing I alone have had, and for just a quarter of a century—that of giving a home to such a mother. Let that thought suffice till after Sunday. Then will be time to turn back and face the now somewhat uglier problems of this workaday world, and last Friday they looked ugly enough. George, 'residuary trustee!' She never recognised how her own brother's recent death had raised this provision from insignificant to material advantage.'

Saturday and Sunday passed off well; the two younger brothers walked off the first afternoon in search of the remaining neighbouring friends and haunts of their youth; in the morning had shown generosity in declining to look through to apportion to themselves, or even wives and children, any of their mother's more personal possessions, or the furniture or belongings of her rooms. Her jewellery—well, most of it had been silently parted with years ago to pay Robert's debts; the rest, 'keep for your own wife and girls,' said George, looking across at Charles, who expressed the same wish in characteristically more forcible language, 'If there's anything over, Julia Wynyard and poor Indian Kitty will be pleased to be remembered; but think of yourselves first.'

On Sunday morning all went to church together: on Sunday afternoon the two brothers walked into Bedford to see an old schoolfellow, and only came back in time for supper. On Monday morning each returned to town, thinking Fred really not half so intolerably strict and straitlaced as of old; and as for the girls, Angel, with her father's straight features—'too pronounced for a young girl'—had inherited more than a spice of his Phariseeism; and Annie was still all arms and legs; but Sally was a true Angel, body and mind, whatever her name and nature. 'Frederick the second?' Well—pretty as a girl, much like his Aunt Angelica, and our own dear mother just gone.

'I doubt if he'll be reared any more than that eldest boy. How old was he when he died, Charles?'

'Ah, who?' asked Mr. George Addison, who was skimming the telegraphic news of that day's *Times*. 'Fred's first boy—Frederick

the first? A year or two older than this one, I should say; died two years after Robert, didn't he? That boy's death was what aged poor old Fred, I expect.'

'Well, I should think these five consecutive bad seasons have had their share in that process,' said Charles, with more leisure for thought. 'One would think it had never rained before,' and he shivered as he looked at the flooded Ouse and meadows, and drew his railway-rug closer round him. 'Glad Friday forenoon and our Sunday were fine, at any rate. No, you are thinking of the Wynyard's Fred; this one was only a child of three or four—died of croup, didn't he? Fine little fellow, I remember, not like this poor delicate little chap! Rather a weakly life between myself and Rosemary End, it strikes me,' he thought, not said, and with no *malice prepense;* and not only because he remembered, as his thoughts ran dreamily on, 'And of course Fred can sell the place if he likes, and will, I should think, rather than leave three daughters co-heirs of a place that now can hardly support one. Then, at last, Poterill and those capacious-mouthed Swallowfields will obtain their hearts' desire! Or Fred, should he live, can marry an heiress—that's one advantage still of being a man—and will have to do it too!' and then Mr. Charles Addison, in his turn, became absorbed in his duplicate newspaper with the last Rosemary End thought, 'Can't imagine how a man lives without a daily *Times*, and with nothing more daily than the *Standard* in its place. At least I'd have the *Telegraph* and *Vanity Fair*.'

(*To be continued.*)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PATIENT GRISEL.

MATTERS seemed to be getting worse all round us both in France and England. King Charles was in the hands of his enemies, and all the good news that we could hear from England was that the Duke of York had escaped in a girl's dress, and was on board the fleet at Helvoetsbys, where his brother the Prince of Wales joined him.

And my own dear brother, Lord Walwyn, declared that he could no longer remain inactive at Paris, so far from intelligence, but that he must be with the Princes, ready to assist in case anything should be attempted on the King's behalf. We much dreaded the effect of the Dutch climate on his health. And while tumultuous assemblies were constantly taking place in Parliament, and no one could guess what was coming next, we did not like parting with our protector; but he said that he was an alien, and could do nothing for us. The army was on its way home, and with it our brother de Solivet, and M. d'Aubépine; and his clear duty was to be ready to engage in the cause of his own king. We were in no danger at Paris, our sex was sufficient protection, and if we were really alarmed, there could be no reason against our fleeing to Nidemerle. Nay, perhaps, if the court were made to take home the lesson, we might be allowed to reside there, and be unmolested in making improvements. He had another motive, which he only whispered to me.

'I cannot, and will not, give up my friend Darpent; and it is not fitting to live in continual resistance to my mother. It does much harm to Annora, who is by no means inclined to submit, and if I am gone there can be no further question of intercourse.'

I thought this was hard upon us all. Had we not met M. Darpent at the Hôtel Rambouillet, and was he not a fit companion for us?

'Most assuredly,' said Eustace; 'but certain sentiments may arise from companionship which in her case were better avoided.'

As you may imagine, my grandchildren, I cried out in horror at the idea that if M. Darpent were capable of such presumption, my sister, a descendant of the Ribaumonts, could stoop for a moment to favour a mere *bourgeois*; but Eustace, Englishman as he was, laughed at my

indignation, and said Annora was more of the Ribmont than the de Ribaumont, and that he would not be accessory either to the breaking of hearts or to letting her become rebellious, and so that he should put temptation out of her way. I knew far too well what was becoming to allow myself to suppose for a moment that Eustace thought an inclination between the two already could exist. I forgot how things had been broken up in England.

As to Annora, she thought Eustace's right place was with the Princes, and she would not stretch out a finger to hold him back, only she longed earnestly that he would take us with him. Could he not persuade our mother that France was becoming dangerous, and that she would be safe in Holland? But of course he only laughed at that; and we all saw that unless the Queen of England chose to follow her sons, there was no chance of my mother leaving the court.

'No, my sister,' said Eustace, tenderly, 'there is nothing for you to do but to endure patiently. It is very hard for you to be both firm and resolute, and at the same time dutiful; but it is a noble part in its very difficulty, and my Nan will seek strength for it.'

Then the girl pressed up to him, and told him that one thing he must promise her, namely, that he would prevent my mother from disposing of her hand without his consent.

'As long as you are here, I am safe,' said she; 'but when you are gone I do not know what she may attempt. And here is this Solivet son of hers coming too!'

'Solivet has no power over you,' said Eustace. 'You may make yourself easy, Nan. Nobody can marry you without my consent, for my father made me your guardian. And I doubt me if your portion, so long as I am living, be such as to tempt any man to wed such a little fury, even were we at home.'

'Thanks for the hint, brother,' said Annora. 'I will take care that any such suitor *shall* think me a fury.'

'Nay, child, in moderation! Violence is not strength. Nay, rather it exhausts the forces. Resolution and submission are our watchwords.'

How noble he looked as he said it, and how sad it was to part with him! My mother wept most bitterly, and said it was cruel to leave us to our fate, and that he would kill himself in the Dutch marshes; but when the actual pain of parting with him was over, I am not sure that she had not more hope of carrying out her wishes. She would have begun by forbidding Annora to go, attended only by the servants, to prayers at the English ambassador's; but Eustace had foreseen this, and made arrangements with a good old knight and his lady, Sir Francis Ommaney, always to call for my sister on their way to church, and she was always ready for them. My mother used to say that her devotion was all perverseness, and now and then, when more than

usually provoked with her, would declare that it was quite plain that her poor child's religion was only a heresy, since it did not make her a better daughter.

That used to sting Annora beyond all measure. Sometimes she would reply by pouring out a catalogue of all the worst offences of our own Church, and Heaven knows she could find enough of them! Or at others she would appeal to the lives of all the best people she had ever heard of in England, and especially of Eustace, declaring that she knew she herself was far from good, but that was not the fault of her religion, but of herself; and she would really strive to be submissive and obliging for many days afterwards.

Meantime the Prince of Condé had returned, and had met the Court at Ruel. M. d'Aubépine and M. de Solivet both were coming with him, and my poor little Cécile wrote letter after letter to her husband, quite correct in grammar and orthography, asking whether she should have the Hôtel d'Aubépine prepared, and hire servants to receive him; but she never received a line in reply. She was very anxious to know whether the *concierge* had received any orders, and yet she could not bear to betray her ignorance.

I had been startled by passing in the street a face which I was almost sure belonged to poor Cécile's former enemy, Mademoiselle Gringrimeau, now the wife of Croquelebois, the *intendant* of the estate; and setting old Nicole to work, I ascertained that this same agent and his wife were actually at the Hotel d'Aubépine, having come to meet their master, but that no apartments were made ready for him, as it was understood that being on the staff he would be lodged in the Hotel de Condé.

'His duty!' said Cécile; 'he must fulfil his duty, but at least I shall see him.'

But to hear of the *intendant* and his wife made me very uneasy.

The happier wives were going out in their carriages to meet their husbands on the road, but Cécile did not even know when he was coming, nor by what road.

'So much the better,' said our English Nan. 'If I had a husband, I would never make him look foolish in the middle of the road with a woman and a pack of children hanging on him!'

No one save myself understood her English bashfulness, shrinking from all display of sentiment, and I—ah! I had known such blissful meetings, when my Philippe had been full of joy to see me come out to him. Ah! will he meet me thus at the gates of Paradise? It cannot be far off now!

I knew I should weep all the way if I set out with my mother to meet her son; and Cécile was afraid both of the disappointment if she did not meet her husband, and of his being displeased if he should come. So she only took with her Annora and M. de Solivet's two

daughters, Gabrielle and Petronille, who were fetched from the Convent of the Visitation. There they sat in the carriage, Nan told me, exactly alike in their *pensionnaire's* uniform, stiff and shy on the edge of the seat, not daring to look to the right or left, and answering under their breath so that she longed to shake them. I found afterwards that the heretic Mademoiselle de Ribaumont was a fearful spectacle to them, and that they were expecting her all the time to break out in the praises of Luther, or of Henry VIII., or of some one whom they had been taught to execrate; and whenever she opened her lips, they thought she was going to pervert them, and were quite surprised when she only made a remark, like other people, on the carriages and horsemen who passed them.

Meanwhile Cécile saw her little girl and boy dressed in their best, and again rehearsed the curtsey and the bow and the little speeches with which they were to meet their father. She was sure, she said, that whatever he might think of her, he must be enchanted with them; and truly they had beautiful eyes, and Armantine was a charming child, though Maurice was small and pale, and neither equalled my Gaspard, who might have been a White Ribaumont for height and complexion, resembling much his uncle Walwyn, and yet in countenance like his father. Then Cécile and I, long before it was reasonable, took our station near a window overlooking the *porte-cochère*. I sat with my work, while the children watched on the window-seat, and she, at every exclamation of theirs, leapt up to look out, but only to see some woodcutter with his pile of faggots, or a washerwoman carrying home a dress displayed on its pole, or an ell of bread coming in from the baker's; and she resumed her interrupted conversation on her security that for the children's sake her husband would set up his household together with her at the Hotel d'Aubépine. She had been learning all she could while she was with us, and if she could only be such that he need not be ashamed of her, and would love her only a little for his children's sake, how happy she should be!

I encouraged her, for her little dull provincial convent air was quite gone; she had acquired the air of society, my mother had taught her something of the art of dress, and though nothing would ever make her beautiful in feature, or striking in figure, she had such a sweet, pleading, lovely expression of countenance that I could not think how any one could resist her. At last, it was no longer a false alarm. The children cried out, not in vain. The six horses were clattering under the gateway, the carriage came in sight before the steps. Cécile dropped back in her chair as pale as death, murmuring, 'Tell me if he is there!'

Alas! 'he' was not there. I only saw M. de Solivet descend from the carriage and hand out my mother, my sister, and his two daughters

I could but embrace my poor sister-in-law, and assure her that I would bring her tidings of her husband, and then hurry away with Gaspard that I might meet my half-brother at the salon door. There he was, looking very happy, with a daughter in each hand, and they had lighted up into something like animation which made Petronille especially show that she might some day be pretty. He embraced me, like the good-natured friendly brother he had always been, and expressed himself perfectly amazed at the growth and beauty of my little Marquis, as well he might be, for my mother and I both agreed that there was not such another child among all the King's pages.

I asked, as soon as I could, for M. d'Aubépine, and heard that he was attending the Prince, who would of course first have to dress, and then to present himself to the Queen Regent, and kiss her hand, and that after which he would go to Madame de Longueville's reception of the King. It was almost a relief to hear that the Count was thus employed, and I sent my son to tell his aunt that she might be no longer in suspense.

I asked Solivet whether we might expect the young man on leaving the Louvre, and he only shrugged his shoulders and said, 'What know I?' It became plain to me that he would not discuss the matter before his daughters, now fourteen and fifteen, and we all had to sit down to an early supper, after which they were to be taken back to their convent. Madame d'Aubépine appeared, and was quite cheerful, for she figured to herself once more that her husband was only detained by his duties and his value to his Prince, and was burning every moment to see his little ones. She asked questions about him, and became radiant when she heard of his courage at Lens, and the compliments that M. le Prince had paid to him.

After supper, the little pensionnaires were to be taken back, and as some lady must escort them, I undertook the charge, finding with great delight that their father would accompany them likewise. I effaced myself as much as I could on the way, and let the father and daughters talk to one another; and they chattered freely about their tasks, and works, and playfellows, seeming very happy with him.

But on the way home was my opportunity, and I asked what my half-brother really thought of M. d'Aubépine.

'He is a fine young man,' he said.

'You have told me that before; but what hopes are there for his wife?'

'Poor little thing,' returned Solivet.

'Can he help loving her?' I said.

'Alas! my sister, he has been in a bad school, and has before him an example—of courage, it is true, but not precisely of conjugal affection.'

'Is it true then,' I asked, 'that the Princess of Condé is kept

utterly in the background in spite of her mother-in-law, and that the Prince publishes his dislike to her?'

'Perfectly true,' said my brother. 'When a hero, adored by his officers, actually declares that the only thing he does not wish to see in France is his wife, what can you expect of them? Even some who really love their wives, bade them remain at home, and will steal away to see them with a certain shame; and for Aubépine, he is only too proud to resemble the Prince in being married against his will to a little half-deformed child, who is to be avoided.'

I cried out at this, and demanded whether my little sister-in-law could possibly be thus described. He owned that she was incredibly improved, and begged my pardon and hers, saying that he was only repeating what Aubépine either believed or pretended to believe her to be.

'If I could only speak with him!' I said. 'For my husband's sake I used to have some influence with him. I would give the world to meet him before he sees the *intendant* and his wife. Could we contrive it?'

In a few moments we had settled it. Happily we were both in full dress, in case friends should have dropped in on us. Both of us had the *entrée* at Madame de Longueville's, and it would be quite correct to pay her our compliments on the return of her brother.

I believe Solivet a little questioned whether one so headstrong had not better be left to himself, but he allowed that no one had ever done as much with Armand d'Aubépine as my husband and myself, and when he heard my urgent wish to forestall the *intendant*, whose wife was Cécile's old tyrant, Mademoiselle de Gringrimeau, he thought it worth the venture. He said I was a warlike Gildippe still, and that he would stand by me.

So the coachman received his orders, we fell in among the long line of carriages, and in due time made our way to the salon, where Madame la Duchesse de Longueville sat enthroned in all the glory of her fair hair and beautiful complexion, toying with her fan as she conversed with the Prince of Marsillac, the most favoured at that time of a whole troop of admirers and devoted slaves. She was not an intellectual woman herself, but she had beyond all others whom I ever saw the power of leading captive the very ablest men.

The hero had not yet come from the palace, and having made our compliment, and received a gracious smile and nod, we stood aside, waiting and conversing with others, and in some anxiety lest the Prince should be detained at the Louvre. However, before long he came, and his keen eagle face, and the stars on his breast flashed on us, as he returned the greetings of one group after another in his own peculiar manner, haughty and yet not without a certain charm.

A troop of officers followed, mingling with the gay crowd of ladies

and gentlemen, and among them, Solivet pointed out the Count d'Aubépine. I should not otherwise have known him, so much was he altered in these six years, changing him from youth to manhood. His hair was much darker, he had a small pointed beard, and the childish contour of cheek and chin had passed away, and he was altogether developed, but there was something that did not reassure me. He seemed to have lost with his boyhood that individuality which we had once loved, and to have passed into an ordinary officer, like all the rest of the gay, dashing, handsome, but often hardened looking men who were enjoying their triumphant return into ladies' society.

Solivet had accosted him. I saw his eye glance anxiously round, then he seemed reassured, and came towards me with some eagerness, greeting me with some compliment, I know not what, on my appearance, but I cut this as short as I could by saying, 'Know you, Monsieur, why I am here? I am come to ask you to bestow a little half-hour on one who is longing to see you.'

'Madame, I am desolated to refuse you, but you see, I am in attendance, and on duty; I am not the master!'

However, my brother observed that he would not be required for at least two hours, and his movements would be quite free until the party broke up. And after a little importunity, I actually carried him off, holding up his hands and declaring that he could not withstand Madame de Bellaise, so as to cast over his concession an air of gallantry without which I believe his vanity would never have yielded.

However, I had my hopes; I would not blame him when I had such an advantage over him as having him shut up with me in my coach, for we left Solivet to make his excuses, and as we told him, for a hostage, to come back when I released my prisoner. I trusted more to the effect of the sight of my sweet little Cécile than to any exhortation in my power, indeed I thought I had better keep him in good humour by listening amiably to his explanation of the great favour that he was doing me in coming to see madame, my mother, and how indispensable he was to M. le Prince.

He must have known what I was carrying him to see, but he did not choose to show that he did, and when he gave me his arm and I took him into the pansy salon, there sat my mother with my sister, two or three old friends who had come to congratulate her, and to see M. de Solivet, and Cécile, who had not been able to persuade herself to send her children to bed, though she knew not of my audacious enterprise.

I saw that he did not know her in the least, as he advanced to my mother, as the lady of the house, and in one moment I recollected how my grandfather had fallen in love with my grandmother without knowing she was his wife. Cécile, crimson all over, with her children beside her, sprang forward, her heart telling her who he was. 'Ah,

Monsieur, embrace your son,' she murmured. And little Armantine and Maurice, as they had been tutored, made their pretty reverences, and said, 'Welcome, my papa.'

He really was quite touched. There was something too in the surroundings which was sympathetic. He embraced them all, and evidently looked at his wife with amazement, sitting down at last beside her with his little boy upon his knee.

We drew to the further end of the room that they might be unembarrassed. Annora was indignant that we did not leave them alone, but I thought he wanted a certain check upon him, and that it was good for him to be in the presence of persons who expected him to be delighted to see his wife and children.

I believe that that quarter of an hour was actual pain to Cécile from the very overflowing rush of felicity. To have her husband seated beside her with his son upon his knee had been the dream and prayer of her life for six years, and now that it was gratified, the very intensity of her hopes and fears choked her, made her stammer and answer at random, when a woman without her depth of affection might have put out all kinds of arts to win and detain him.

After a time, he put the child down, but still held his hand, came up to the rest of the company and mingled with it. I could have wished they had been younger and more fashionable, instead of a poor old Scottish cavalier and his wife, my mother's old contemporary Madame de Délincourt, and a couple of officers waiting for Solivet. Annora was the only young brilliant creature there, and she had much too low an opinion of M. d'Aubépine to have a word to say to him, and continued to converse in English with old Sir Andrew Macniven about the campaigns of the Marquis of Montrose, both of them hurling out barbarous names that were enough to drive civilised ears out of the room.

Our unwilling guest behaved with tolerably good grace, and presently made his excuse to my mother and me, promising immediately to send back Solivet to his friends. His wife went with him into the outer room, and when in a few minutes Armantine ran back to call me—

'Papa is gone, and mamma is crying,' she said.

It was true, but they were tears of joy. Cécile threw herself on my bosom perfectly overwhelmed with happiness, poor little thing, declaring that she owed it all to me, and that though he could not remain now, he had promised that she should hear from him. He was enchanted with his children, indeed how could he help it? And she would have kept me up all night, discussing every hair of his moustache, every tone in the few words he had spoken to her. When at last I parted from her, I could not help being very glad. Was the victory indeed won, and would my Philippe's sister become a happy wife?

I trusted that now he had seen her, he would be armed against Madame Croquelebois, who you will remember had been his grandmother's *dame de compagnie*, and a sort of governess to him. She had petted him as much as she had afterwards tyrannised over his poor little wife, and might still retain much influence over him, which she was sure to exert against me. But at any rate he could not doubt of is wife's adoration for him.

We waited in hope. We heard of the Prince in attendance on the Queen Regent, and we knew his *aide-de-camp* could not be spared, and we went on expecting all the morning and all the evening, assuring Cécile that military duty was inexorable, all the time that we were boiling over with indignation.

My mother was quite as angry as we were, and from her age and position could be more effective. She met M. d'Aubépine one evening at the Louvre and took him to task, demanding when his wife was to hear from him, and fairly putting him out of countenance in the presence of the Queen of England. She came home triumphant at what she had done, and raised our hopes again, but in fact, though it impelled him to action, there was now mortified vanity added to indifference and impatience of the yoke.

There was a letter the next day. Half an hour after receiving it, I found Cécile sunk down on the floor of her apartment, upon which all her wardrobe was strewn about as if to be packed up. She fell into my arms weeping passionately, and declaring she must leave us. To leave us and set up her *ménage* with her husband had always been her ambition, so it was plain that this was not what she meant; but for a long time she neither would nor could tell me, or moan out anything but 'a convent,' 'how could he?' and 'my children.'

At last she let me read the letter, and a cruel one it was, beginning 'madame,' and giving her the choice of returning to Château d'Aubépine under the supervision of Madame Croquelebois, or of entering a convent, and sending her son to be bred up at the Château under a tutor and the *intendant*. She had quite long enough lived with Madame de Bellaise, and that young Englishman, her brother, who was said to be charming.

It was an absolute insult to us all, and as I saw at once was the work of Madame Croquelebois, accepted by the young Count as a convenient excuse for avoiding the *ennui* and expense of setting up a household with his wife, instead of living a gay bachelor life with his Prince. I did not even think it was his handwriting except the signature, an idea which gave the first ray of comfort to my poor sister-in-law. It was quite provoking to find that she had no spirit to resent, or even to blame; she only wept that any one should be so cruel, and, quite hopeless of being heard in her own defence, was ready to obey, and return under the power of her oppressor, if only she might keep her

son. All the four years she had lived with us had not taught her self-assertion, and the more cruelly she was wounded the meeker she became.

The Abbé said she was earning a blessing; but I felt, like Annora, much inclined to beat her, when she would persist in loving and admiring that miserable fellow through all, and calling him 'so noble.'

We did not take things so quietly by any means. We were the less sorry for my brother's absence that such an insinuation almost demanded a challenge, though in truth I doubt whether they would have dared to make it had he been at hand. Annora did wish she could take sword or pistols in hand and make him choke on his own words, and she was very angry that our brother de Solivet was much too cool and prudent to take Eustace's quarrel on himself.

Here, however, it was my mother who was most reasonable, and knew best how to act. She said that it was true that as this was my house, and the charge of Madame d'Aubépine had been committed to me, I had every right to be offended; but as she was the eldest lady in the house, it was suitable for her to act. She wrote a *billet* to him demanding a personal interview with him that he might explain the insinuations which concerned the honour of herself, her son, and her daughter.

I believe a duel would have been much more agreeable to him than such a meeting, but my mother so contrived it that he knew that he could not fail to meet her without its being known to the whole Court, and that he could not venture. So he came, and I never saw anything more admirably managed than the conference was on my mother's part, for she chose to have me present as mistress of the house. She had put on her richest black velvet suit, and looked a most imposing *châtelaine*, and though he came in trying to carry it off with military bravado and nonchalance, he was evidently ill at ease.

My mother then demanded of him in her own name, her son's, and mine, what right or cause he had to make such accusations, as he had implied, respecting our house.

He laughed uneasily and tried to make light of it, talking of reports, and inferences, and so on; but my mother, well assured that there was no such scandal, drove him up into a corner, and made him confess that he had heard nothing but from Madame Croquelebois. My mother then insisted on that lady being called for, sending her own sedan chair to bring her.

Now the Baronne de Ribaumont Walwyn was a veritable *grande dame*, and Madame Croquelebois, in spite of her sharp nose, and sharper tongue, was quite cowed by her, and absolutely driven to confess that she had not heard a word against Madame la Comtesse. All that she had gone upon was the fact of their residence in the same house, and

that a servant of hers had heard from a servant of ours that M. le Baron gave her his hand to go in to dinner every day when there were no visitors.

It all became plain then. The *intendant's* wife, who had never forgiven me for taking her victim away from her, had suggested this hint as an excuse for withdrawing the Countess from me, without obliging the Count to keep house with her, and becoming the attentive husband, who seemed, to his perverted notions, a despicable being. Perhaps neither of them had expected the matter to be taken up so seriously, and an old country-bred Huguenot, as Madame Croquelebois had originally been, thought that as we were at Court, gallantry was our natural atmosphere.

Having brought them to confession, we divided them. My mother talked to the *intendante*, and made her perceive what a wicked, cruel injustice and demoralisation she was leading her beloved young Count into committing, injuring himself and his children, till the woman actually wept, and allowed that she had not thought of it; she wanted to gratify him, and she felt it hard and ungrateful that she should not watch over his wife and children as his grandmother had always intended.

On my side, I had M. d'Aubépine, and at last I worked down to the Armand I had known at Nancy, not indeed the best of subjects, but still infinitely better than the conceited, reckless man who had appeared at first. The one thing that touched him was that I should think him disrespectful to me and false to his friendship for my husband. He really had never thought his words would hurt me for a moment. He actually shed tears at the thought of my Philippe, and declared that nothing was further from his intention than any imputation on any one belonging to me.

But bah! he was absolutely driven to find some excuse! How could he play the devoted husband to a little ugly imbecile like that, who would make him ridiculous every moment they appeared together? Yes, he knew I had done the best I could for her, but what was she after all? And her affection was worst of all. Everybody would make game of him.

There was no getting further. The example of the Prince of Condé and the fear of ridicule had absolutely steeled his heart, and blinded his eyes. He could not and would not endure the innocent wife who adored him.

Finally my mother, calling in Solivet, came to the following arrangement, since it was plain that we must part with our inmates. Cécile and her children were to be installed in the Hôtel d'Aubépine, to which her husband did not object, since he would be either in attendance on the Prince, or with his regiment. This was better than sending her either to a convent or to the country, since she would still be

within our reach, although to our great vexation we could not prevail so far as to hinder Madame Croquelebois from being installed as her *duenna*, the *intendant* himself returning to la Vendée.

To our surprise, Cécile did not seem so much dismayed at returning under the power of her tyrant as we had expected. It was doing what her husband wished, and living where she would have news of him, and perhaps sometimes see him.

That was all she seemed to think about, except that she would have her children still with her, and not be quite cut off from us.

And I took this consolation, that she was in better health, and a woman of twenty-two could not be so easily oppressed as a sickly child of sixteen.

But we were very unhappy about it, and Annora almost frantic, above all at Cécile's meek submission. She was sure the poor thing would be dead in a month, and then we should be sorry.

(*To be continued.*)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXXVI.

PACIFICATION OF FRANCE.

1592—1599.

THE abjuration of Henri IV. was followed by a breathing time. A week later, a truce was signed for three months between him and the Duke of Mayenne. He showed his magnanimity and good sense by not being a stickler for titles. They called it an agreement between the chiefs of the two parties. He signed simply as Henri, and Mayenne as Charles of Lorraine. All the country nobles were glad to go home to gather in their harvest and vintage in peace, and Leaguers, Politiques, and Huguenots found themselves travelling the same roads, resting at the same inns, renewing old friendships, and agreeing that they were heartily weary of the war.

The hungry Parisians were delighted, and flocked to S. Denys to gaze on the King, who rode freely about, almost unattended at one time, and at another with a display of military state to delight their eyes. Shouts of '*Vive le Roi!*' broke out, and Gabrielle was likewise cheered, being supposed to have contributed to his conversion.

The States-General, however, continued to sit, and on the 8th of August the Duke of Mayenne was driven to purchase the support of the Legate by consenting to the publication of the canons of the Council of Trent, which had never yet been accepted in France, and he further took an oath not to dissolve the assembly till they had elected a king, provided the King of Spain would pay him 8,000 crowns a month, wherewith to maintain the members. All his kindred took the oath except the Duke of Lorraine, who was negotiating with Henri and proposing to marry his eldest son to Catherine of Navarre. A *Te Deum* was sung at S. Germain L'Auxerrois, and the States-General were prorogued, though not dismissed.

Henri soon after set out for Fontainebleau. He incurred considerable danger on his way. A wheelwright of Orleans, named Barrière, had been in the service of Queen Marguerite, and had offered her to revenge her captivity by assassinating her husband. She would not listen to him, and dismissed him; but he retained his design, and told several priests of it, most of whom encouraged him. He followed the King about with a long knife, but never had actual presence of mind enough to use it, though once Henri, on getting off his horse, gave him the bridle to hold, and another time asked his help in gathering fruit from a tree. One of the priests to whom the man had spoken sent a warning, and as the man entered Melun in the disguise of a

seller of melons, he was arrested. He was sent to the Parliament sitting at Tours to be tried, and made full confession. It appeared that the priests at Paris had forbidden him to impart his design to the Dukes of Mayenne and Nemours, and that when he told them that he could not kill Henri at mass at S. Denys, they answered that the King was a mere hypocrite who went to mass in the morning and to sermon in the evening. The King tried to save the poor wretch, but the Parliament insisted on his execution, and by horrible tortures; and all that Henri could do was to insist that these should be shortened, and to send a gentleman to meet the criminal on the scaffold with an assurance of his personal forgiveness. The names of the clergy who had instigated the crime were made known in Paris, and there was such indignation against them that they were obliged to flee to Rome, where one of them, the Jesuit Pigerat, is said to have died suddenly in the pulpit two months later, struck with apoplexy while denouncing Henri IV.

Meantime the King travelled to Fontainebleau, the splendid hunting palace of François I., but which had been neglected by that monarch's grandsons. Henri IV., a lover of the country and the forest, longed to restore it, whenever his poverty should consent. He sent off the Duke of Nevers with a petition to the Pope for his reconciliation with the Church. Nevers was an Italian named Ludovico de Gonzago, and was next heir to the duchy of Mantua, so that it was hoped that he would be acceptable at Rome. Clement VIII., however, was surrounded by Spanish cardinals, and he himself infinitely disliked the heretic King whose sincerity he doubted. So he sent off a Jesuit, Father Paissevin, to meet the Duke at Cività Vecchia, and tell him that he might be welcomed as an Italian prince and good Catholic, but not as ambassador from the King of Navarre; and a second message met him on the road to command him to diminish his retinue, since he must not enter Rome with the appearance of an embassy, and to forbid him to remain more than ten days, or to have any intercourse with the cardinals. Much annoyed, Nevers had to submit, diminished his attendants to his ordinary escort of fifty gentlemen, and drove into Rome in his coach at nightfall.

He went straight to the Vatican, where he spent several hours with the Pope in private; but to all his requests he could get no more definite reply than '*Vederemo*' (we will see). The Cardinal Toleto, who was sent two days later to him with the answer to these requests, was most unpropitious, refusing consent to remain in Rome, and declaring that the Bishops who had received the abjuration must answer for their conduct to the Inquisition before they could be admitted to the presence of the Pope.

The Duke was permitted another audience before the Court of Rome, in which he made a speech setting forth most pathetically the eries and dissensions of France, and conjuring the Pope to imitate

the Good Shepherd by accepting the King, and thus setting them at one again. He even knelt at the Pope's feet, imploring him to receive the penitent, and presenting a copy of the abjuration. Clement waved it aside disdainfully. 'You will never make me believe,' he said, 'that he whom you term your king is a sincere Catholic. I would not believe it were I told so by an angel from heaven. All Catholics who support him are disobedient, rebels, traitors to the faith, children of the bondwoman. The children of the Holy League are the heirs of the promise, the keystone of the building, the pillars of the sanctuary.'

Every request was answered in this manner, and the Roman clergy and people were as bitter against the embassy as the Pope himself. The bishops and clergy who had accompanied it would not venture out of doors, and Nevers himself declared that he had been treated like a mere petty citizen.

The Pope took an oath in solemn consistory never to absolve Henri, and though Nevers was not actually expelled, and pains were taken to do him personal honour as an Italian prince, he gained nothing for his master, and when leaving Rome on the 5th of January, 1594, he only succeeded in carrying off the French bishops safely by putting them in his own coach, and making it known that he should run the first man through the body who tried to hale them to the Inquisition.

Henri meantime was much mortified to find that his Huguenot friends stood aloof. 'You want peace,' he said, 'and if I have incurred condemnation to give it to you, why are you not grateful to me?' He finished letter after letter to Duplessis Mornay with, 'Come to me if you love me,' while Mornay on his side declared that he should have preferred the Infanta Isabel's coronation to his master's apostacy. Queen Elizabeth was likewise very angry, and ordered home the troops she had lent him, though they did not actually go. However, the League was quarrelling with the Princes of Lorraine, and the Dukes of Mayenne, Guise, and Nemours were in a state of dissension. The three months' truce had been prolonged into January, 1594, and at the close of it nothing could be plainer than that the cause of Henri had gained much. Orleans submitted on the 25th of January, amid shouts of ecstasy, bonfires, and cries of '*A bas la signe maudite.*' Pontoise soon followed under the Duke of Villeroi, Lyons rose in insurrection, proclaimed the King, and burnt a hideous effigy personifying the League; Aix, and many cities in Provence, followed. Only Brittany, Champagne, and Paris still remained to the League, except some scattered cities, of which Rheims was one.

Henri could no longer defer his coronation, though excluded from the rightful city, and still excommunicate. He decided therefore on being crowned at Chartres. All the regalia, except the crowns of Charlemagne and S. Louis, had been melted up by the League, the robes and everything else destroyed, and the holy oil in the Ampulla

supposed to have been brought by an angel for the anointing of Clovis, was at Rheims.

English jewellers and goldsmiths were employed, plate was borrowed from churches and convents, and chrism was procured from the Abbey of Marmontiers, where was a vessel of oil with which S. Martin was held to have effected a miraculous cure. The absolution of the French clergy was permitted to admit the King to communion, and all was made ready for the ceremony on Sunday, the 27th of February.

At eight o'clock Henri repaired to the cathedral in a vest of crimson satin and a robe of cloth of silver. He was anointed by the Bishop of Chartres, and the crown of Charlemagne, brought from S. Denys, was set on his head. He communicated in both kinds, and afterwards, in robes of purple velvet and ermine, with the crown on his head, showed himself at a banquet to the people, who assembled in crowds in ecstasies of delight.

Henri wrote to Queen Elizabeth that the pageant was the more necessary as the Spaniards were again about to invade the country. It was true, and Mayenne, contrary to his mother's advice, set forth to join them, telling the citizens of Paris that he left his wife and children to their care as pledges of his confidence; but Madame de Mayenne, not feeling equal confidence in the Parisians, did not choose to remain behind, and carried off her family.

She was wise. Paris was in a terrible state of tumult. Mobs met, some demanding bread, and shouting, 'Down with the League!' others crying, 'Away with les Politiques!' The shops were closed, the streets were grass-grown, all was desolation and gloom, and the people naturally so gay went about haggard and careworn. The Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Feria, who commanded the garrison, was threatened with assassination, and Henri, taking up his station at S. Cloud, felt that his hour was come.

There was much rage and despair at the departure of the Mayenne family. Hamilton, the curé of S. Côme, went about with a great troop, shouting, 'Take care of the city. The Politiques are making terrible work!' Others cried, 'Down with the Politiques! Begin! Let us have an end of them!'

The quieter bourgeois, whom they called Politiques, were in despair. The Parliament could no longer endure the Seize, and forbade them to assemble. The Count de Brissac, Governor of Paris, felt that this was the moment when he could gain universal favour by admitting the King. He had an interview at the Abbey of S. Antoine with his brother-in-law, the Sieur de S. Luc, grand master of the King's artillery. In it all their arrangements were made, but they separated as if they had been quarrelling, and Brissac, on his return to Paris, went to the Legate faction, and asked absolution for conversing with a heretic, as he said, on needful family affairs.

The Legate was quite delighted, and sang his praises to the Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Feria, who replied, 'M. de Brissac is a good man. One has only to set the Jesuits at him to make him do what is wanted. He cares little for business, and I have seen him when we were in full council busy catching flies.'

He never guessed that on the night of the 22nd of March the royal forces were to be admitted, and that Henri was already drawing them in numbers from all the garrisons round. Some warning reached Feria that there was treachery, but he merely answered, '*Palabras de mugeres*'—women's words. Some gentlemen came on the 21st to tell Brissac that there were reports that the royal forces were to be admitted by the Politiques; but he replied, 'So I have heard. I have taken my measures. Keep quiet, and do not alarm those who are to be seized. Messieurs les Politiques will have a surprise!'

All night between the 21st and 22nd of March, Brissac was going from post to post with a great appearance of vigilance; but he had some difficulty in ridding himself of some Spanish officers, whom Feria had sent with secret orders to kill him if they saw anything suspicious. At two o'clock at night, he brought them back to their Duke tired out.

Henri had come to S. Denys at midnight, and marched towards Paris, through a wild stormy night, in torrents of rain, which somewhat delayed him. Brissac and the Politiques grew very uneasy. They had surrounded Feria's house, and Brissac with d'Huillier, the Prévôt des Marchands, were at the Porte Neuve, where they had dismissed the guard, and the Echevin L'Anglais had done the same at the Porte S. Denys. A little after four in the morning the first of the royal troops under Vitry were seen, and admitted at the latter gate; S. Luc soon after.

At the Porte S. Denys, M. de S. Luc was admitted, the same at Porte Neuve, and posted a hundred men in file along the quay, and four hundred more at the crossing streets near the Louvre. Others gradually poured in in four bodies; the fifth with the King himself, unarmed, his sword and helmet borne behind him by a page. The citizens awoke to find their whole town in the hands of the King. The only blood that was shed was that of some German mercenaries at the Louvre, sixty in number, who refused to cry '*Vive le Roi*,' and were massacred by Matignon's troops.

The King was much grieved.

'Would that I could have said I had taken Paris without the loss of a life,' he cried.

M. de Brissac caused d'Huillier to present the keys of the city.

'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' said the Count.

'*Rendre, non pas vendre*,' retorted the Provost, moved perhaps by the fact that when the Count presented the King with a white scarf, embroidered with lilies, Henri, taking off his own, threw it round Brissac, and saluted him as marshal.

Others of the royal army, from all the garrisons round, were coming in by water and by land, according to the admirable arrangements made by Henri, and the Parisians beheld with delight that their long and weary struggle was over. They were in absolute ecstasies to find the siege ended without the horrors of assault, and the tyranny of the League at an end. They shouted '*Vive le Roi*,' they wept, they thronged, they threw themselves round the King, they kissed his boots, and embraced his horse's legs.

Some one hinted that fanatic Leaguers were not extinct, and some assassin might yet take advantage of these opportunities, so that it would be wise to keep clear of the multitude.

'No,' said Henri, 'let them look! I had rather run the risk than disappoint them. It is so long since they have seen a King, these poor Parisians.'

At each step he showed some trait of the sweetness and generosity of his nature. No pillage was allowed. He made his men drag their pikes. When he saw a soldier taking bread by force from a baker, he ran up to him and menaced him with his sword. A man looked from a window without taking off his cap, and only retreated when he saw the King's eye on him. Henri immediately forbade any of his party to enter the house to do any injury there.

There were still, however, the Spanish and Flemish garrison in one fort, and the remnant of the Seize armed in the Bastille and Temple. Henri sent a message to them that if they would leave Paris that afternoon, he would grant them to march out with the honours of war. He also sent a guard to protect the house of Madame de Nemours and her daughter, Madame de Montpensier, who was very little grateful, but jumped screaming out of bed, and rushed about her room, tearing her hair, calling for some one to plunge a dagger in her heart, and abusing Brissac. Her mother was, on the contrary, relieved to have Paris in the King's hands, and sent him a complimentary message.

Henri went at once to return thanks at Nôtre Dame, and there a strange thing happened. As he knelt before the high altar, a beautiful child in glistening attire was seen kneeling beside him.

The officials would have sent away the intruder, but a cry arose, 'It is his guardian angel.'

The child then took the King's hand, and they remained thus while the first verse of the *Te Deum* was sung. At that moment Brissac came up and whispered something to the King, and while he was replying, the child vanished, and it was never known who the little one had been, so that the enthusiasts were able to preserve their belief that Henri's angel had been made visible to them.

Meantime heralds proclaimed him as at an accession all over the city. Two of the Leaguer curés tried to raise the populace, but in vain. From the cathedral he proceeded to the Louvre, and there dined, after which he went to the Porte S. Denys, to enjoy from a window the

sight of the departure of the Spaniards. They passed him with banners displayed, but lowered in salutation, as they looked up at the tall, spare, active form, clad in light grey, with a large black hat and drooping white feather, the nose and chin very prominent; the hair, beard, and moustache grey before their time. He was a very different figure from the lad who had entered Paris twenty-two years before for the wedding, which was the prelude to the massacre of S. Bartholomew, and yet through all he had preserved his indomitable lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirits. So many Bourbon scarfs were put on that day that not a yard of white silk was left unused!

His next task was the welcome one of signing a passport for the Cardinal Legate, who was escorted out with all respect, but who died on the way back to Italy—of vexation, as it was said.

The last order Henri gave on that evening was for the destruction of a picture displayed in Nôtre Dame, representing Queen Elizabeth watching the burning of several of her Roman Catholic subjects, assisted by demons with pitchforks. Two days later he astonished the Duchesses of Nemours and Montpensier, by suddenly calling on them. As he passed the hall, where hung a portrait of the murdered Guise, he halted and bowed low to it. Quite subdued, Madame de Montpensier fell at his feet and implored his pardon, which was freely given, and the ladies shortly after withdrew to Soissons, where was the Duke of Mayenne.

The mercy and generosity Henri showed to all his enemies were truly free and noble, and won the hearts of the people. He went to the prisons, and demanded the reasons of each man's captivity, releasing the debtors and most of the political offenders. This was his way of keeping Maundy Thursday, and he likewise scrupulously washed the feet of twelve poor men, after true royal fashion. On Easter Sunday he touched 600 patients for the king's evil. At the same time, his sister Catherine was keeping Easter Day by a sermon and communion, after the reformed fashion, at S. Germain. On this account her entrance into Paris had been deferred, and she did not come in till the Wednesday. She was thought dull, cold, haughty, and melancholy, and no doubt to a pure-minded, austere Calvinist, such as she was, the residence at such a court as her brother's must have been most painful.

Gabrielle d'Estrées had borne him a son whom he named César, and created Duke of Vendôme; and he was taking measures to have her divorced from her husband, old de Liancour; and himself from Marguerite de Valois, so that he might marry the lady on whom he had set his affections.

But the affair did not advance, since the nation would not esteem the marriage cancelled, save by the Pope's consent; and Marguerite had made up her mind not to consent unless the King meant to make choice of a princess. She would never set him free to marry Gabrielle.

Rouen and almost all Normandy submitted in the course of the summer, and Feria found no consolation save in vituperating Mayenne in letters to Philip II., while Mayenne equally abused Feria. The game was still not thrown up, however, by the remains of the League. Henri might make a solemn entry into Paris with his grey coat of velvet, studded with emeralds, and his white plume fastened by a clasp of diamonds, a *Te Deum* might be sung among the acclamations of an enthusiastic people, but the fanatics of the League still hoped to destroy him by assassination.

A lad of nineteen, named Jean du Chastel, son of a cloth merchant, sprang at him as he was bending to embrace a gentleman named Montigny kneeling before him, doing him homage.

The blow was aimed at his throat, but only struck his lip, and broke one of his teeth.

'I am wounded,' he cried.

'This is the murderer,' shouted Montigny; 'it is I or he.'

'Let him go,' said Henri; 'it cannot be that lad.'

But the knife was found, and the unhappy lad made full confession of his intention, showing how the Jesuit priests, who had educated him, had taught him to think it a good work to slay a heretic and excommunicate tyrant.

The people were ready to pull down the college, and the King had to use all his authority to hinder the Jesuits from being torn to pieces. The Order was banished, while their victim was put to death with cruel tortures, which he bore like a martyr.

The young Duke of Guise made his own terms with the King, and was rewarded with the government of Provence; but Mayenne still held out, and Philip II., who still only spoke of the Prince of Béarn, sent another army into Burgundy in June 1595. This was under the Constable of Castille, and was joined by the Duke of Mayenne. On the 8th of June, 1595, this was totally routed by Henri at Fontaine Françoise in a brief and masterly battle, whose success surprised himself.

It was quite plain that Rome and Spain could not hinder Henri IV. from being King of France, but that it was quite possible that an independent Gallican Church, like the Anglican, might arise, if Rome repeated the mistake which had been made in rejecting Queen Elizabeth. Henri had seen his blunder in sending the brilliant embassy which had attracted attention, but he kept Cardinal d'Ossat at work quietly at Rome, convincing the Pope that it was vain to resist any longer, and arranging the terms of his reconciliation. These were that the Catholic worship should be re-established in Béarn, and wherever it had been suppressed; that all Church property should be restored; that the young Prince of Condé, who was at present heir to the throne, should be bred up as a Catholic; and that the Council of Trent should be accepted by the Church of France.

To all this Henri agreed, and not a word was said of his scandalous life, though he further promised to hear mass daily, to confess and communicate four times a year, and to establish convents in different parts of France; as a secret article also to recall the Jesuits.

All this being done on the 17th of September, 1595, Clement VIII. appeared on a platform in front of the closed doors of S. Peter's. Henri's representatives, the Cardinals d'Ossat and Perron, knelt before him, and in their master's name renounced all heresy, and swore to maintain the faith and to uphold the authority of the Pope. The *Miserere* was sung, while the Pope gave a slight scourging to the two prelates with a light rod. He then pronounced the absolution, and great shouts of joy followed from the fickle people.

Henri was now owned as Most Christian King, eldest Son of the Church; and the weary land could rest. The League had no further cause to exist; and Mayenne, who had quarrelled with the Constable of Castille over the defeat at Fontaine Françoise, began to treat with the King.

After all had been arranged, he came to meet Henri at Mousseaux, and was gladly welcomed with the words, 'Cousin, is it you, or a dream that I see?'

Then Henri began walking about with him in the beautiful park of Mousseaux. Henri was light and active; Mayenne, though only forty-two, a year younger than the King, was fat, heavy, and rheumatic, and laboured along till Henri whispered to Rosny, 'If I walk this big body about much longer, I shall be avenged of all my wrongs, for it will be a dead man!'

Then, making Mayenne confess that he could bear it no longer, Henri clapped him on the shoulder, and said—

'There then, cousin, with Heaven's goodwill ends the last vexation I will ever cause you.'

And thus, on the 31st of January, 1597, France was once more a united nation at peace within herself, though still at war with Spain.

A CONVERSATION ON FOREIGN BOOKS.

Spider. I see you have Mrs. Craven's new novel of *Eliane.* I read a few chapters while it was coming out in *Le Correspondant.* The heroine seemed another 'Fleurange,' only in more probable circumstances.

Arachne. Yes; Eliane is her twin sister. At first the story reminded me of one of Fernan Caballero's, where an orphan niece and the son of the house fall in love, and arouse all the opposition of a proud, pitiless relation; but there is deeper tragedy in the Spanish story, and it is more lifelike. The haughty mother in *Eliane* has nothing distinctive about her, and awakens no sympathy from first to last.

Spider. None; especially when she seems to think all the sad years wasted and spoiled through her pride, quite atoned for by consenting to her son's second marriage.

Arachne. You have not read George Sand's *Marquis de Villemer,* and I should certainly not advise you to do so, for there is a terrible blot in the story; but if you knew the charming, prejudiced old patrician described in it, you would see how comparatively conventional the sketch of nearly the same character in *Eliane* is.

Spider. I think *Fleurange* and *Eliane* both very pretty though.

Arachne. Yes, exactly, and very pure in tone; nothing written by Mrs. Craven can be otherwise.

Spider. There is a new story by the author of *Sans Famille.*

Arachne. Pomponne? Yes—a thoroughly immoral book.

Spider. Is it? We were going to order it.

Arachne. Do not; it is not fit reading for girls, or indeed for any one who respects herself. I got hold of it on the strength of *Sans Famille,* and regretted it.

Spider. Well, may we have Henry Gréville's *Dosia?*

Arachne. Certainly; it is in her best manner—a gay and charming book. Others have more power and passion, written since by her, but none are more attractive. And you should read her *Perdus.* Have you had *Le manoir des célibataires?* No, I thought not; it is strange how little Maryan's tales seem known in England, though they and those of Marcel are all one could wish for girls.

Spider. I wish Signor Rolandi would let subscribers have more of such books as Madame Colomb's *Étapes de Madeleine.* Why does he not have them in his library?

Arachne. I cannot imagine. I wanted to get Giradin's *Braves Gens* from him; but probably he has not got it?

Spider. Oh, I have read it; like so many written lately it turns a good deal on the Franco-Prussian war. It is clever—rather *too* clever, I think. Our boys did not care for it, and Muriel and Anne declared it was dull!

Arachne. Well, it is a comfort to have good old books to fall back upon. I am refreshing myself with the *Portraits de femmes*, by that prince of critics, Sainte Beuve. The sketches of Madame de Duras, Madame Deshoulières, and the rest, remind one of a now almost forgotten literature which enchanted a whole generation. I feel as if I were looking at a delicate pastel portrait of some old-world beauty.

Spider. It requires some knowledge of French literature to care about that kind of book.

Arachne. Yes; and though everybody learns French, very few read anything but the last new novel, even though it may be much like those of the Marquis d'Argens, of which Grimm said, '*Il dit des choses usées et ne se donne pas la peine de les rafraîchir. Il aime mieux faire beaucoup de livres que d'en faire des bons.*' But to read the real masters of the language, whether old or new, would be especially valuable at a time when slip-shod writing prevails, and our standard of prose, if not of poetry, is constantly declining.

Spider. I suppose it is.

Arachne. Undoubtedly. The public is not fastidious; there are few tests to which prose can be brought as a measure of excellence, and fewer readers who care to weigh its merits or defects. I believe the same *décadence* is taking place in France, and that it dates—sensibly, that is—from 1830, since which time every writer has done what was good in his own eyes, and the old canons of taste have been more and more set aside. '*Quand le règle est franchie, il n'est plus de limite,*' as Ponsard says in a line where there is more truth than poetry. Of course every generation ought to have its own style, but there is a remarkable want both of good criticism and of good writing in England as well as France.

Spider. We have our old German governess staying with us now, so we read a good deal of German aloud. She has brought Werner's *Um hohen Preis.*

Arachne. And what do you think of it?

Spider. She says it is not nearly so powerful as *Glück auf*, and to our English notions the guardian uncle falling passionately in love with his young niece is not pleasant, though I dare say her child-love for her betrothed would have been swept away, as the book describes, by such passion as Raven's. Only he is so disagreeable!

Arachne. What! we have hero and heroine at daggers drawn, then irresistibly attracted by each other, as usual; and then——?

Spider. They do not marry, so there is a variety on the theme; but I cannot understand the heroine consenting at last to marry her first

love—the man whose hand, in fact, cast down Raven from place and power, and drove him to despair. And there is another thing—the total want of playfulness all through. The only attempt at it is in some dull sneers at religion and pious people.

Arachne. Eber's new story, the *Burgermeisterin*, seems to have caused some disappointment, although the time in which his story is laid is an excellent one for an historical romance. But he is rather an antiquarian than a novelist. It is not enough to know every piece of Cœur de Lion's armour, or the exact shape of Roland's horn; one must call up the spirits of Richard and of Roland to make the armour and horn anything but mere musty curiosities.

Spider. But will they come when you do call for them?

Arachne. Exactly! I suppose, however, that we may really belong by temperament and sympathies to some other epoch than the present, and so be able to realise it; or one may read the past by the help of some analogous state of things in the present, and in either case a living book may be the result. I always fancy that the remarkable breath of life in Eber's *Uarda* is explained by there being a certain likeness between the great struggle of Rameses with the priestly caste, and that now going on in Germany between Rome and the State.

Spider. I must read *Uarda* again.

Arachne. Do so—if not in German, then in Mrs. Bell's admirable translation. I happened to be reading the last part of Genesis and the first of Exodus just after studying *Uarda*, and was very much interested by the light thrown on many passages by the descriptions of manners and customs in Eber's Egyptian romance.

AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER IX.

LANGUAGES.

BEFORE the Crimean war many people supposed that the English were deficient in talent for languages. The presence of a few accomplished linguists was but held to prove the rule. Since those days some change has doubtless passed over public opinion; but we are still far behind others in ability to dispense with interpreters and hold easy intercourse with neighbouring nations. This is the more to be regretted, since we ought to feel that we have much to say to them for *their* advantage on most important subjects, and not a little on others, of only secondary importance, to ask, for *our own*. The immense number of French and German teachers maintained in England represent an expenditure of money and precious time which ought to have produced very different results by this time, to say nothing of the annual deportation of young English people to acquire French or German abroad. Much of this energy and money has been misapplied for want of well considered methods of teaching, or for want of conscientious effort on the pupils' part. Too many parents have readily believed that anybody who cannot *speak* English must be able to *teach* some other language. People also are slow to notice two things about the teachers. One is, that both in France and Germany a qualified teacher commands more than a bare maintenance. If, therefore, a French or German girl accepts 25*l*., 20*l*., 18*l*. a year in England, besides the discomfort of exile, she is either not a good teacher, or not a good girl. Many 'foreign governesses' in England betray, to experienced ears and eyes, the social status natural to them at home. Well, if besides the deportment, erroneously supposed to be that of foreign *ladies*, they do not introduce their young pupils to habits and manners which are certainly out of place in English homes. Sometimes, indeed, a *bona fide* teacher comes to England for a small salary for the purpose of learning English, but it is very unreasonable to expect her to give up her own plan without receiving a fair equivalent in money; and she cannot learn English and teach her own language at the same time. An equitable arrangement may be made, but it is necessary that some one should make it and see it carried out.

The other particular, in which the common plan of trusting to a 'resident foreigner' is objectionable, has been pointed out in the valuable papers 'From the Note-book of an Elderly Lady.' It is, that

even if the lady be all that can be desired in principles, habits, and manners, she *can* only have it in her power to take foreign views of people, things, and events. The more skilful and conscientious she is in influencing her charges, the more certain it is that she will train them up *un*-English in habit of thought and in their standard of sentiment.

These are, however weighty, not the only reasons for which I would urge the selection of *competent* Englishwomen to teach our young girls and boys modern languages. My range of personal observation has been limited, but the opinion of others who have had more experience coincides with mine, that French ladies generally, and Germans very often, lose time for want of understanding the 'ways' of English children. The inconvenience of having several different systems of grammar to learn at once is another great obstacle to progress.

The principal difficulty, however, which has retarded the acquisition of living languages by the English, is one which should have been averted before children get into the schoolroom. As soon as a child can speak, *some* one ought to teach it to name all the objects around it, to express its ordinary wishes and feelings, and to ask common questions, in other languages besides its own. Ten minutes daily are enough for this purpose. *Children* are not prone to mix languages; but the risk may be almost precluded by the precaution of teaching French always in one room and with one set of pictures, and keeping a different set, in another room, for the German lesson. At whatever age you have to begin your course, this is the proper way to begin. Le Page's *Echo de Paris* is a vast, but unfortunately unclassified, storehouse of lessons for *oral* teaching. The time-honoured *Le Petit Précepteur* is another. You should, however, write out such phrases as will join into a conversation, accompanied by the appropriate actions, giving each child in rotation something to say, and, as often as possible, something to do. Watch their pronunciation carefully, and, especially in French, allow no stop between the words. The mute aspirate with which a word beginning with a vowel is in English separated from the final letter of the last word, is a defect in French which often escapes an English ear. The nasal vowels should be carefully kept pure and *distinct from each other*, and the unaccented 'e' marked by an infinitesimal pause something like the abrupt check caused in pianoforte playing by a dot over a note.

When your pupils can take their parts in your little scenes rapidly and correctly, but not before, teach them the alphabet on the black board—in German the current as well as the printed letters—on exactly the plan followed in a good infant school. Place first the small letters in lines of five; in French count e, é, è, as *distinct* letters, pronouncing each at once as it is always to be heard. The diphthongs also may just as well be included in this table; o, and ô, must have separate places. In German let each '*umlaut*' stand beside its vowel

Point to each letter and name it (in its own language, of course) *down* the columns, and then *across* them. Repeat this for each child, and then let them give the names while you point. When they know the small letters, dictate words which are quite free from complications, such as 'rose, pipe, dame, âne, aime'—not necessarily monosyllables; in German preferably dissyllables. At first they must write only words, but before long you may go on to '*Papa dort*,' '*Der mann lacht*,' and similar sentences; only, make use of no elision or other irregularity before it has passed muster on the black-board.

When they can write syllables containing every vowel and diphthong, and every consonant, from dictation, teach them the force of the combined consonants on exactly the same plan. As soon as they can write whole sentences indiscriminately taken from either of the books which I have named, they are ready to begin to read. I know no German book exactly corresponding to *L'Echo*. But Macmillan, Sampson Low, Longmans, and Isbister have prepared nice little books which you can adapt. The main thing in German is to have very large print; in French, not to let your pupils *see* the words until they are accustomed both to hear and utter and to write them as rapidly as English ones.

The grammar for English children to learn from has yet to be written in both languages. I should employ Smith's *Principia* for both, but adding oral notes on the French from Brachet. There are, however, some exercises prepared, on a somewhat similar plan to Dr. Smith's, on purpose for use with Brachet's *Grammar*.

During the time that your pupils are having *oral* lessons in German and French, they ought to go carefully through the first part of the Latin *Principia*, unless their parents will allow you to follow a method so old that it will now probably appear new; namely, to begin with Dr. McCaul's *Hebrew Primer;* then take Gunion Rutherford's *First Greek Grammar*, or Morris's *First Greek Lessons;* and having started Hebrew and Greek firmly, to go to Latin next. I believe this at present unpopular plan to be the easiest and best. Little children have no conventional dread of new characters; *all* are new to them; and I believe in most cases their power of acquiring them is practically unlimited.

Principia Latina is a very valuable book, so well graduated that the *conscientious* use of the first and second parts will prepare a boy to take a very respectable position in a public school. Yet there is nothing too difficult for a governess to teach. The principles of teaching languages vary little, whether the details coincide or not.

I. You have first to supply a stock of expressions so thoroughly familiarised by early use that the child utters its ordinary ideas as readily in one language as in another.

II. To accustom the child to write and to read this store of words, and others formed like them.

III. To extend its vocabulary, and train it in the best phraseology,

while communicating the accidence, and subsequently the specialities of syntax. Dr. Smith's method, of introducing one novelty at a time and working that until it is familiar, should be adapted to whatever you are teaching. The sentences used as exercises must not contain irregular words or anomalies; on the other hand, they should be idiomatic, and should be translated, not *freely* as it is called, which means *inaccurately*, but exactly; only the sentences must be arranged with care and taste into *good* English.

IV. No lesson is complete without as much practice in translating *from* as *into* English—not the very same phrases, but such as the foregoing lessons will have prepared. If time presses and you cannot hear both lessons, rather omit the Latin into English than the English into Latin, which is to the other as the proof to the working of a sum, and cannot well be prepared by rote. Many teachers have an unaccountable prejudice against this simple exercise; they will go on 'correcting exercises' and 'hearing vocabulary and construing.' On one occasion I so far prevailed with a lady to adopt her own modification of 'my' plan (which is indeed Roger Ascham's) that she would set the children a fable to translate into English, and next day (which is too soon) would dictate their clumsy literal translation to them, to be retranslated. It so happened that one of the girls detested any mental effort, but could learn by rote very easily (to forget immediately). In the pause of one of my own classes I found the lady placidly dictating 'The frogs having asked Jupiter *of their giving* a king,' and the girl writing 'Une ourse avait une fois un petit ours;' each being unconscious of the accidental substitution of another fable for that which the pupils intended to produce that day.

Retranslation is an excellent form of dictation, or rather substitute for simple dictation, for which but little time can be spared; but during the first six months or more oral work is better suited to children's capacity, more useful for cultivating good pronunciation and rapid utterance, and takes less time than children's slow writing.

After Brachet's *Exercises*, or Smith's *Principia*, volume i., is finished, it is better, if possible, to go completely through a small book than to depend on selections, although the second volume contains a very good set of extracts. Either this or *Le Philosophe sous les toits* will give occupation for a year. *Every word* must be mastered, and *you* must be able not only to explain and to parse the whole, but to *derive* every noun. Hachette's publications, historical grammars and derivative dictionaries, bring this task down to a mere exercise of perseverance. You must also require your pupils to analyse a few sentences every day. The classification of phrases as adjective, adverbial, and substantive, forestalls much of the difficulty in learning the diverse use of pronouns and participles.

In German, Macmillan's *Course* seems to be preferred at the High Schools. Eve's *German School Grammar* is a most valuable addition

to your material, and gives insight into the rules for arranging words in the sentence, which are extremely perplexing to superficial students, but need not be so to people who understand English syntax. The teachers who make no distinction between verbs of complete and incomplete predication, or who forget that a phrase when *acting* adjective or adverb is *placed* as if it were such a word, or who do not consider that the words in a clause occur in different order to those in a sentence, are forced to multiply rules and exceptions until the memory becomes overburdened and confusion ensues. But when you have once explained that that which modifies the verb, whether word or phrase, follows one rule, that which qualifies the subject, whether word, phrase, or clause, another, and that the 'object of the verb,'of whatever form, also keeps its own usage, the cumbrous-looking sentences soon lose their terrors, and the inversions, being foreseen, are no longer bewildering. As soon as your pupils can read easily and have gone through the accidence thoroughly—processes simultaneously carried on in all good primers—you must have an easy book, such as Wackernagel's *Lesebuch*, prepared for German *children*. Devote a year's lessons to translating and retranslating this, orally at first, and then in writing. In German, at this stage, hymns and poems, *suitable for children*, with or without music, are very valuable if the children like them. You may also find plenty of German picture-books and little stories to read to your pupils; but generally speaking these 'superfluities,' though pleasant helps if they can be had, ought rather to come in in the nursery, or from 'mamma,' for the governess's time is limited. In French the child-world is so different from that in England, that, excepting Mme. de Beaumont's delightful naughty pupils, the children usually require as much explanation as the language, and in some cases deserve it less. Indeed the stories about *naughty* children in German and French are so dreadful that English children had better not read them. After this stage take the books prescribed for the Local Examinations.

In Latin no 'untrained' teacher is likely to find a royal road more direct than *Principia Latina*. Miss not a word; translate and retranslate, orally and in writing. After Part iv., your pupils can read Cæsar, Livy, then some Ovid, then the first and second *Æneid*, concurrently with Cicero's *Letters*. Editions of these authors, prepared with notes for pupils, may be found at Macmillan's and Longmans', and in most educational catalogues.

Comparative philology is now introduced in every good system of teaching languages. My reason for urging the early study of the elements of Hebrew is, that a sound knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and its classes, and of the Hebrew verb and pronouns, may be *easily* acquired in childhood, and will be very useful in explaining changes of sound or of spelling, &c., in a great many other languages. I say nothing now about the advantage of learning the original of the

'Scriptures,' so named by our Lord; simply as an ancient language belonging to a different family from our own, and therefore affording us a glimpse of other forms and habits of thought and speech, Hebrew is worthy of attention, and the primer is so small and so easy that children go through it without any trouble. It being now acknowledged that the true way to learn even 'dead' languages is to treat them as if they were living, to reanimate such portions of their literature as appeal to mankind, making their expressions our own until we can at will pour forth our thoughts clothed in their habits, it seems strange that the very important relics of antiquity which exist at our sides in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are so neglected in the schoolroom. We may not all have Mezzofanti's, or even Bishop Patteson's, gifts, but nothing so spoils the ear as inattention; and conversely, children accustomed to seize every opportunity of mastering a language which they occasionally hear, will have the less difficulty with the next; while, practically, an even limited knowledge of these Celtic remains will infinitely facilitate the study of other European languages later in life.

If I say little about Greek, Italian, Spanish, or the languages of India, it is not because cogent reasons are wanting for initiating children into their pronunciation at an early age; but I address one class of the community, and a class whose opportunities for *learning* are usually, for teaching *always*, limited. The plan that I have laid down would enable children to *speak* German and French, and any other languages within reach, from infancy up. To learn grammar from about seven years old, beginning with Mason's *First Notions;* to learn as many various alphabets as possible, at that age when every new symbol is looked upon as a desirable acquisition; to begin the Hebrew primer at about seven and a half, and give ten minutes a day to it for about a year or less; then the same time to Wright's or Rutherford's little Greek book, and thus be ready to take up Smith's *Principia* at ten years old. *Of course* the other languages must not be abandoned, but a very short lesson on alternate days will suffice for 'keeping up.' I would have German and French conversation, stories, and picture-books daily until twelve years old, by which time *at least* the first volume of *Principia Latina* would be done with. Then I would give two years to French grammar, literature, and composition, and two to German. One accidence and syntax at a time is far better than more. Meanwhile any opportunity for learning even a few sentences of other languages should be embraced, and each new acquisition carefully compared with the old. By this method the tools would be prepared and the skill acquired for studying the best books in each anguage, or for opening communication with our brethren in all parts of the world.

(*Concluded.*)

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

SOPHOCLES.

'. . . Sophocles,
With that king's look which down the trees
Followed the dark effigies
Of the lost Theban.'—MRS. BROWNING.

THE transition from Æschylus to Sophocles marks a distinct change in the character of the Greek drama; a change corresponding to a new temper in the age itself, and important as indicating the position in which Sophocles stands to Æschylus on the one hand and Euripides on the other.

Sophocles, in many respects above his age, was also modified by it. Thirty years younger than Æschylus, he was most happily born into a time which still touched all that was best in the past, while it was animated by the fresh aspirations of the present. Athens was just entering upon the period of her supremacy. In all the external relations of life there was more activity, in art a growing perfection, in thought more freedom. Men still believed, but they also reasoned. Of this phase of temper the best representative was the historian Herodotus, many of whose sentiments are repeated in the dramas of Sophocles. Herodotus had travelled and seen much; had gathered wider views of things, yet still retained the simplicity of his earlier belief. He stood, in fact, between the old and the new. This was precisely the position taken up by Sophocles as a poet. Later on there came a time when the conflict between reason and authority became more direct; when the philosophers doubted in religion and the Sophists questioned in morality. This later aspect of thought found its poet in Euripides, with whom tragedy became deeply philosophic. But Sophocles, though he outlived Euripides, remains, poetically speaking, his predecessor. In his maturer age he clung to the ideals of his youth, and in his affectionate sympathy with the past, stands nearer to Æschylus, from whom, however, he is still separated by wide differences.

The nature of this difference is roughly indicated in the saying that Æschylus was the poet of the gods, Sophocles the poet of man. At first sight the two poets would seem to be at one in their views of those relations between man and the gods which occupy so important a place in the Greek drama. Both were profoundly impressed with the idea of the divine government of the world; both sought to justify the ways of Providence to man, and in both the idea of an iron fate or destiny appears prominent. But a closer glance reveals divergence. Æschylus, with all his artistic freedom, and his sense of human free will, had

at least seemed to present a theological system in which a Power stronger than themselves constrained the gods, who in their turn visibly interfered in the affairs of men. Retribution came in this life. The righteous man was ever exalted, and the proud man brought low. The truth which Æschylus had thus sought to wrest from things by bold strivings of imagination, was sought by Sophocles with wider and deeper searchings of spirit and a fuller confession of its mystery. Accepting the popular gods, he yet looks calmly beyond them to a Power apart and distinct from them, which is not destiny or necessity, but a 'Power that makes for righteousness,' working by eternal laws. But this Power is apprehended rather than believed in, and its workings are wholly dark to mortal sight as it moves inexorable, implacable to individual suffering, slowly onward to 'some far off divine event.' Sophocles' conception of deity is thus grander than that of Æschylus, but dimmer and more mysterious.

The theological views of Sophocles give the key to his dramatic method. In his sense of the mysteriousness of the divine decrees, he turns from an inscrutable heaven to the puppets who work out its will. Thus, where Æschylus had sought tragedy in the conflict of mighty external forces, Sophocles transfers it to the inward but no less agitated world of man's soul. He thus joins hands with Shakespeare as the poet of humanity, and a Shakesperian passage might well be written as a motto above the Sophoclean stage:

> '. . . man alone, proud man,
> Dressed in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the *Godhead* weep.'

On this mortal scene the fancy of Sophocles revels, as it were, with freest scope, and with a deep feeling of its emptiness and sadness. For from the human side its outlook is dark indeed. Man plays out his little part against the gloom of a silent heaven, with which his passions and ambitions—nay, even his blindness and ignorance, seem ever playing at cross purposes; though in fact these are the instruments by which deity works out its own intents. Life, as thus viewed, is but a short and fleeting tragedy into which it is far best 'not to be born,' and man a 'vain shadow disquieting himself in vain.' Suffering is the law of all, but it falls most on the high-minded and the innocent. The sole consolation is that there is a law of right, could he but know it. Nothing can really harm the good man. Suffering itself purifies and ennobles, and may be working for a good we cannot see. There may, too, possibly be compensations in a future life. The Sophoclean philosophy, as seen from man's side, can only be described as a pessimism relieved and illumined by a hope.

From this philosophy springs what has been called the *irony* of Sophocles. Only through the medium of a fine irony could he view those 'fantastic tricks' into which the noblest as well as the meanest are

betrayed. For irony may be defined as a perception of the contrast between what seems and what is, between the hopes and aspirations of man and the thwarting limitations of his life. The irony of Sophocles is merely his profound sense of this contradiction expressing itself in perpetual dramatic contrasts. It is the very atmosphere in which his actors move.

But if his views of man and Providence and his study of humanity seem to bring Sophocles nearer to our own day, and link him with Shakespeare, there is another side of his complex art which severs him sharply from Shakespeare, and makes him peculiarly unmodern and difficult to appreciate. Æschylus captivates us by his poetic imagination, Euripides by the modern qualities of his style; but Sophocles is Greek of the Greeks, the representative poet of Athens, when Athens was the 'eye of Greece,' and supreme not only in thought and action but in art. Of this perfect art—which we associate in its highest manifestations with the name of Phidias—the main characteristics were its severe moderation, the symmetry by which it mastered details into a faultless whole, and its realisation of a type so large and reposeful as to embody the highest thought and emotion not only of its own but future ages. All these qualities render the work of Sophocles truly Phidian, and, as they affect his dramatic method, render it widely different from that of Shakespeare. Sophocles is simple and artistic where Shakespeare is prodigal and natural. He chooses a central character, in whom some one primary passion is dominant, from the conflict of which with surrounding circumstances the tragedy is evolved. Around the hero or heroine are grouped the minor characters, each of whom, in his due degree, helps to forward the main action, while every scene, incident, or situation is so subordinated as to contribute its own proper interest, but no more, to the effect of the whole. The seeming coldness of this perfect art is apt at first to repel the reader, but admiration succeeds as we come gradually to understand the true measure of the poet's power, and realise how he can transmute the most complicated horrors into sources of the deepest pathos and the most intense human sympathy. His deepest tragedies leave us with a sense of serenity.

Little is known of the life of Sophocles, but his true life was in that art to which he devoted himself, though of the hundred dramas he is said to have written only seven are extant. He was born in 495 B.C., at Colonos, a small *deme* near Athens—a spot whose loveliness he has immortalised in a beautiful chorus—and he died at Athens in 406 B.C. And as his art was, so was his life. The key-note of both was their serenity. Few public cares, no enmities disturbed the repose of this Greek Goethe, whose beauty of person and gentleness of disposition were alike remarkable. From the time when he wrested the first tragic prize from Æschylus in 468 B.C. to the day of his death, he was the darling of Athenian society, as he was her favourite dramatist, her

prince of poets. He lived through the greatness of Athens; he was spared the spectacle of her decline. To him belongs by right the title of happiest poet, for he fulfilled his own exacting ideal of a fortunate life—he was 'happy to his latest day.'

ŒDIPUS THE KING.

This is on the whole the most typical of Sophocles' dramas. It is the artistic masterpiece of Athenian tragedy, as the *Oresteia* was the poetic. Both plays deal with the calamity of a king, and the way by which, in each, the calamity is brought about, marks the difference in the methods of the two poets. To the general remarks above offered, however, only one can here be added, viz., that the poet intends to represent Œdipus as a *blameless* sufferer. The murder of the unknown wayfarer was in self-defence; in all that follows he is an unconscious agent. But he has transgressed—though in ignorance—against the eternal laws, and as he has sinned, so must he suffer. The following Argument, which may appear somewhat complicated, is intended to suggest the method in which the details of the story are applied by Sophocles to the elaboration of the tragedy. The scene is at Thebes.

ARGUMENT.

(PREVIOUS TO THE ACTION OF THE PLAY.)

It was foretold by the oracle to Laius, King of Thebes, that he should be slain by the hands of his own son. Wherefore when his wife, Jocasta, gave birth to a son, Œdipus, Laius gave the child to a shepherd and bade him expose it on Mount Cithæron. But this Theban shepherd, touched with pity, gave the babe to a Corinthian shepherd, who carried it to his master, Polybus, the King of Corinth. So Œdipus grew up the reputed son of Polybus and Merope, his queen.

But when Œdipus was grown to manhood, one threw out whispers that he was not truly the son of Polybus; and Œdipus in wrath took counsel of the Delphic oracle whether this were really so or not. And for sole answer the oracle declared that he should murder his own father and become the husband of his own mother.

Then in bitterness of heart Œdipus set forth from Corinth, he scarce knew whither; and by evil hap he took the road to Thebes, for it chanced about this same time that Laius, the real father of Œdipus, was travelling once more to consult the oracle at Delphi. So thus it was, that in a narrow pass of the way Œdipus met Laius with his attendants, and because they would fain have thrust him roughly aside, Œdipus slew Laius and all his attendants save one. For he wist not who Laius was. But he that alone escaped was the very Theban shepherd who had been ordered long years before to expose the babe Œdipus.

But Œdipus, not knowing what he had done, passed on till he came to Thebes; and there he wrought a great deed. For the city was devastated

by the monster Sphinx, who kept devouring all those that might not guess her riddle. But Œdipus guessed the riddle and set Thebes free. And in the joy of that great deliverance the murder of Laius was clean forgotten, and the grateful citizens made Œdipus their ruler, and gave him to wife Jocasta, Laius' widow. But Œdipus weened not at all that Jocasta was his own mother.*

And Œdipus ruled right wisely and well, and was greatly loved by the people whom he had saved.

(AT THE OPENING OF THE PLAY.)

When Œdipus the King had ruled Thebes for some time, and Jocasta had borne him children, a terrible pestilence broke out over the land, destroying both man and beast, yea, and the fruits of the field. Then did the people turn to Œdipus in his goodness and wisdom, and beseech him once more to save them in their affliction; and he pitied them, and sent Creon, the brother of Jocasta, to Delphi, to seek advice of the god. And for answer Creon brought back that the gods thus troubled the state for the murder of Laius, and that respite should be none till the murderer was banished. And when he had heard this Œdipus invoked a solemn curse on his head who had done so terrible a deed, and declared that he would trace it out himself. (EXTRACT I.)

Now Creon had also urged the King that he should make inquiry of Tiresias, the blind prophet; but Tiresias hesitated and would tell nothing of what he knew, so that Œdipus in wrath accused him of having compassed the murder with Creon. Then Tiresias spake plainly and said unto Œdipus, 'Thou art the man;' and moreover he spoke boldingly of fresh misfortune that should befall the King, and bade him think upon his birth. (EXTRACT II.)

The prophet's words troubled Œdipus, but his wrath burned hot within him and he believed them not. And when Jocasta knew wherefore he was grieved, she bade him not be disquieted by prophecies, that ever led men false, for had not oracles declared that Laius should fall by his own son, and lo! had he not been slain instead by a robber as he journeyed to Delphi? But the words of Jocasta disquieted the King more than the words of Tiresias had done, for his memory went back to the pass of the three cross roads and the traveller whom he had slain there; and fearing indeed that this was Laius, he bade send for the one survivor of that adventure, and recounted to Jocasta all that story of his early life.

And lo! while still suspense held the mind of the King, there came in haste a messenger from Corinth to tell how Polybus, the reputed sire of Œdipus, was dead. Then Œdipus rejoiced greatly, for it seemed the oracle must needs have proved false which said that he should slay his

* *The Sphinx was part bird, part lion, with the face of a woman. The riddle was: 'A being with four feet has two feet and three feet and only one voice.' The answer being,* MAN, *who, as a babe, crawls on all fours, in manhood walks erect on both feet, and in age leans on a staff.*

own father; yet still he dreaded, because that same oracle had declared he should marry his mother, and Meropê, wife of Polybus, whom men called his mother, was yet alive. Now it chanced the messenger was the very Corinthian shepherd who had brought the foundling Œdipus to Polybus; so, thinking that he did a great service, he cried out to Œdipus to be of good cheer, for that he was not the son of Polybus and Meropê, and he recounted how he had himself received him as a babe from the hands of a Theban shepherd.

Now the Theban was the very servant whom Œdipus had already sent for, as being the only survivor when Laius was murdered; and while they yet spake he was led in, sorely unwilling and afraid, for he had recognised Œdipus long before as him that had slain his master Laius, but more than this he knew not as yet. But being told by the Corinthian messenger that Œdipus was furthermore the babe whom he should have exposed on Cithæron, and compelled to tell all he knew, the whole crime of Œdipus was clearly revealed.

Then did Œdipus, when the dreadful truth was known to him, utter a loud and bitter cry, and, rushing forth, put out his eyes for anger that he had been so blind of mind before; and he besought them that they would thrust him forth from Thebes. But because the oracle forbade they would not. So the once proud and wise King Œdipus abode for a while, blind and poor and desolate, in the city which he had saved. (Extract IV. and V.)

I. THE IMPRECATION OF ŒDIPUS.

. . . But now since I
Am ranked, though late, your fellow-citizen,
Hear me, Cadmeians, thus before ye all
Proclaim; whoso among you knows who slew
This Laïus, the son of Labdacus,
I bid him speak and tell me how all happed;
Ay, though he shrink on his own head to lay
This charge—still speak; no harsher doom than this
Awaits him, to depart the land unharmed.
Or if one know some stranger, wonned from far,
To be the man, let him not hold his peace;
Meed he shall have, which thanks shall grace yet more.
But if ye will not speak, but spurn my words,
Racked each man for his friend or even himself,
Needs must you hear what I do next intend.
As for this murderer, whoe'er he be,
I charge all such as dwell within this land
Whose powers and throne I sway, that no man dare
To harbour him or speak one word to him;
Nor let him join in prayer or sacrifice
To Heaven, nor give him part in lustral rite.
But let all thrust him from their doors, our taint
Apparent, as the Pythian god's own lips *
Declared to me but now; such ally then
I'll prove me to the god, and that dead man.

* *i.e.* the oracle of Apollo.

But for the doer, be he sole escaped
Or ambush leagued with more, I pray that he
Being evil, may right evilly a life
Most miserable outwear; and draws he breath
Within my own halls, with my privity,
Each curse I drew on them, on my head fall.
But all these things I charge you to perform,
For my sake and the gods', and this poor land's
That pines in barrenness, of God forsook.
For though this task were not enjoined of Heaven,
Were 't well, seeing he that ceased was a king,
And a most noble one, to let that guilt
Cry unatoned, nor rather search it out?
But now, as I hold sway where he was wont,
And have her for my wife * that once was his,—
Our children too, had issue failed him not,
Had formed one kindred of a common seed;—
(But now cruel fate hath lighted on his head;)
Therefore, I say I will this cause defend
As for a sire, and by all ways seek out
The wretch that wrought this murder on the son
Of Labdacus † and Polydorus hoar,
And Cadmus, and Agenor of old time.
And whoso will not hear, for him, I pray,
The gods raise up nor seedling of his field,
Nor babe within his house, but may this plague,
Or one more horrid blast him; but for you,
Cadmeians, in whose ears my words seem good,
May Justice, our ally, and all the gods
Be with you, with all blessing, evermore.

II. ŒDIPUS AND TIRESIAS.

ŒDIPUS.

Oh! thou most crafty knave, for thou would'st fire
The coldness of a rock, thou wilt not then
Speak, but keep'st still thy stern, unyielding mood?

TIRESIAS.

Thou chid'st my mood, yet dost not that perceive
Which thine own breast locks in, but blamest me.

ŒDIPUS.

Who lives, could hear thee with calumnious words
The city so asperse, and tame his blood?

TIRESIAS.

Yet must they come to pass, though I were dumb.

ŒDIPUS.

Why! on this showing, thou should'st tell them me.

TIRESIAS.

I will speak no word more; then, if thou wilt,
Be wrathful; fool blind passion to its height.

ŒDIPUS.

In sooth, as passion prompts me, I will speak
My full thoughts out; for know, I do suspect

* Iocasta.
† *i.e.* Laïus, whose ancestors are here named.

This deed set on by thee, and wrought by thee,
Save that thy hand struck not the blow; had sight
Been thine, I had laid the deed to thee alone.

TIRESIAS.

Ha! by thine own decree, spoken by thy lips,
I charge thee hold! and never from this hour
Speak word to these or me; seeing THOU art
That thing unclean that doth our land infect.

ŒDIPUS.

Art thou so lost to shame that thou hast breath
To utter this; and think'st thou to go free?

TIRESIAS.

I love the truth, and in its strength am free.

ŒDIPUS.

Who taught it thee? be sure, 'twas not thy art?

TIRESIAS.

Thou; who did'st urge me on, though loath, to speak.

ŒDIPUS.

Did'st thou say aught? re-tell me more at large.

TIRESIAS.

Did'st thou not hear, or dost but tempt me on?

ŒDIPUS.

If aught, obscurely; come, re-word it me.

TIRESIAS.

I say thou did'st slay him whose slayer thou seek'st.

ŒDIPUS.

Not twice unpunished shall these insults go.

TIRESIAS.

Shall I say that will anger thee yet more?

ŒDIPUS.

Say what thou wilt; 'twill be but idle breath.

TIRESIAS.

I say thou liv'st, in shameful ignorance,
With those most dear, nor seest thy depth of woe.

ŒDIPUS.

Think'st thou to rave on still, and take no harm?

TIRESIAS.

So long at least as there be strength in truth.

ŒDIPUS.

There is, for all but thee; but for thee, not;
For blind of sense and sound and sight thou art.

TIRESIAS.

Unhappy thou! to make that my reproach,
Which but too soon these all shall point at thee.

ŒDIPUS.

By one long night possessed thou could'st not hurt
Or me or any one who sees the day.

TIRESIAS.

Too true thy doom is not to fall by me;
This shall Apollo do, who needs no aid.

ŒDIPUS.

Was't Creon hatched this story, or thyself?

TIRESIAS.

Not Creon is thy bane, but thou thyself.

ŒDIPUS.

Oh Wealth, oh Power, and lore all lore beyond,*
In this proud life where jealousy so beats,
How vast an envy makes your home its own,
If for that sceptre's sake which the state gave,
Free gift, of me unsought, into my hands,
Creon, my friend first-found and trustiest,
Would oust me fain with stealthy creeping arts,
And hath set on this sorry knave, this schemer,
This fortune-telling cheat, whose sight is keen
For gains, but dulled in uses of his art.
For, if thou can'st, come, prove thee a true seer.
Thou might'st, when the maid-monster † wove her lay,
Methinks, have found some loophole for the state;
Though well her riddle, framed to mock chance guess
Of random lips, had asked a prophet's skill.
But this thou stood'st convicted not to have,
Whether from gods derived or flight of birds.
But then I came, who nothing seemed to know,
I, Œdipus, and overcame the beast,
By mother-wit, not learnt, I trow, from birds.
I, whom thou'dst oust, in thought to be the prop
Of Creon's throne; oh! to your grief meseems,
Shall thou and he that hatched this vileness ply
Your purgings; ‡ and, were age less rank in thee,
Thou had'st by suffering learnt thy thoughts' true scope.

TIRESIAS.

Though thou be king, yet thus much sway I wield—
To answer thee again on equal terms.
For I am bond to Loxias, not thee.
Nor shall I be enrolled of Creon's name.§
But know: since blindness thou hast made my shame,
Seeing, thou dost not perceive thine evil plight,
Nor where thou housest, nor with whom consort'st;
Know'st thou from whom thou art? Thou blindly wrong'st
Thine own that live on earth or sleep beneath,‖
And thee one day a dread, fleet-footed curse,
Fanged with a sire's a mother's hurt, shall chase

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* This refers to the superior wisdom which was held to pertain to a king.

† The Sphinx.

‡ *i.e.* their endeavour to fix the guilt of the plague on Œdipus.

§ *i.e.* be his client, and have him for my patron.

‖ *i.e.* Laïus, whom he had slain, and Iocasta, whom he had married. The 'curse' in the next line is the consequence which would naturally follow from such deeds.

A wanderer forth, with eyeballs straining dark,
That now see clear; but what Cithœron * then,
What vale shall not re-echo with thy cry,
When thou perceiv'st into what spousals drear
Of havenless unrest, in these thy halls,
Thou hast steered, full sail; and thronging ills besides
Thou seest not, shall abase thee to the dust,
In thine own children's sight. Then spurn my words
And Creon, for no mortal lives that shall
His life in loathlier pain wear out than thou.

III. PROPITIATORY CHORUS.†

STROPHE I.

Be mine the fate ever to heed
Pure holiness in word and deed,
Whereof the laws sublime
Were strong in the great heavens, and decreed,
From everlasting time.
Of them Olympus is the only sire,
And none of mortal flesh did them create;
They shall not fail or die, for in them God is great,
Who never doth wax old, nor ever tire.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Pride exalts the tyrant's head;
Pride, if its lust be surfeited
With wanton vain delight
Of shows that may no whit the mind bestead,
When it hath climbed its height,
Darts to sheer ruin down, where foot no way
Can find; but may contention ‡ never die
Sole emulous to serve the state's prosperity.
In God is aye my trust; He is my stay.

STROPHE II.

But if any seem to speed haughtily in word and deed,
Neither sway of Justice fearing,
Nor the gods' high fanes revering,
Him may evil fate o'ertake
For his wanton folly's sake.
If he gain not righteous gain,
Nor from wickedness refrain,
Nor with mad, rash hand defy
Laws of holiest sanctity.
Shall not soon thy wrathful arrows hailing,
Smite the sinner that he boast no more?—
For, if on such deeds waits praise unfailing,
Use of solemn dance and song is o'er.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Never shall my missioned feet haste to earth's most holy seat,
Nor to Abæ, or the shrine
Of Olympia divine,

* The name of a special mountain, here used for mountains in general.

† Iocasta, having intimated to Œdipus her disbelief in oracles, the Chorus, consisting of aged Thebans, in this ode deprecate such unbelief, assert their own ardent piety, and call on Zeus to fulfil the oracle which had been spoken in regard to Laïus' murder.

‡ *i.e.* eager patriotism as opposed to the self-seeking of the tyrant.

If these things be not confessed
By all mortals manifest.
But, oh Zeus, if thee we call
Rightly sovereign lord of all,
Let it not unheeded be
Of thee in thy eternity.
For the oracles of Laïus spoken,
Fall unheeded fading day by day;
Honours none Apollo's shrine betoken,
And divine things slowly pass away.

IV. THE DESPAIR OF ŒDIPUS.

Alas, Cithœron! wherefore did thy slopes
Cradle me and not slay me as I lay;
Then had I shown no man from whence I sprang.
Oh Polybus, and Corinth, stately home
They called my sire's of old, what thing was that
Ye reared me, fair outside, most foul within?
For vile men know me and from vilest sprung.
Oh ye three paths, and bosky dell, and copse
Shading the pass where met those triple ways,
Which at my hands drank mine own father's blood,
Doth still remembrance haunt ye of the deeds
I did in you, with those far worse which I,
When I was hither come, did then commit?
Oh spousals, spousals, me ye bore, but then
Burgeoning anew from that same seed, put forth
Sires, brothers, sons, a kindred strain confused,
Matrons and brides and mothers, with all shapes
Of horror named most shameful among men.
But since of shameful act 'tis shame to speak,
I pray you, no delay, but, by the gods,
Slay me, or thrust from sight, or on the wave
Cast forth, where ye shall never see me more.
Come, deign to touch a man most miserable.
Hearken, be not afraid; for he lives not
May hear my sorrow's burden, save myself.

V. ŒDIPUS BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS CHILDREN.

But for my fate, what matter? let it go
Even as it will; and, Creon, for my boys,
Bestow no thought on them; being men, they'll find
Where'er they be, the little life does lack.
But for my sad, my pitiable girls,—
For whom no feast was on my table spread
Apart from me their sire, but all I touched
They ever freely shared;—have them in care,
If me thou e'er didst love, and suffer me,
One last request, to touch them with my hands,
And weep a while their woes;
Oh! hear me king,
As thou art noble, hear! did but these hands
Once touch them, I could deem I held them yet,
As when mine eyes saw clear; what do I say?
Oh, heaven! methought that somewhere in the dark
My darlings sobbed; hath Creon in his ruth
My dearest children sent me? is this so?

[*His two daughters, Antigone and Ismene, are brought to him.*

CREON.

It is; for this thank me, who knew full well
That dear delight thou had'st in them of old.

ŒDIPUS.

A blessing on thy head who led'st them hither!
And kinder fate than e'er was mine, keep thee.
Where are ye, oh my children? come, come here,
Give yourselves up to these fraternal hands
Which did the once bright orbs thus quench of him
Who was your sire, for you to gaze on them.
For sire I was,—being blind,—my babes, to you,
Or e'er I knew from whence myself had birth.
See you I cannot, but I weep for you,
Seeing the rest of your so bitter life,
You needs must suffer at the hands of men.
For where, when men do meet, is room for you?
What feasts are there, whence ye shall not return,
Weeping hot tears for all festivity?
And when you come to marriageable years,
What man is he, my children, shall be bold
To take on him that damning heritage—
The blot that stains my parents * and yours too?
Oh, children! there is none; your sure doom is
To pine unwed, in cold virginity.
But, oh, Menœceus' son,† since none but thou
Can to these two poor orphans be a father,—
We both, their natural parents, being as dead,—
Leave them not—thine own kin—to beg their way,
Husbandless, poor, nor lay my woes on them.
Oh! pity them; they are so young to be
So desolate! save thee, no stay they have.
Oh! noble prince, give me thy hand, in sign
Thou yield'st, and, dear my children, had ye sense,
I had had much to tell you; now, this be
My prayer for you; what life soe'er is best,
And happier days than your sad sire had. [*He is led off.*

CHORUS.

Sons of Thebes, my natal city, Œdipus behold and see;
Who did solve the famous riddles; man of men was he.
And his fortunes, while men marvelled, even higher seemed to soar—
Lo! now a dread sea of troubles hath his head closed o'er.
Therefore call no mortal happy till he draw his latest breath;
And without one grief to cumber, life's long journey o'er, he slumber
Peacefully in death.

GERARD W. SMITH.

* He means Iocasta. † Creon.

GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY.

THERE is a form of hospitality which has lately been suggested to us, and which we wish to put before some of our readers. We all know how when explaining the works of mercy to young children we have had to gloss over the entertaining of strangers, by talking of eastern lands devoid of inns, or by telling them not to grumble at an unwelcome guest and to refrain from persecution of the wandering foreigner. All the time we feel that the injunction means something more, and think with some humiliation of those Breton hearths where the warmest nook is, or used to be, reserved for the beggar.

There is, however, a more feasible and satisfactory mode of thus receiving strangers open to us than ever was practised by the pastor of the *Deserted Village*.

How many persons are there not in our busy towns who need change and refreshment? How many convalescents require only food and fresh air to complete their recovery? How many toilers are absolutely debarred from the required rest from having nowhere to go? The more mechanical and monotonous labour becomes, the more it wearies and even demoralises, because it neither occupies nor interests the mind, and therefore change and rest are needed to a far greater extent than when work was more complete and individual.

There are Convalescent Homes and Homes of Rest, but these are not sufficient to take in by any means the numbers who need them. It must have been the lot of many of our readers to look out for such a home for some sufferer, raise the requisite weekly payment with difficulty, and then be kept waiting so long for a vacancy that the period when admission would be the most beneficial has passed away. Besides, though many of these Homes, especially the small cottage ones and those belonging to sisterhoods, are admirably watched over and managed, the physical rather than the mental antecedents are necessarily the passport, and in some cases girls and young women might not be improved by even very respectable fellow patients. We cannot exclude a well-meaning gossip, neither can we always silence her.

Besides, there are many who have not been ill, but who may be saved from breaking down by a timely holiday. Some have no homes to go to, others have them situated in crowded streets, which afford no change. Of two sisters who enjoyed a welcome holiday at Wimbledon together last year, one, who was an upholstress, stated that she sometimes worked from 9 A.M. till the ensuing 1 A.M., and many a similar case can be found. Needlewomen are especially overworked and under-fed. Prosperous times mean to them a press of

work, depriving them of time to snatch a meal in the middle of the day. Their earnings are usually small, and they cannot afford themselves a holiday. Their profession as dressmakers gives them a certain training in the appreciation of beauty, as has been several times shown by their enjoyment of a little Home of Rest at Torquay, which has been fitted up with taste and care. These Homes, even on the smallest scale, are expensive to keep up, and require constant supervision. A perfect matron is more difficult to find than it is to build and furnish the house, and a weak and untrustworthy head is the ruin of the whole.

But many persons who cannot attempt such establishments can do much for the wearied singly, either by receiving them into their own houses, or by boarding them where they will be made welcome and kindly cared for. Kindly and respectable old women who keep lodges, or married servants, cottagers of a better class who have seen their children out in the world, will generally be delighted to have the charge of some pale convalescent, and take great pride in contributing to the restoration. They will often be especially pleased to have the care of little children, and though of course a watch must be kept up, they will generally fulfil their trust with a thorough participation in the good work. Superior married dependants on an estate are available for inmates of the difficult border-land of gentility, the clerk, the pupil teacher, the shop assistant, male or female, who may not be servants'-hall company.

And lastly, there are our own houses, where the expense is less felt, though the difficulty in other respects may be greater. There are those who have house-room, and no family to consider, who at certain seasons open their doors to ladies who can only be treated as equal guests—governesses, whose only other alternative is a Home or a dreary lodging, or overtasked professional ladies, or mothers recovering from an illness.

We give extracts from letters from one who has experience in this way. But it is much more often possible to take in one who can be a companion to the servants. The cost of an additional mouth for a week or so is hardly felt, and the individual care and influence can be much greater than where the numbers are larger.

'*Number of Cases Provided For.*

'On my own list 105 names stand of those sent through the Charity Organisation Society; 45 others were members of the Girls' Friendly Society, or else women or children sent down from London by ladies specially interested in their welfare, and who sometimes paid the cost. There were some others sent direct from London; I could not give the numbers, as I do not know them. The proportion of ladies who were willing to board out convalescents was greater than those willing to

take them into their houses. Having reserved a small room for the purpose, I received eight persons this last season. My experience was a happy one, and I found the servants and convalescents were on excellent terms—the convalescents quite willing to lend a hand if anything especial was needed to be done; so that the visitors were an acquisition rather than otherwise. In one instance, when I wrote to thank a Girls' Friendly Society associate for her kindness in entertaining a little member for a month, this lady replied that the little girl had proved so good a help-girl that she had, as it were, earned her board. This girl, I may mention, had *never seen a pig in her life*, and was introduced to this somewhat commonplace animal. She required a doctor's care when she first went into the country. He attended her gratis (his wife was a Girls' Friendly Society associate); kindness begets kindness. The improvement in the appearance of the convalescents after a few weeks sojourn in the country is often wonderful. Many will be ready to say that from the moment that they arrived they felt better. Children are apt to be low and strange when they first arrive. It is a good plan with them to have two little sisters or two friends together, so that they can play about together and be consequently less forlorn. When boarded out, two women or two children can be provided for at a smaller sum per head.

'With regard to receiving girls into private houses, a deep-rooted, preconceived notion exists *that servants wouldn't like it*. I can give an emphatic denial to this. That is to say, I dare say bad servants mightn't like it, but good ones do. On the contrary, I think servants are wronged if it be thought that many of them would not be just as willing to do a kindness to a poor town-girl needing rest and sunshine as their mistresses. Masters and servants are closer linked together where they can unite in doing a kindness to a fellow-creature, and I should make bold to promise that, if a mistress would go to some trusted servants and say, 'There is a poor but respectable woman coming here sadly needing rest, take care of her,' the poor visitor would be kindly and well treated. Not one single complaint was made, though the question of how the system answered was ever made of servants refusing to associate with the visitor. In some cases they were superior to the servant in point of social standing, such as a teacher, or pupil-teacher. Biblewomen need rest, and such a woman might prove a blessing in a house.

'Cost of Boarding Out

varies in different places; in the neighbourhood of London two children should be boarded for 14*s.* a week. Adults would cost more; 9*s.* a week is what I usually found necessary to give. At the sea-side 10*s.* was usually given. In quiet places far removed from town living would of course be cheaper.

'Time Required if a Convalescent is to be Benefited.

'To a hard-working woman not suffering from any illness, but only needing for mind and body a rest, even *a week's* holiday is of immense advantage. One old lady of about sixty, a caretaker, who could only be spared for a week, was profuse in her thanks, and assured me that she felt like a different creature. A fortnight is, as a rule, the shortest time that a convalescent should be kept. Three weeks will be found necessary if a woman or child has only just recovered from illness, or is in a very debilitated state of health. Women or children *really ill* and needing medical advice are not those cases adapted for this system, but there are thousands of town-dwellers not invalided who might lapse into bad health if complete rest for a while could not be given them. These are the ones to whom two or three weeks of country or sea-air is an unspeakable boon.

'Care Needed in Choice of Cottages, &c.

'Two cases were sent away from Canonbury. One was sent to a cottage known to a lady, and under her charge; the other was sent to a lodging recommended to the Society, but where no lady watched over her interest during her sojourn in the country. Both returned improved in health. The first was full of her expressions of pleasure of the kindness she had received both from the woman with whom she had lodged and that of her entertainer. The latter was unwell at the time, but had asked her up to her house and inquired into her comfort; this had greatly touched the woman. The second complained that the people to whom the lodgings belonged had tried to extort money out of her—and, moreover, that she had met there people *with whom she would far rather not have associated.*

'Mothers and Children.

'It is hard to say how much good can be done if *mothers* of families could be sometimes given a holiday. From the day perhaps of their marriage they are never free to get away, and when little ones come quickly into the home the possibility of a holiday is remote indeed. If they are ailing, and a ticket to a Convalescent Hospital is offered, they cannot accept, for who can look after the infants in their absence? Some of the most grateful cases were those of mothers who were allowed to bring the smallest children with them. One poor woman, whose life had been a terrible struggle, came to the country with three little ones; she said it was 'Heaven' to her. Another was so happy she did not want to go back again. Her husband had been invited down by the woman at whose house she was boarded.

'About the saddest case I came across was a woman who came from the East End. She had buried three children in about as many years.

A year before she came she had had rheumatic fever when so poor, that had the sisters not visited her and lent her a blanket, she would have had none to cover her, for almost everything was in pawn. Six months afterwards she fell ill of brain fever; she thought it was trouble that brought it on. She was in a wretched condition of health when she came. I feared it was too late to help her, but I am glad to say that at the end of a fortnight I saw her in a wonderfully improved state of health. She was lodged in the house of a tidy, kind woman, who took great interest in all the women sent to her.

'The most touching circumstances under which a convalescent was received were these. A lady had lately lost a beloved daughter, one of whose last acts on earth had been to rise from her sofa to go and cheer by her singing the inmates of a workhouse. The deserted little bedroom was left vacant, for the mother did not like to use it for strangers, till she heard of this scheme of receiving poor visitors. She thought she could not use it more in accordance with what would have been the wishes of her lost daughter than by using it for the entertainment of a tired work-girl, and so it was done. Two members of the Girls' Friendly Society were entertained. Two children paid for the entertainment of a child of eight; she was no taller than their own little sister of four, and yet had an old face and troubled expression. I since learnt that the mother drinks. Two children were sent back to their parents so improved in appearance that the mother said she would hardly have known them.

'There is a great need of accommodation at the sea-side. If ladies had not the means of entertaining convalescents themselves, many could give up a little time towards looking after patients sent; and surely a little fund could be raised towards meeting the expense of boarding them, for rich visitors themselves deriving good from the sea-breezes would be ready to contribute something towards the support of poor ones.'

Ladies who will help, either by entertaining in their own houses or boarding out, convalescents, are requested to communicate with Lady Brabazon, 23, Lancaster Gate, W.; or with the Secretary, Charity Organisation Society, 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London.

BRIGHT DAYS IN WORKHOUSE LIVES.

ANY of my readers who have visited regularly at a workhouse will know how much quarrelling, fretting, and jarring of temper goes on among the old women.

This is hardly to be wondered at when we find a score or more of old women thrown together without occupation, many suffering from loss of sight, loss of hearing, rheumatism, &c., &c., and all from loss of home.

Should we, with education to help us, do better? I doubt it; nay, I feel to my shame, that I at least should most likely be among the worst. For years I visited weekly the Long Ward (as it was called) in the workhouse of Z——. All the old ladies in this long ward are over sixty, and many very infirm, though not positively invalids. When actually ill they are sent across to the hospital of the Union. There grew in time much love between me and my old friends.

I read them stories, and told them stories, and brought them many scraps of news I thought might interest them. I rarely missed, going in all weathers, and felt well rewarded when I heard the murmur of pleasure which greeted my entrance as I stood in the doorway.

Often and often when the story I was reading was considered particularly interesting I have found three chairs placed in a row, the middle one left empty for me, and the other two 'taken' by ladies rather hard of hearing (how long occupied I cannot tell, but it made me try to be punctual), and I have felt that if I did nothing else, at least I stopped the quarrels for one afternoon a week; and as my coming was a variety and gave food for thought, perhaps the following day was more peaceable also.

I must honestly confess that I never felt that I effected more than this, though I tried hard, and I know was listened too. Only one old woman was a communicant, and she had been one before I knew them. They would often ask me questions about my home, my 'master,' and my children, and one day I said—'I wonder whether any of you would like to come and spend a day with me at the Vicarage?' Some at once began to excuse themselves, but others said, would it not be giving trouble? and I saw that, to some enterprising spirits, I had hit on a grand treat.

'Trouble?' I said; 'oh dear no, it would be no trouble. I should be only too happy to have you as my guests and show you my home and the place; but how about getting leave?'

We discussed this, and had further conversation on how best to arrange the journey, a distance of about a mile. That day on leaving

the Union I called at the master's office and asked him if he thought there would be any objection made to my inviting two old ladies from time to time to spend a day with me at the Vicarage. The master is a very kind-hearted man, and he seemed quite pleased at the idea, and said he at least should make no difficulty, and he felt sure the gentlemen of the Board would be only too happy to give permission.

So on the following Tuesday (the Guardians sit on a Wednesday) I wrote on my best note paper, crest and all—

'DEAR JANE SMITH,—It will give me great pleasure if you will spend next Thursday with me, and bring a friend. I will send the carriage for you at 11.30.

'From your affectionate friend,

'———.'

This letter was, I believe, submitted to the Guardians and their consent given. At any rate, I called on the day named at 11.30, and found two old ladies awaiting me in a flutter of excitement. One of them was almost hysterical in her happiness, or strangeness, whichever it was. The porter and the cook led them out, and one or two paupers working about the front came to see the start. We all helped to lift the old women into the carriage and tuck them safely in, and then we started, I promising to have them safely returned by six o'clock.

I could make a long story of these visits, for I generally have three sets in the course of the summer; that is, six old ladies; of course the pleasures differ, and the tastes and dispositions of my visitors differ also. As a rule I begin in May, when the hawthorn is out, and we drive slowly along the lanes, often stopping to admire and pick the sweet-scented May. Then when they arrive they sit in the garden till kitchen dinner is ready. The servants, I am sure, like having them, and do their best to make it a happy day.

The food is especially chosen to suit the tastes already inquired into, and for tea there is always a red herring. Between dinner and tea the old ladies sit in the garden or greenhouse, creep about the place, and go into the church; we generally leave them a good deal to themselves.

The grand treat, I find, is to get hold of the children, their admiration for them being unbounded. It must be an event to them to have freedom even for one day to wander as they like, to poke about the churchyard and watch the live stock, and it brings up all sorts of thoughts and stories of their old lives, or young lives I ought to say; and let us hope the annoyances of the present, so dreadful to them, are perhaps a little lessened or deadened.

One time I took them in the boat on the river, and their great enjoyment was most pleasant to see; they had been dreadfully frightened about getting in, but the movement of the boat was so resting and so novel they could not make enough of it. Then after tea our little pony-carriage is announced, and the good-byes come. I generally send

a present for the friends left behind, and with plenty of flowers and sixpence a-piece they once more leave for the workhouse.

The return journey has generally been in our children's pony-cart, the man-servant walking beside them, and from the questions asked afterwards about him and his family I have gathered that he also has done his best to amuse my old friends and make it a day of thorough enjoyment.

One absurd, and yet pathetic result has followed these summer pleasure days; several old ladies have asked, when dying, to be buried in our churchyard. It is a compliment no doubt, but one the vicar cannot appreciate, for the churchyard is already too full; but nevertheless it has come to pass that I have followed two or three to the grave, and sent flowers to be laid on their coffins.

There is very much more I could write about on the same subject, but on this occasion I am sure I have written enough; and if the above little account should prove a hint for giving poor old paupers a treat I shall indeed be thankful and well rewarded.

ON SIGHT.

A LESSON FOR QUINQUAGESIMA.

BY DOROTHEA BEALE, PRINCIPAL OF THE CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

'Lord, that mine eyes may be opened.'

We have spoken of the wonders of sound, have explained that each blow given to the air produces a tremulous movement, a vibration in the air, little waves, which striking against the drum of our ear, affect the nerves of hearing; then the true self interprets the voice; through material things, things spiritual are revealed, and soul touches soul; love and grief, pity and joy move us, and we are roused to action or subdued to patience.

But what is light? It too is produced by a motion of vibration—by vibrations smaller, swifter, more far-reaching than those of sound. Sound is limited to the regions of earth; light fills the universe. Sound travels a few miles a minute, light more than ten millions. Sound moves the soft invisible air; light moves through what we call æther, *i.e.* through something we imagine to exist, for it is so delicate that no human power can detect it; yet it must fill space, and even the hollow spaces, which must exist between the atoms of the diamond; so minute are the vibrations that there are more than 33,000 in an inch, so rapid that many billions enter the eye in one second. And God has given to nearly every living creature, perhaps to all, a wondrous instrument, sensitive to the minutest gradations of these æthereal waves, and as the different rates of vibration in air give different notes, so do those of the æther give different colours.

We might compare the sun to a great organ, ever sending forth 'floods of harmony.' The æthereal ocean vibrates to its touch, and onwards the ripples flow, on and on through ninety millions of miles; and as they strike against material things on earth, they are reflected in myriad hues, and this reflected light entering our eye makes the nerve vibrate, and then before the indwelling soul, which God has endowed with marvellous power to interpret these vibrations, there are opened visions of glory and beauty, sea and sky, sunlit landscape and shady valleys, fields, and flowers.

But try to tell a blind man what light is—call it æthereal music, the notes of which are colours of endless shades; say that for light too there is loud and soft, though he hears nothing, and that the eye

full 'Sabbaths'—came and looked at the group over the iron rail dividing lawn from meadow, observing them mildly with his wise, quiet eyes.

Then Annie rushed upon them with a rhubarb leaf full of mulberries in one hand for the ladies, and an apple in the other for old Dobbin, who whinnied and neighed and stretched his head further over the rails at sight of the girl, who, for her part, reciprocated his affection, and stroked his white-starred forehead, and even kissed the very centre of the spot, whilst he was munching with vast content his Sunday dessert, to-day the primest Ribstone pippin his old playmate had been able to stretch high enough to reach him.

Then the first tea-bell rang, and they collected their goods and went in; and Mrs. Addison felt Una's dress carefully to make sure it was not damp. 'My own girls are strong, but you——'

'We had the great carriage rug out all the time.'

'Yes, but I think of yesterday's steady downpour. However——'

'I pass muster?' asked Una, looking up into the kind face above her. 'I will change it, if you like.'

'I should be happier.'

'Then I certainly will, dear Mrs. Addison. Mayn't I—mayn't I call you "Aunt Addison," like Armigel and Gladys?'

'No, I think not. Mr. Addison does not like assumed relationships—although, perhaps, hearing Armigel and Gladys call me thus you may not think so; but that is the remnant of their early orphan days, too young to understand that my sister was only their "mother" in love. Now run away, or you will be late for tea. Now that Angela has to play at Bramble End, we have to be as quick, as well as punctual, on Sundays as on week-days.'

That was a sweet, balmy walk to the school service; a hearty, if somewhat rough and ready service once there; a quick, cheerful tramp home again, by starlight, through the narrow lanes to Rosemary End. Armigel and Una would fain have made Angelica and Gladys linger to gather the dewy honeysuckle, find blackberries, watch the stray glow-worms; but Angelica was resolute in pressing on.

'Papa always likes some hymns and prayers in grandmamma's sitting-room on Sunday nights, before Fred and Annie go to bed. And we must be home and have our things off and be ready to begin by a quarter to nine, or it makes it all hurried and uncomfortable for him, and keeps grandmamma up too late.'

So they walked on fast, and, once inside the still open door, ran up to their respective rooms at once, and, at least, Angelica was in her place, sitting at the sweet old-fashioned pianoforte, by the quarter, and beginning to play the hymn which Annie had chosen, before the others stole silently in.

'S.P.C.K., No. 43,' she whispered gently to Una, as she came

behind her, *Hymns Ancient and Modern* [illegible] of earthly rest."'

Neither Una nor her young [illegible] felt a little cheated at finding [illegible] *Modern*—that universal language [illegible] planted at Rosemary End; but all three [illegible] respective trebles, second, and [illegible] Armigel's voice rose suddenly, in its [illegible] above even little Fred's, it seemed so [illegible] spirit of the seventh, that Angelica felt her heart [illegible] eyes filled with the pleasantly sad tears [illegible] to sensitive natures.

But Una was 'dim Sassenach,' and when the last [illegible] word had died away she spoke, to say if softly—

> '"Sweet foretaste of that endless day,
> Of rest in heaven."'

The whole of to-day has been that, I think.'

Fred's choice was '492.' It seemed a strange choice [illegible] Armigel and Gladys, although the allegorical character of the [illegible] well-known 'Safe Home!' accounted very simply for the [illegible] which the boy took in it. What did he know as yet of [illegible] 'shattered deck;' 'burdens borne' as well as [illegible] always well;' of 'leaguered camps' or 'night [illegible] or 'exile'? But, at each verse, some vivid [illegible] and terse metaphors called up before even [illegible] Gladys and Armigel and Angela they seemed [illegible] fight, till their life's end, under the banner [illegible] 'Home and Duty,' but a high watchword too.

And to those whose race was nearer run [illegible] promised comfort, once afresh—

> 'What matters now grief's darkest day,
> When God has wiped all tears away?'

When, with these words, the hymn was finished, there was a little silence. All had so sung it from their hearts, and [illegible] souls, were these souls deep or shallow, that mere physical and spiritual breathing space seemed needful before they could turn their thoughts into a fresh direction, or their thoughts into other words. After this pause Angelica did turn to ask her father to choose, as usual, the last hymn before prayers, which were always followed by his mother's favourite '421;' but what a strange, far-away smile was upon his lips —a smile that recalled to her with a stab, the end of one verse of that hymn:—

> 'Bare all he could endure,
> And bare not always well.
> But he may smile at troubles gone
> Who sets the victor garland on.'

trembles at the silent touch of light, as the ear at audible sounds—what would he understand of all this? Tell him it is a music ever floating from all things living or dead, teaching us the forms which he knows only by touch. Tell him it comes not from a few miles, but that by its means we touch bodies so distant, that it would take centuries to reach them.

Could he, then, conceive light? Would he know anything of the glorious sun, of the rosy tints of dawn, the glowing sunsets, the mountain tops tipped with gold and silver, or of what Homer calls the innumerous laughter of the ocean, as it ripples in the sunlight? Could he conceive the gorgeous hues of flowers and birds? Would he understand how the soul speaks through the eye, telling of grief and joy, of sympathy and scorn? No, he must believe the testimony of others that such things are. He must trust us that we are speaking the truth, when we say, 'That which we have seen declare we unto you.' His faith cannot be sight, and nothing that the most loving friend, the most patient teacher can do, will give him the faintest idea of the wonders which sight discloses to us. And not only is he shut out from knowledge, but from action too—shut up, as it were, in a prison-house; alone, he dares take no untried road, he needs a guardian to watch over him.

Does not all this make us feel how foolish those are who believe only what their senses tell them? Does it not help us to believe that there may be powers, as much more wonderful than sight, as sight is than hearing—more ready to believe Him Who has told us of things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard? Surely there is a world within the visible, which these mortal eyes cannot see, a music of heaven, which these mortal ears cannot hear, of which He has borne witness, Who came down from heaven; there is a world of spiritual beings more glorious than man, and we ought to receive the testimony of those who have seen the heavens opened, who have heard words which it is not possible for man to utter. God has to speak to us in a language we can understand, to translate heavenly things into the symbols of earth, just as we were obliged to call light music, when we spoke to the blind man. So the Bible tells us of a golden city, gates of pearl, angels with harps of gold—all these convey to our minds only thoughts of beauty and sweet harmony, beings beautiful for perfect goodness, the peace and joy of perfect sympathy; and so faith becomes to us the foundation of the things hoped for, the power of seeing the unseen. (Heb. xi.)

Try to pass in thought into that country where we shall see truly even as He, Who did not judge after the sight of His eyes, Who knew what was in man; see even as the Angels of God. To them I fancy these solid things are no obstruction, but they see our souls, as it were, unclothed. I think, to them, a soul thrilling at the thought of God's love, trembling with sympathy for a brother or sister, must be

as beautiful music; and a selfish, angry temper, a cruel tongue, must be as harsh, grating discord. Surely a soul, truthful and transparent, pure in thought, and word, and deed, is in their eyes transfigured with heavenly light; but a soul, false or envious, full of unholy thoughts, must seem to them like some deformed and hideous thing. I think the poor sufferer from whom we shrink, lying upon a bed of poverty and sickness, draws the angels to minister, while they shrink from her who prides herself upon the grandeur of her surroundings, or what she thinks her beauty.

We desire for you that your eyes may be opened to believe in this invisible world, to believe that there is a Divine Life by which all these visible things were created, by which they are sustained; that the Spirit of God, Who once brooded over the face of the waters, and then came forth as the Word by Whom all things were made, visible and invisible, through Whom they trembled into being, that He is still near us, breathing where He will, and giving life and strength and energy to those who listen to His voice, to those who come to the light. We want you to feel that the things truly excellent are those which make the soul beautiful, and are eternal—charity, truth, the love of God and man; these are more than wealth or success, praise or admiration, or money or houses. We want you to believe what God has told you, that He is preparing you here, for the home you are to go to, and this will make you ready and willing to endure. I would pray for you and for myself that we may prove, *i.e.* approve, things really excellent, the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace—not gold, pearls, costly array, but the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and charity above even the best of gifts. Then the satirical word, the rebellious spirit, would not be admired; then we should live in the truth, and be true in word and deed; then we should not be shut in by the bounds of space and time, but realise that we are members of the invisible Church of God, that our Father hears our prayers, that Jesus is with us, according to His promise, that the Spirit of God is around us and within us, unless we quench, and grieve Him.

'What wilt thou?' 'Lord, that mine eyes may be opened.'

See how Jesus makes the man say first what he wants. Do we really mean our prayers? That child who defends herself when blamed, does she want her eyes opened? She, who feels herself wrong, and then shuts her eyes, and tries to explain it away by saying perhaps others do so—she who says the cutting word, and excuses herself that she was provoked—she who looks at other people's faults instead of her own—she who neglects self-examination.

If we want to understand music or French, we are glad of correction. If our prayers were real, we should thank God for trial and humiliation. Shall we then murmur at the trials of earth, by which we are purified? Not if we live as seeing Him Who is invisible; not if we are journeying to our home.

My children, let us say to Jesus this Lent, when He asks us what we will—Lord, that my eyes may be opened—to see myself as Thou seest me, as far as I am able to bear it; to see myself as Thy holy angels see me. *Show* me those sins which are destroying my true life. I will try to fulfil better Thy command, to examine myself in Thy sight, by the rule of Thy commandments, not by the judgments of man. I will acknowledge my sins, I will come to Thee, the good Physician; I will take the remedies, painful though they be. Show me Thyself, that beholding, as in a mirror, Thy glory revealed in the Face of Jesus Christ, I may be transfigured by that exceeding brightness, and one day be made like Him, when I shall see Him as He is. 'What wilt Thou?' 'Lord, that I may receive my sight.'

Spider Subjects.

In order of merit—Bog-Oak, Grisell, Nightingale, Bruce's Spider, Water Wagtail, March Hare. Mostly very good, but it may be added that Judith appears to have been of the tribe of Simeon; and to the honour of Naphtali should be mentioned Solomon's architect, Hiram, also Tobit; and, as Grisell says, the 'goodly words' may refer to the Gospel preached by the Galileans. Nightingale rightly mentions the savagery of Benjamin, in the matter of Gibeah, as ravening as a wolf.

FULFILMENT OF JACOB'S DEATHBED PROPHECY.

Reuben is acknowledged as the eldest, according to custom, but lost the birthright, temporal and spiritual, and the priesthood, which were passed on and divided among three of the younger brother's descendants. No great man ever sprang from this tribe, nor did it ever rise to eminence, partly from its position on the east of Jordan. At the second numbering (at the end of the forty years) its numbers were reduced, probably owing to their having joined in the rebellion of Korah and suffered in his punishment. They were among those who 'came not to the help of the Lord' in the war against the Canaanites; and they were among the first whom Hazael smote when 'the Lord began to cut Israel short.' Yet in the Book of Revelation they are mentioned as second only to Judah.

And for good or for bad 'instruments of cruelty' remained in the habitation of Reuben and Simeon. For good—when the Levites 'consecrated their swords' to stay the wrath of God after the making of the calf. Then the curse of 'dividing them in Jacob' was turned into a blessing, and the priesthood, forfeited by Reuben, was bestowed on Levi; and afterwards when Joshua appointed them cities in *all* the tribes. Simeon, meantime, had hardly a portion of his own. They did not increase like the other tribes, and dwindled, ere entering Canaan, to little more than a third of their number at the Exodus. Their portion was at the extreme south, and consisted of certain parts of the inheritance of Judah. No great man came of the tribe of Simeon. It has been well said that no history writer attempting to *invent* such a blessing as Jacob's, would have thought of connecting the glorious lot of Levi with the gradual absorption of Simeon. Yet the Simeonites are said to have become scribes, and mingled with Judah, and did not share the captivity of the ten tribes. Simeon was obedient to the prophecy of Azariah in the days of Asa, and put away idolatry under Josiah.

The history of Levi is co-extensive with that of the chosen people. 'Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among such as call upon His name,' were of this tribe. David divided them into twenty-four courses who served twice a year in the tabernacle and afterwards in the temple, a week at a time, so arranged that there were always two

courses for the sabbath services. Jeremiah and Ezekiel were Levites, and so were the Maccabean princes. Thus both Simeonites and Levites remained in the Holy Land until the Christian era, and both names occur among the apostles. Was he a Simeonite who prophesied the piercing sword to Mary? It is remarkable how, the tribes having fallen from their high estate, the words of the prophecy apply in their worst form to the Chief Priests and Scribes. Their 'secret' meetings, the 'assembly of the Sanhedrim,' the 'man slain in their anger,' need no explanation. Truly 'instruments of cruelty' did they prepare for the Messiah they would not own, and therefore are they divided beyond the limits of Jacob, and fugitives and vagabonds to this day they are scattered throughout the truer Israel; and even now they are divided from their brethren, and trace their descent, many of them, clearly to Aaron himself.

The history of the tribe of Judah, too, is well-nigh that of the historical books of the Bible. To him came the spiritual birthright, forfeited by Reuben, 'In thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed,' and after a time they took up a position which they never altogether lost. Far outnumbering all the other tribes at the Exodus, they had slightly increased by the end of the forty years. The lion was the standard of Judah. His rich inheritance, flowing with milk and honey, produced such grapes as those of Eshcol. The faithful Caleb was of this tribe; but its chief glory centres round the royal line, sprung from Boaz, David, Solomon, and the kings of Judah. Well might his brethren praise *him*, who alone kept alive the true religion amid many a faithless and perverse generation. 'Thine hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies' was well fulfilled in the wide-spread empire of David and Solomon. The words, 'The sceptre shall not depart,' &c., have caused much speculation, seeing Judah lost the sceptre of earthly power long before the birth of 'Shiloh.'

And yet in a manner it *was* fulfilled even then. For the tribe of Judah, which gave its name to all that remained of the scattered Children of Israel, was not left without a native ruler till the time of the Edomite Herods, in whose days Christ was born. And even then there was a sort of fulfilment when Herod the Great put to death his wife, Mariamne, an Asmodean princess. But it is a canon of Scripture that where there is an imperfect *literal* fulfilment of prophecy, that prophecy concerns a future and far more glorious spiritual fulfilment. So in the true 'Lion of the Tribe of Judah' all is fulfilled; and from the hour of the awful cry, 'His blood be on us and on our children,' when they did indeed 'wash their garments in wine and their clothes in the blood' of 'this most precious grape of the body of Christ;' from that hour all the blessing on Judah passed from them to Him, in whom it is ever fulfilled; and hence Judah is sealed first of the twelve tribes. The prophets Isaiah, Daniel, and Amos were of this tribe, and most of the Apostles, among whom Judah has two namesakes, one who followed him in selling his Brother, and the other in his excellence.

The sea of Galilee bounded the inheritance of the tribe of Zebulon, and is alluded to in the prophecy, 'The land of Zebulon and the land of Naphtali, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the nations.' From its 'havens,' the fishermen's little 'ships' put off in the time of our Lord. The judge Elon and the prophet Jonah were of

this tribe. It is noteworthy that the latter preferred trusting himself to the sea rather than go to Nineveh. Its border did not reach to Zidon, the city. But the word Zidon means 'fishing,' and is probably an allusion to the fishermen of Zebulon. This tribe obeyed Hezekiah's call to the Passover, and were among those for whom he prayed as not 'purified according to the purification of the sanctuary.'

Issachar was a pastoral tribe. Well might he call the land 'pleasant,' when the fertile and beautiful plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, formed part of his inheritance. This tribe must have suffered much in the oppression of Israel by Jabin, king of Canaan. The judge, Tola, belonged to this tribe, and so did kings Baasha and Elah, who continued the sin of calf-worship. Yet among those who kept Hezekiah's Passover were 'men of Issachar.'

The name Dan signifies *judgment*. The prophecy was first fulfilled when Samson, of the tribe of Dan, judged Israel. Dan became a serpent, when having gone up from their small possession in the south, they smote Laish, changing its 'name to Dan, and there introduced idolatry, setting up teraphim and a false priest. The city was thus prepared for fuller idolatry, when Jeroboam set up there one of the golden calves, making Dan a proverb for ever. From this time the tribe seems to lose its place. Because it had become a serpent, it forfeited its judgeship,—nay, even its right to be 'as one of the tribes of Israel.' It is not mentioned in the enumeration of the tribes in I. Chron., and its name is shut out in Revelation. Old writers say that Antichrist will come of the tribe of Dan, first as an unjust judge to the elect, and then as a serpent to accuse them.

According to one reading, respecting Gad, it is, 'A troop shall press upon him.' Jair and Jephthah were Gadites, the latter of whom overcame the Ammonites. It is observed that his inheritance on the east of Jordan included Mahanaim, where Jacob had seen the two armies of angels, and the brook Jabbok, where Israel overcame and prevailed with God.

The position of Asher, lying towards the merchant cities of Tyre and Zidon, sharing, perhaps, in the Phœnician manufactures of purple and fine linen, fulfilled the prophecy of their bread being fat and 'yielding royal dainties.' They were among those who humbled themselves and came to Jerusalem under Hezekiah; and afterwards some must have remained mixed with the Jews, for at the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, was 'Anna, the prophetess of the tribe of Asher,' fulfilling Moses' prophecy that Asher should be 'blessed with children.'

The only great man of Naphtali was Barak, of whom this seems a prophecy, especially of those 'goodly words' of his and Deborah's in Judges v. Under Josiah, Naphtali was cleansed of idols.

The 'double portion,' which was forfeited by the firstborn of Leah, was given to the firstborn of Rachel. And a 'fruitful bough' indeed was Joseph, whose two tribes, Ephraim and Manasseh, when numbered at the end of the forty years, outnumbered all the other tribes. 'His branches ran over the wall,' these two tribes possessing in space more than a third of all the possessions of the tribes, some on this side and some on that side Jordan. The 'Well' of Sychar, where the true Well of Life revealed Himself, was in the inheritance of Ephraim. This tribe arose to a pre-eminence never granted to

Manasseh, whose sole great descendant was Gideon. Joshua was an Ephraimite, and in his days this tribe took the lead. And when the kingdom of Israel was separated from Judah, its first two kings were of this tribe, which would no doubt have continued as the royal tribe, but for their sin. Temporal blessings were misused, and Ephraim became a leader in the sin of Israel. Isaiah, Hosea, and other prophets declaim against the iniquity of Ephraim, who having 'sown the wind should reap the whirlwind.' Yet some of them had repented and come to Hezekiah's Passover, but their 'goodness was as the early dew,' and passed away. It is easy to see how all the blessings on Joseph were fulfilled in his great antitype. In the Book of Revelation, though Manasseh, now restored to his place as the elder, is numbered, Ephraim's name is erased, though to faithful Joseph is given a tribe named after him. 'Of the tribe of Joseph were sealed twelve thousand.'

Benjamin 'ravening as a wolf' was fulfilled in Ehud slaying Eglon, and Saul destroying the Amalekites. Saul sparing the spoil which he should have utterly destroyed, fulfilled the latter half. 'Little Benjamin' was actually least among the thousands of Israel when it was chosen as the royal tribe. Afterwards in the division of the kingdom it clave to the House of David, and was reckoned in the kingdom of Judah. The greatest of all Benjamin's descendants, the Apostle who called himself 'less than the least,' fulfilled the prophecy in the morning and evening of his life. It is in reference to this prophecy of Jacob's that the Paris Breviary hymn for S. Paul's Day, rich in Scriptural allusions, like all mediæval hymns, begins:—

'The shepherd now was smitten
The wolf was ravening near:
The scattered flock he threatened,
But he knew not whose they were.'

BOG-OAK.

Oxen: Bubbles, Sintram, Clover, all good.

FAMOUS ANIMALS OF THE BOVINE RACE IN HISTORY.

It is worthy of notice that no other animal has received more general veneration as a divinity, bull-worship being practised in the East from the most ancient times up to the present day. There seems little doubt that this form of idolatry took its rise in Egypt, where oxen, invariably of a black colour and with certain characteristic marks, were worshipped under the name of Apis. When Cambyses invaded Egypt (B.C. 525) he found the people totally regardless of the national danger, celebrating the festival of Apis with every mark of joy and triumph. It is related that when he discovered that an ox was the object of their veneration and the cause of their rejoicing, he killed their god by a wound in its thigh, and treated the conquered people with contemptuous severity. It was noted by the Egyptians that the death of Cambyses four years afterwards was caused by a slight wound in his thigh, and they saw in the circumstance a judgment for his sacrilegious act. At a later date, when Germanicus visited Egypt, his approaching death was foreshadowed, by the refusal of the Apis of the day to accept food from his hand! When the rebellious Israelites set up the golden calf before Mount Sinai, they were doubtless imitating the Egyptian rites with which their long sojourn in the valley of

the Nile had rendered them familiar. And even now in Eastern cities the strange sight may be seen of milk-white bulls roaming among the streets and helping themselves without molestation from the stalls and dwellings of the faithful followers of Brahma, for these animals, having been consecrated to Siva, are released from all labour, and to feed them is deemed a meritorious act of religion.

Animals of the bovine race are frequently mentioned in Holy Scripture both as victims for sacrifice (in which capacity we find them employed among almost all nations) and as a type of wild animals, but the most remarkable occurrence in which they took part is when the milch kine were miraculously employed, contrary to their natual instinct, to restore the ark of God to His people after its capture by the Philistines. In the early ages of civilisation not only was an individual's wealth measured by the number and size of his cattle, but oxen formed the favourite medium of exchange between individuals and nations. Upon the introduction of a metal coinage, the new money was stamped with the image of an ox in commemoration of the ancient usage, and hence from the aggregate noun *pecus* sprang the Latin *pecunia*—money, a word which has its derivatives in almost every European language. In ancient history we hear of taxes of cattle being imposed, and in several cases of peace being preserved by gifts of cattle between rival nations. Not only were oxen used for agricultural labour, but in early French history especially, they were employed to draw the triumphal chariots of the princes in every great pageant. But although cattle were thus domesticated, they seem also to have abounded in their wild state, in the forests of Europe. Upon Mount Orbela, Philip of Macedon hunted and destroyed a wild bull, which had devastated the surrounding country, and hung up the spoils in the temple of Hercules. Charlemagne also engaged in a similar sport in the German forests, nor must we forget our own Guy of Warwick, for although modern sceptics allege that the celebrated dun cow was white, none dare deny that the hero of song added the slaughter of the ferocious animal to his other achievments, and laid its bones in Warwick Castle. Unfortunately like credence is not yielded to the story of the other dun cow of English tradition, she who miraculously determined the site of Durham Cathedral. The hunting of the Urus was practised among the inhabitants of Scotland, and it is remarkable that two Scottish families trace the origin of their name and arms to the fact of their ancestors having saved the lives of their kings when engaged in this perilous sport. The name of the first of these heroes, Turnbull, speaks for itself, and we learn that he seized by the horns a bull 'which violently ran against King Robert Bruce in Stirling Park, for which he got from the king the lands of Badyruel and the name of Turnbull." The other royal deliverer was one Muirhead, who rescued King James IV. from a bull in the forest of Cumbernauld, and assumed the name of Stark, Strong, in memory of the achievement. Nor must we omit to mention another Scottish name which is derived from the bovine race, though the merit of its first bearer is more questionable. On one occasion when Robert Bruce was reduced to extremities, a man brought into his camp a herd of cattle stolen from the enemy, for which serviceable assistance he was surnamed Vach, hence Veitch. From a very early date the wild animals of the race seem to have been condemned to a cruel death for the amusement of the populace, and

not a few were the instruments of the martyrdom of those early Christians, whose constancy under suffering forms so glorious a theme! Among these we may mention the noble women, S. Perpetua and Felicitas, who suffered at Carthage in 203, and Saturninus, the Martyr Bishop of Toulouse, the scene of whose cruel death was marked by the Church *du Taur*, one of the most ancient Christian edifices in Gaul. At a later date, bull-baiting was practised in almost every European country, England not excepted, and we learn that Queen Elizabeth, in whom the soft feminine qualities were not prominent, took great pleasure in the sight. But it is to the Spanish peninsula that this sport chiefly belongs, for there the noblest knights, Moor and Spaniard alike, descended into the arena to prove their dexterity against the unhappy animals, which were even distinguished by name. In a Moorish Ballad we have a spirited description of how Gonzal of Agalva (a Moorish champion who in after days fought most resolutely against the invading Christians) slew three bulls, one of which is known as Harpado of Xarama.

There are other bulls which, dead as well as alive, have played their part in history, as the animal which Dido employed in her famous stratagem when for the site of Carthage she bargained with King Iarbas for as much land as a bull's hide would cover; and the black bull, whose head (a well-known sign of death in Scotland), was the signal for the treacherous arrest and death of the young Earl of Douglas and his brother in Edinburgh Castle in 1439. It will easily be imagined that cattle figure frequently in a minor capacity in Scottish history, where such property afforded a frequent cause of contention among the fierce Borderers and highland chiefs, and was incessantly changing hands. Two remarkable incidents in Scottish history deserve notice. It is related that when Macbeth had usurped the throne, he ordered all the Thanes to attend his court and to provide stone and timber for the fortifications of his castle of Dunsinane, and oxen to convey these materials to the top of the hill where this castle stood. Macbeth rode out himself to superintend these operations, and seeing a pair of oxen weary from the heat of the weather and the steepness of the ascent, he inveighed against the Thane who had sent such worthless oxen for the king's service, and threatened to put the yoke upon the neck of their owner, Macduff, Thane of Fife. In truth, Macbeth here found the pretext, which he had long sought, for attacking his brave and powerful Thane. We need not follow the well-known history further and recall the flight of Macduff, the attack of his castle by the usurper, and the final fall of Macbeth. The other incident shows the frequent practice of using cattle as a species of decoy, which proved the love of plunder to be often stronger than prudence. The castle of Douglas was in 1307 in the hands of the English, much to the annoyance of its brave owner, who made frequent attempts to surprise it. On this occasion he laid an ambush in an adjoining wood, and enticed the garrison from their fortress by causing fourteen of his men disguised as drovers, to drive a considerable herd of cattle past the castle gates. The Scotch then came out from their hiding place, and engaged the English, few of whom found their way back to the castle, which has gained immortal renown under the name of "Castle Dangorous." But perhaps the most ingenious use to which cattle were ever put in history, was that devised by

Hannibal, when in the second Punic war he found himself enclosed by the Romans under Fabius, in a narrow pass, from which there seemed no way of escape. When night came on, he caused bundles of brush-wood to be tied to the horns of a herd of 2,000 oxen, and setting fire to it, he drove the terrified animals towards the enemy. The Romans, frightened at the strange sight, withdrew from their strong position, and the Carthaginian army was saved. This rout occasioned by cattle, recalls the bisons or backeleys, so highly prized among the Hottentots, which aid that nation materially in their battles, as well as in the protection of their sheep and other property. Every army of Hottentots is provided with a herd of these faithful and well-trained animals, which when let loose, advance at the shout or whistle of their masters, into the very ranks of the enemy, goring, kicking, and trampling them to death with incredible fury. It is alleged that these formidable animals have frequently turned the tide of battle, and have even obtained victory without the assistance of the Hottentot warriors. Thus in various climes and widely distinct ages has the bovine race appeared prominently in the pages of history, adding lasting fame to its undisputed reputation as one of the animal species most serviceable to the human race. BUBBLES.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THE February subject brought into the field (in two senses) twenty-four members of our Society, from several of whom packets of rather alarming dimensions were received. Vertumnus, in proposing the subject 'Any plant in flower,' certainly did not anticipate the continuance of such a 'winter' as that of 1881-2 has proved. One result of the extreme mildness has been that an unheard-of number of spring flowers have bloomed during what have always been considered the winter months.

One or two new members have sent specimens, named, but without a word of description of any kind. This is not at all what is required. A careful study of those exercises on which Vertumnus is able to bestow *unqualified* approbation, will show exactly what he desires from each member, as regards form and method.

On the other hand, one new member has set an example worthy of imitation, and which, Vertumnus thinks, might be henceforth followed by the other members. She has appended to her exercise a few interesting 'general remarks'; and it is suggested that if, under that head, each member would set down, briefly, of course, any noticeable botanical features of her own neighbourhood, or botanical incidents, which, during the month, have come under *her own personal observation* (second-hand details are useless), the interest of the exercises would be materially increased.

Vertumnus has once more to caution members against adding the words 'Botanical Specimens' to the postal address of their packets. Specimens alone are not transmissible at book-post rates, as exercises, illustrated by specimens, are. The safest way, now, is to use no descriptive words at all, or, if any, simply 'Botanical exercises.'

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

How much or how little attention should be paid to Mrs. Grundy?

A short account of six good or famous Johns.

not even doctors, have explained with any great clearness, *how* it is the cause, remote or immediate, of these complaints!

And the thing (if it be a thing) called Damp, is mysteriously intangible. It cannot be the vapour that precedes or follows rain, for rain is everywhere, at Brighton, and Torquay, and Cannes, and all the other resorts that are said to rout the enemy altogether. It cannot be the vapour from rivers, for, as Charles Kingsley says, the river damps are God's own sending, and so cannot be too bad for people to breathe. And if we only look at cottage children living near a river, how rosy and healthy they are. They probably cost far less for 'doctoring' than the children who inhabit the 'dry' cities. It is quite intelligible that noxious damp is poison, but then that arises from drains and sewers, of which there are a far greater number in towns, so that cannot be the enemy from whom gentlefolk flee away. There is damp from people's bodies, that is deposited in minute quantities in every couch or chair, and clings to every article of a woven nature in a bedroom, but that again cannot be the foe, for people go cheerfully into lodgings, and succeed other lodgers of doubtful cleanliness, in more than doubtful, unsweetened, unaired rooms, regardless of *that* kind of exhalation, which of course must not be dignified by the name of Damp.

I have sometimes wondered whether it would not be a good plan to change the name of Damp altogether, keeping only the first letter, and call it Dulness. Yet I must allow the latter has a very inferior sound. One is a little ashamed of being dull, but there is a dignity in the vista of suffering connected with damp. I am not absolutely sure, however, whether the phrases 'clay soil,' and 'fall of the leaf,' are not on occasion a serviceable variety. At any rate, they are just as often as Damp placed in the forefront of an announcement of an absence from home, as a comfortable buffer to refute any possible objection to the necessity for change.

I wonder, by the bye, who invented the expression 'change of air.' Change of ideas would often express more truly what we really need, and is by no means a bad thing in moderation.

But is moderation the characteristic of the nineteenth century? To *do* is one thing, to *overdo* another. I have fancied that most things are overdone nowadays, and that in good truth we inhabit the realm of what has been called the Great Too Much. But putting that aside, there is an undoubted mania for change at the present day, and a corresponding animus against simply staying still. Monotony is an evil, and the more change you get, the nearer you are supposed to be to entire felicity.

To look below the surface for the causes, is it that we are overcivilised, and that civilisation has not left us enough to do, and so the 'idle hands,' or more correctly the idle feet, must roam? Menial work is done by servants, needlework by machinists, books are framed, some

of them at least, to save us the trouble of thinking out thoughts for ourselves. The gas is turned on, and is typical of the many other things that are as easily and lightly 'turned on' too. The path of life is smoothed, so that we may glide along with the utmost rapidity. And contemplation and reflection, where are they? The very words seem to belong to a past age. And so, neither do the grave soothing November days suit the hurry of the times we live in. They are an anomaly, or at least a silent protest that is unwelcome. Thus November in the country is a crucial period that few survive, without rushing off somewhere for two or three months at least.

Or if that cannot be, then there springs up the first shoot of that longing to leave the country behind, not for two or three months only, but for ever; which desire grows and grows, until towards April it has developed into a full-blown plan, *i.e.* to give up the country house, a moderate, comfortable one, and to live more 'in the world,' or where there is 'more society.' And so the family is squeezed into a town house, or at any rate a suburban one, a cheaply-built affair of small dimensions, with airless passages and underground offices, the rent being probably the same as the larger, airier, sweeter, but of course duller house in the country. Those November afternoons are not to be faced again, with the leaves swirling about, the front door-bell a little rusty from want of use, the stern necessity from which there is no escape, of finding something to live for, within an area of three square miles of fields and muddy roads and cottages and cottage folk; all this is simply impossible.

One indication that this state of things is real and not imaginary is the growing fondness (!) for railway stations and lines of rail. It is satisfactory to know that your enjoyment of life can be measured exactly nowadays, and that it is in precise proportion to your distance from a train.

'How far are you from a station? Not nine miles? You don't say so? You must be at the world's end. Now, my house is perfect, within *wheelbarrow distance* of the rail,' said a gusty, talkative friend of mine lately.

'And why does that make it perfect?' I ventured to ask.

'Oh, because one may get up to London in no time, run up for a couple of hours any day, every day if you like, so easy, no trouble, while with you——'

My friend was going on with a spice of contempt in his tone, when I interrupted him.

'And why should it be so charming to be able to run up to London any day for a few hours?' I asked, as my brain uncomfortably whirled at the thought.

'Oh, because it's something to *do*,' my friend replied, 'and in London you know,' &c. &c.

I forget the rest, but I had heard enough to rouse a new train of

thought. Something to do, ay, that's it. There's nothing to do of course in the pure, fragrant, beautiful country which the Divine Hand has made, and which man's hand has not succeeded yet in spoiling; and so we are passing, as a lecturer on social science told us lately, 'from a rural to an urban state of existence.' Villages are diminishing, and towns are growing up.* A strange and unaccountable fact, or more properly would be unaccountable, without the theory I have ventured to broach, *i.e.* that town life suits the taste of the nineteenth century best.

For town life does not leave you alone. It takes you in hand, leaves no minute unfilled, visits, shopping or charitable bustle succeed each other so rapidly, that there are no long terrible gaps of time between them, that yawn at you like abysses.

I often sit at my window these quiet November afternoons, and indulge in conjectures, as to whether this theory really explains the growing distaste to country life. And I have thought lately that before we of the middle class, to which I belong, desert the country altogether, leaving it to the great squires, the less learned among the clergy, and the poor, I may as well tell a little bit of the story of my life, because it bears upon the matters touched upon above.

CHAPTER II.

People sometimes ask me how it is that I, Hester Fairfax, a single woman, and no longer young, should have settled myself in a country village, and not, as so many of my kind have done, in a town. I always answer with becoming decision, that such is (now at all events) my deliberate choice. I had had experience of town life, had lived for, I do not care to say how many years, in an unexceptionable Terrace, in a really nice little watering place, and, to tell the plain truth, had grown dissatisfied and weary of the life.

I dare say such a confession is humiliating, for to be afflicted with *ennui* at all shows a lamentable defect of character somewhere, a want of mental resource, a want of—here I find myself quoting my cousin, Eleanor Pratt, which is needless, for I am merely putting down my own thoughts and observations in a plain way. Nor am I even defending my own discontent. It was wrong, no doubt, and yet even now I cannot decide to what extent it was wrong, good and evil being in this world often inextricably blended together. It will be the best simply to state facts, without even arranging them in the correct order that points a moral. And one of the incontestable facts of my history is, that whereas I used to be tired of my life, now I have the far less unendurable feeling (and that only sometimes) of being tired *with* life, which two sensations strike me as being wholly different from each other.

* This is especially observable by the Census returns of 1881.

My lot was cast in the town of Wellsbeach, and when at twenty-nine I found myself with moderate means, mistress of a neat white stucco house in the terrace I have already mentioned, there was a neatness and a completeness about my destiny which pleased my friends very much.

'It is so comfortable and cheerful here,' they used regularly to say, looking out of my front window at the opposite row of houses, also in white stucco, exactly alike.

'Quite country, really,' they would add, surveying the little trim public garden, something like that of a London square, that my back window commanded.

'So clean and cool too,' as the water-cart went by, diffusing an artificial shower of drops.

Yes, it *was* very clean, comfortable, convenient, cheerful (I knew all the adjectives beginning with a *c* so well). There was just a little oppressiveness in such a very convenient state of things. A baker's shop round the corner (not obtrusively near, for trade is vulgar), a fishmonger's a few doors lower down, a miscellaneous shop next to it, in which convenience reached its height, for here was to be had every article which a *petit dîner* requires, down to the very dessert, and all good of their kind. Shopping was in fact so easy that it lost zest. The civil tradespeople made life, from a housekeeping point of view, a dead level, without a single ridge or furrow.

Weather, too, made but little difference at Wellsbeach. If it were very wet, a clean fly was in readiness, or if there were only showers, they made but little impression on the beautifully rolled and gravelled promenade, so that there was seldom any difficulty on the score of going out. Nor was there, for the matter of that, about staying in, were you disposed to spend the afternoon within doors. It was never a problem to decide what resource would most effectually pass the time, for the customs of the place settled that matter for you. Visitors were sure to call, and it would have been unpardonable, unfriendly, to have said 'not at home,' or 'engaged.' So one person after another would stream in, ladylike women and well dressed, and the conversation, it seems to me on looking back, had a tinge of sameness. A little gentle badinage, remarks upon any *very* startling newspaper event, a little recital of domestic difficulties by the married ladies, and parish ditto by the single, a little gossip unspiced by malice—for my neighbours were kindly people—and the visitors in their well-considered afternoon costumes were gone again.

All this for some time amused me; if I were not deeply interested, the surface was stirred, and I lived on from day to day, as hundreds of other single women do, whose *première jeunesse* is passed.

But 'a little rift was in the lute,' and so the slightly weary, dissatisfied feeling grew and grew, and at last amounted to a sort of craving. I wanted something more than the level, well-regulated expanse my life had become.

'Why did I not interest myself in parish work?' here somebody asks. I did to a certain extent, but the parochial machinery was in such high order, and the body of workers so compact, that I never could feel there was much need for my services. Private almsgiving was frowned down, for the infallible system of 'relief' consisted in the bestowal of tickets. Once when I undertook a district during an interregnum, I remember being positively haunted by the idea of tickets. Sooner or later during a cottage visit the subject would be sure to crop up. Every path and even byway of conversation seemed to lead to it. A certain vanished Miss Bottrill was pressed into the service, and she and her doings (with reference of course to tickets) were thrown at me on every possible occasion. I do not believe that she prescribed meat for a sprained ankle, grocery for a baby's fits, and a loaf every day for measles, but I was told so, and my refusal to do likewise was received by a dissatisfied glare, veiled by respectful surprise. The want of independence vexed me, but no one else saw the matter in this light, and my people were called 'so grateful and well-mannered, and not in the least assuming;' and indeed there *were* plenty of civil remarks, such as, 'So kind of the ladies to come and see us poor folks,' &c. &c.

I had a misgiving too about church, whether there, at any rate, the poor were quite assuming enough, for it was hard to determine where they sat, unless it was in some of the dim out-of-the-way corners.

They were certainly not in the middle aisle, for the woman (who would have been pew-opener thirty years ago, but is now church-sweeper and general helper) said to me one day, 'Ours is indeed a genteel congregation, Miss Fairfax; I counted thirty-six sealskins only last Sunday!'—and ever after that I was haunted by the thought of the thirty-six sealskins. Other calculations would come into my head, such as, 'If there are thirty-six sealskins, how many ostrich feathers, how many yards of velvet, how many——' At this point, however, I usually grew indignant, and shut my eyes to keep out the wearying, harassing 'backs,' each surmounted by a complicated study of a bonnet. Oh, how I used to wish one need not look at clothes in church!

The line of demarcation between classes was certainly strongly marked out in our town, or it may be we were a little old fashioned. The title of 'Mrs.' was not thought quite the thing for poor people, so the women were always called Doles or Curtis, occasioning some slight confusion if their husbands happened to be mentioned. Once a work society was started, and as only nineteen ladies wanted to take part in it, there seemed no need for my services. But I heard enough about it, for every laudatory remark of the women was recorded, and it was always the same strain. 'To be sure, how kind of the ladies!' 'Law, I do love Toosday' (the day of meeting). 'Such beautiful things as I never did see!' 'This here apron have made a new woman

of me,' and so on *ad infinitum*. And I never *could* divest myself of a suspicion that in the background of the complimentary speeches there lurked an *arrière-pensée* of my old enemy—tickets! Sometimes I used to think that the 'let alone' system was the only one that did not have a fair trial at Wellsbeach, and that if there had been less supervision and arranging, and a little more real friendship between the ladies and poor women, it would have been better. But then, not having a district, how could I, as Eleanor Pratt severely observed, know anything really about it?

Things were going on much as usual, when, one morning in April, I had a lawyer's letter to say that by the death of a distant relation I had become the possessor of a 'cottage'—so it was called—in a certain country village, by name Endale. How many miles it was distant from Wellsbeach seemed difficult to calculate, even when I *did* succeed in discovering its probable whereabouts on the map.

I cannot say that at first the news roused any particular feeling in my mind, beyond the slightly pleasurable one of knowing that a few more pounds a year would thereby be added to my income, and even those I did not need for my everyday wants. Presently, however, a new conviction stole into the dull current of my thoughts, and made them suddenly flow brightly. The cottage was my own, and I had heard or read something about the responsibilities of property. (I smiled to myself at the grand phrase!) Ought I not to go and see it—nay, oughtn't I to *live in it?* I turned to the description in the letter, which I had read at first with only languid interest. 'The cottage is not very large, but roomy, and abuts on the churchyard and village green. (Really it did not sound amiss!) The soil is clay, which might perhaps be considered a drawback. There is but little society, and no railway station nearer than nine miles. Awaiting your reply, I am,' &c.

'What will the clay soil do to me?' I wondered. I'm mistress of a little bit of it at any rate, and there was a sort of satisfaction in being lord (or lady) of half an acre of even clay soil. 'I *will* live there,' I exclaimed aloud, for I felt that if I once allowed pros and cons to rush in and out of my mind I should be undone! And so then and there, within a very short time of receiving the letter, I had resolved upon the tremendous step of breaking with my old life, giving up my stucco residence, and positively launching myself upon the new and untried sea of country life.

Some force of destiny seemed to be drawing me on, and I felt no doubts nor fears. I even made up my mind not to keep the matter a secret for a single day, but boldly to announce my intention to my friends at once. (I think I had an undefined impression that this would clench my resolve more effectually than anything else.) I had no near relations to consult, and if the plan failed, why, no one would suffer but myself. All the same, I felt more than one twinge of

cowardice and nervousness the next afternoon, as I sat, unable to occupy myself, until the first ring of the door-bell should announce a visitor.

It was just the sort of afternoon that people were sure to call, too doubtful for a regular walk, yet not rainy enough to keep anybody within doors; and so, surely enough, ring after ring came, and by four o'clock half-a-dozen ladies were seated in my drawing-room, and the usual topics were in full discussion.

I was so nervous that I am afraid it was not at all in a company tone that I burst in with, 'I'm going away; I'm going to live in the country.' There was a moment of stunned silence, and then a confused chorus of 'No, not really! Give up this nice house! Where—how far off? Well, this *is* news,' &c., until, to show that I was really in earnest, and also to furnish the assembled audience with all the particulars that indeed I knew myself, I proceeded to read the letter aloud.

Another chorus, compounded of sorrow, surprise, and pity, which when I came to the sentence about clay soil, reached a positive shriek!

'Most unhealthy!' were the first words I distinguished. 'Rheumatism, which Dr. Croke says is invariably the result of——.' Here the sentence was lost. I resolutely read to the end, and thereby diverted the ladies' attention to the new but appalling fact that I should be nine miles from a station.

'Banishment' was the universal dictum. 'You must keep a carriage, *and* a man; if not a boy as well.' 'Expense; have you made calculations?' struck in Eleanor sternly, yet with an air of pity, as though she considered me a species of amiable lunatic. Here meek little Miss Mercer came out with a new suggestion, 'The summer in the country and the winter here, why you'll be quite a grand lady.' 'Yes, yes,' chimed in the chorus, delighted; 'that's the thing;' while Eleanor was heard muttering, like a deep-toned bass-viol which accorded not with the trebles, '*Two* houses—absurd! Pounds, shillings, and pence! Have it down in black and white!'

'I intend to spend winter and summer at Endale,' I managed to say at last. 'I shall keep no carriage, for I cannot afford it; and as for the clay soil, I intend to endure it. Perhaps you will come some day and see how much is left of me, I added, smiling, for I felt inwardly pleased with myself for having made up my mind, before this cold shower of public opinion was thus plentifully dashed upon me.

I suppose my quiet, decided tone carried conviction, for everybody after that was very kind and pleasant, and magnanimously withdrew their opposition; all except Eleanor Pratt, who fired a parting shot.

'You have never been used to the country, and so you'll find it very different from what you expect. At your age now——.'

'But I can *get* used to it I suppose,' I retorted, feeling rather fretted as my friends took their leave, yet still I smiled heroically. Smile as

I might, however, I must allow that that last remark of Eleanor's had struck a weak joint in my armour. Could I, at my age, get used to a totally new life?

The thought haunted and harassed me, as things do haunt lonely women, until another followed to cast it out. I had read somewhere the wholesome, bracing maxim that God never lets us be miserable while we do our duty. Now this move was my plain duty, at least so it seemed to me, and so I could believe that what *is* right comes right, at all events in the end.'

CHAPTER III.

It was one afternoon in the following June that Amelia (my taciturn maid) and I got out of the train at the station which I had made out to be the nearest to Endale. A baker's cart awaited us, in obedience to my request that *some* vehicle should be sent to meet the two o'clock train. I believe that Amelia was secretly much depressed at having to clamber up and seat herself upon rather a shaky board behind, while I and the driver were perched with a little more dignity in front.

'Shall us go the short way?' inquired the man.

'Certainly,' I exclaimed cheerfully, regardless of Amelia's murmur from behind, that we should be shaken to pieces.

The short way proved to be a field road through countless gates, and to me it was a most strangely beautiful drive. The solitude was almost unbroken, as we drove noiselessly through field after field, never seeing a human being, but only the cows and sheep who turned to look at us in a gentle, confiding way. I had a fancy that the pastoral restfulness was something like the scenes we read about in the Bible, amidst which the Patriarchs used to dwell before men had learnt to love the busy hum of great cities.

At least, had time left no mark on these solitary places, it might have been a hundred years ago that Amelia and I and our rustic driver were making our slow progress to Endale. I had never been so absolutely away from turnpike roads before, and that at all events gave me a delightfully old-world feeling, as sweet as the scent of an old-fashioned garden.

Sometimes we drove between ridges of new-mown hay, but the mowers had gone away, and there was always solitude as we wound along through the low-lying fields; for I found out afterwards, it was a long, rather broad valley we were traversing, at the very end of which lay the village, appropriately named Endale.

Yes, there it was at last, my now dear village, in the tender glow of a June afternoon; and the glow (in its figurative sense) has never faded!

Even then I fancied there was something *welcoming* in the look of the houses; the very irregularity was free and easy and charming I

thought, and my spirits, which had been a little depressed by the long railway journey, rose rapidly.

My house was on the village green, gabled and decidedly picturesque, but oh! to Amelia's horror, there was no garden, not even palings in front, and consequently a confiding donkey browsed close to *my* door!

'Do you see that there donkey, ma'am?' inquired Amelia, further words failing her at this point.

'Just what I like,' I answered briskly, and jumping eagerly out of the cart, I pushed open the door and entered my cottage.

The rooms were not at all amiss, though decidedly unadorned, the furniture being piled about in confusion. Nobody appeared, we were evidently monarchs of all we surveyed, and we pushed and pulled things about until we got one room into a fairly presentable state.

Then it was that a knock came to the door (there was, of course, no bell), and as Amelia was exhausted and rather cross, I opened it myself.

A lame woman stood outside, and immediately dropped a curtsey while she surveyed me with a calm and friendly air. 'I am the one as goes charring, please,' she said, with a placid smile, but in an odd harsh voice, 'Me and th' Lad ull help you and welcome, he'll get in the coals and sarve the pigs with anybody, for all he's not just like the tothers,' here she nodded meaningly and smiled again, and waited for me to speak.

I am afraid I did not show myself equal to the occasion, for the dialect was utterly strange, and I only answered lamely enough, 'I will see.' Just then she turned towards the green and said with a pleased look, 'Why here *is* th' Lad, sure enough, always a runnin' after me, bless him.' There he stood a few paces off, arrayed in a clean white calico jacket (not adapted for the proposed labours among the coals), a youth of twenty or thereabouts, with a gentle face, large bright eyes, and a peculiar expression about the mouth that explained to me how it was he was unlike the 'tothers.'

'Come in,' I said to the strange pair, and in they came. 'What shall I call you?' I asked next.

'Becky,' the woman answered; 'they all call me Becky, but my *name* is Mountford when its wrote down, but it isn't often as I've seen it wrote. We live there,' she added, pointing to a cottage that stood at right angles to mine, and had a little garden in front full of flowers, through which a man was now walking up to the door.

'Is that your husband?' I asked, hardly thinking it could be, for the man looked younger than Becky, and had one of the most striking faces I ever saw, a dark Spanish face, with sad eyes, and dressed as he was as a wood-cutter, with a faggot on his back, would have absolutely charmed a painter.

'Yes,' responded Becky in her discordant voice, 'and a good un he is, bless him!'

What an oddly inconsistent village, I thought to myself. Why should a lame woman be 'the one' specially selected to go charring, why should she have a charming-looking husband like that, and why should the son, if he *is* imbecile, not have the cheap dignity of a Christian name? Am I henceforward to call him the Lad, or by the grand family Norman name (another inconsistency) of Mountford?

I had no time to ponder upon these perplexing matters, for there was still a good deal to be done, nails to be knocked in for pictures, books arranged in their shelves, china to be disinterred from its bed of hay and wool. Becky helped us famously (she was not so *very* lame after all), and I rejoiced, as I remembered the thraldom I had been in at my last flitting, when Amelia and a pet upholsterer 'managed' everything for me, and alas! when I arrived, there was order, order everywhere, and not a thing to do!

The only difficulty was that I did not know what to talk about to Becky, being unused to country folks; and when I rashly ventured on the subject of crops, thinking it a safe one, I was soon baffled by some inexplicable 'sids'* which she remarked were down now. So I inquired more about the Lad, who was engaged in letting coals fall from a basket with a tremendous thump into the cellar.

'Nineteen come May (age is always prospective in our village) and all the tothers arning their own living long afore. But they're good to un, bless 'em, and the Lad doos *them* good, I'm pretty sure. They considers him like, and never swears at him, nor nothing of that. But he's been a dale of trouble, more than the tother four put together when you looks at it that way. But we know where it all comes from, from up above, and so we can't stan agen it. "Trouble as the sparks fly upward!" I often think of that as I'm a blowing up my two or three sticks. The sparks fly upwards beautiful, so how true that there saying is!'

I felt I ought to improve the occasion and say something edifying besides endeavouring to correct Becky's rather vague theology. But somehow the right thing to say did not present itself to my mind, and there was a quiet satisfied look in her eyes, although a tear glistened there, which in some inexplicable way gave me a sense of inferiority. By degrees this resolved itself into the definite thought, 'Had not I borne a far lighter cross than Becky's with infinitely greater weariness? and if so, from what platform could I preach to this gentle, dignified village woman?'

'I must give him—I mean the Lad—something for helping us so nicely,' I said next, by way of giving a cheerful turn to the conversation.

'No,' she said, 'no money for him. You'll excuse me, ma'am, but I never lets him work for money. It shall never touch his palm, for he's innocent like, and folks shall say when he's dead that he worked

* I have since discovered these to be *seeds*, or clover.

for love and not for money. I work for money,' she concluded, 'but not he!'

She looked fondly at the Lad, who was now gazing longingly at the empty pigsty, evidently wishing it contained a four-footed occupant for him to 'serve' (Anglicé, *feed*). To divert his mind I set him to work upon the garden, which was choked with weeds and contained hardly any flowers, except a clambering honeysuckle, which almost covered the back of the house. He pecked and scraped for some time without much appreciable effect upon the wilderness, while he varied the performance by munching sandwiches, which interested him, for he ever and anon peeped between the pieces of bread, and on descrying meat, shut them up again with an air of preserving an important secret.

Then as the dusk drew on, the curfew began to toll, and after it ceased, there was an indescribable peaceful hush, which fascinated me, as I stood at my door in true cottage fashion, watching the lights vanish one by one, and seeing nothing at last but the dim outline of the church and girdle of hills, and hearing nothing but the faint sound of cattle browsing far away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day I took a survey of our village, and to make matters clearer, I will describe it here by the light of my later experience.

It is devoid of any plan whatever in its arrangement. None of the verbs that seem invariably to accompany the noun village are in the least applicable to it.

The houses do not 'nestle' under a hill, nor are 'grouped' nor even 'scattered' in the ordinary sense of the word. There is of course no street, only here and there the very feeblest attempt at a row, which terminates almost as soon as begun. To describe Endale with any degree of accuracy, I can only say that the houses are flung about as though shaken from the clouds, and blind chance had regulated their descent.

The village shop to which I first bent my steps, is in the middle of a field, and is approached by a hog-backed stile, a fact that suggested its trade was not remarkably brisk. (However, when I inquired for soap, a stout 'bar' was produced, only it was unluckily mottled, and so dreadfully hard that it flew vindictively about the room when we attempted to cut it, causing Amelia to despise my efforts at shopping!)

The pump that supplies the village with water is erected in the farthest corner of another field, across which the villagers cheerfully wade in wet weather, weighted by heavy 'yokes,' but without the smallest approach to discontent with the powers, or rather the things, 'that be.'

Certainly no careful squire has ever taken Endale in hand, and drawn out cottage plans and built the cottages themselves with tiled

roofs and pretty latticed meadows, and gardens in front shut in by irreproachable palings and perfectly closing little gates. No squire has done all this, for the simple reason that no squire exists at Endale. Yet I have sometimes thought that the absence of a squire—and indeed of all gentry except the clergyman (a bachelor of invalid habits)—is one reason why we have so unalloyed and genuine a village. For a squire-built village is necessarily, as far as outward form goes, devoid of a history. It is pruned and renovated until it has nearly as much uniformity as a London square. But our village bristles with history—I mean the history of individuals.

For instance, on one side of our village green is the Mountford's cottage, built by a man who had saved a little money, on really rather a nice and convenient plan. The cottage is typical of his life. The next year, when less flourishing, he built a second cottage, with only one bedroom and no garden; and the fact of his having taken to drinking is exemplified by the third cottage, which is ungainly in form, dreadfully small in dimensions, and has an unsightly excrescence bulging out on one side, which is not a chimney nor an oven, and the use of which I have never been able to discover.

Next comes my house, which is gabled and decidedly picturesque, besides having the honour of being the oldest in the place. Its former occupant, a Mr. Gammidge, sold or more probably mortgaged it to my relation by way of a short cut out of the maze of pecuniary entanglement in which he seemed to have passed his days.

The impression I have gathered of my predecessor is, that he must have been eccentric to the verge of insanity, to judge by the traditions that have come down to me of his doings.

He would not have palings in front because he liked the cheerful clank of the donkey's chain, rather inconsistent with his chief craze, which was apparently a musical one, for, undisturbed by financial difficulties and the importunity of the baker, &c., he would thump all day long upon a partly dumb piano, which still remains in an outhouse, a dreary monument of him!

Not that the word 'piano' was in current use at Endale, it was always 'the music.'

'Bless you, he'd play on the music for hours and hours, and on Sundays the koir ud be most drownded by his voice! He'd begin and sing "The wicked fool must sure suppose" all by hisself, and then the tothers ud take him up; unaccountable pritty it had used to be,' quoth old Bartlett, with all a true villager's loyal affection for the past.

Of course this last tradition led me to expect a galleried church; as a solo of the kind described would have been an anachronism without one. And so, surely enough, a gallery I found, although the flageolets had now given place to a harmonium, which was accompanied by the only relic of the 'band,' a wheezy flute.

Yet, in spite of all, it seems to me that Endale church is one of the

few that has not needed the restorer's hand. The walls outside are of the softest grey, and within of a brownish cream colour, of that tint which only time can give, and which is in perfect harmony with the rough dark seats, rather more square, it is true, than modern taste approves.

The first Sunday after my arrival I rejected the Gammidge pew, which did not look inviting, and sat in one of the free seats near the open door, from whence I could look down the valley and let my eyes rest with a sensation of infinite peacefulness on the solemn sleeping hills, which lay bathed in a soft, hazy light.

Strangely appropriate seemed the Psalms that first Sunday, as they rose and fell, the cultivated voice of the rector, Dr. Loder, alternating with the rougher tones of the congregation:—

'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

'My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.

'He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.'

And I felt soothed and lifted up, as well as thankful, that God had put me in so sweet a corner of His beautiful earth.

By degrees I began to know some of the Endale folk.

I have a fancy that most people are like pictures, set in a frame, and that the frame, which is their external surroundings, is always more or less appropriate.

Such is certainly the case with my near neighbour, Nanny Bridger. She is a very old woman, and the steep, thatched, low-browed roof is as much in keeping with her age, as the wholesome red-bricked floor is a perfect foreground in every sense, for her neat though bent figure, clad in its perfectly clean old gown and well-mended apron.

'How beautifully consistent,' thought I, as I went in for the first time; and I was still more struck as I glanced round, and saw that, here, there, and everywhere, were signs of a wonderful life-long carefulness.

The wall-paper was patched at every point where it showed the smallest inclination to detach itself from the wall; the china was neither chipped nor cracked, although of an ancient pale pattern that showed it was co-eval with Nanny's early married days; every little possession was laid up on the shelf, and suggesting quiet unhurried pains, and the leisure of days begun early, and work well got under by dinner-time. The very pin, a worn one, in her handkerchief went in and out a great many times, so as to ensure its safety; and the 'ends' of cotton that Nanny had been sewing with, were not strewed on the floor, but gathered together in a heap so tiny that I wondered her dim eyes could see it.

I remember it struck me that Nanny might easily be the model old

woman of a squirearchical dispensation, the pet 'granny' of rich and poor, from whose mouth in story-books flows endless good advice to the rising generation, mingled with not a little laudation of her own 'young days.'

'When *I* was a girl,' &c. &c. There must be living originals *somewhere* in the world of this continually portrayed character, and here evidently is one of them, I thought with complacency, as I awaited the words of wisdom, seated opposite to Nanny, who in her high-backed chair was absolutely perfect to look at, and might have been posed for her portrait then and there.

But I had not sufficiently taken into consideration the fact that Nature is capricious, and that she had chosen to endow Nanny with graces of mind that are of the rugged order, and at first hardly appear in the light of graces at all.

Nobody, I found, could call *her* granny; for children either are, or she pretends they are, her pet aversion. I can never even think of her as a mother, for it was some time before I discovered that a hard-featured woman living next door, nearly as old and not nearly as pretty as Nanny, was her daughter.

Nanny has certainly not the proper amount of motherly affection for her, for she confided to me one day that 'she' was an odd creature, and didn't do a good part by her (Nanny); but, added the old woman, 'I lets out at her now and again!' and then followed a kind of triumphant grunt. I was so much astounded by this unmaternal ill-will, that I felt obliged to ask whom was meant by 'she,' believing it could not be the hard-featured neighbour; on which Nanny replied, with a supreme scorn of proper names, 'They *call* him Bolter; well, it's his wife—Bolter's wife, I mean,' which struck me as quite as unique a mode of speaking of her own daughter, as was the former candid opinion of her shortcomings.

But candour is perhaps the characteristic of Endale, for company gloss, and 'making the best of it,' is obviously trouble wasted, when everybody is intimately acquainted with everybody else's family history. There can be no skeletons in the cupboard, for the skeletons are brandished in the full sunlight, and become miseries of quite a comfortable and bearable kind in consequence.

I had another delusion about Nanny which was speedily dispelled. She lived so near me, that I thought of her at once, as a convenient recipient for 'bits,' broth, and perhaps a cut off my Sunday joint. But on taking her some broth one day with meat in it, she looked at it coldly, and then remarked that 'she didn't care for mate.'

It was not rudely said, but simply mentioned as a fact; still I felt hurt at my friendly overtures being rejected. She was visibly so poor, that I could not make it out, until one day I said to her, 'Don't you *ever* have meat?' for the truth was, I thought I descried a small object on a plate, raw and bony, in the act of vanishing into the pantry.

'Oh yes,' she said, 'I've got a bit to-day,' and she produced the uninviting morsel to show me. 'It ain't often as I have it,' she observed, in a mysterious tone, 'but then I knowed the beast that this here come off. She *was* a nice un to be sure! Many's the time I seed her agen the gate, as you goes into Clover bit, and I *thought* I should like a taste on her.'

My mind was suddenly illuminated on the subject of Nanny's rejection of broth. She had a distrust of meat unless she had a personal acquaintance with it in its living state—a view of the subject that has always struck me as tremendous in its bearing upon eating and drinking in general.

I can never quite decide, however, whether Nanny really holds this remarkable opinion of the meat question, or whether it is not, after all, her deeply-rooted independence which makes her reject favours.

Once, when I took her a knitted shawl, she abruptly asked, 'How much is it?' 'Nothing,' I answered; on which she made the odd observation that she never had, and never would, come cadgering.

I stared in bewilderment; and she then smiled pityingly, and said, 'I don't want nothing off you, miss.'

'I have never worn it, I assure you,' I began eagerly, when a light broke on me. 'Cadgering' meant begging, and 'off me' did not mean off my back, but merely *from* me; and I smiled at the forcibleness of the phrase, as I thought of the Wellsbeach tickets, which were certainly *nolens volens* got 'off' an unresisting district visitor. And as to 'cadgering,' how delightful to recognise begging under a name so ugly as to show the estimation in which it was held!

So I began to be charmed with Nanny, and our friendship is now too well grounded to be affected by any shocks. She has a poor opinion of her neighbours, but owing to her objection to proper names, I have never been able to identify a 'he' who figures in her conversation as 'going on dreadful of a Saturday night,' and making her 'shake in her bed,' besides having the additional vice of 'not being worth tuppence of a Monday morning.' All I know is that 'he' has no connection with another 'he' who is occasionally abusive on the subject of a ditch running by her garden, not the first, nor will be the last, boundary line to stir up bad blood. This 'he,' however, must be a weak character (query, her son-in-law, Bolter?), for he 'gives over as soon as ever I shakes my stick at un.'

Names are certainly useful appendages, but there is also good in the non-use of them, as the shafts of scandal are rendered harmless by Nanny's method of making pronouns do double duty.

I like her best when she talks of her husband, whom I have learnt to recognise in her speech, by the 'he' being spoken in a gentler tone. He has long been in the churchyard, and was buried without a penn' from the parish, owing to Nanny's own foresight in 'putting by

betimes, as soon as ever he begun a-breaking up.' There is even a touch of pathos when she tells of that Mayday sixty years before, when he brought her home to that very cottage, and they sat hand in hand like sweethearts, 'for all we was married.'

But the matter of fact decidedly prevails in Nanny's mind, for once when I read the Parable of the Lost Sheep to her, she observed, 'They should ha' made a bit of a fence, and then it couldn't ha' got lost like that.'

CHAPTER V.

THE summer days went on apace, and still I was in love with my cottage and my new life. The sweet, pure, bracing air converted me into becoming an early riser, and I used to rush on to the hill before breakfast, feeling almost young again, and getting an astonishing country appetite. There is something dreadfully slip-shod in a town in the early morning, a general air of struggling *déshabille*, whereas by seven o'clock our village is trim, composed, and cheerful, the men all gone to their work, and even old Bartlett has begun *his* work of tottering out on the Green with his stick, and contemplating the only bit of active life within his range of vision—the blacksmith at the forge.

But oh! the purple morning on those hills; I cannot find words to paint their beauty and freshness! Although the hours I have spent rambling over the soft turf may now be counted by hundreds, yet the pleasure is always new. Sometimes I feel as though Heaven itself could not be much sweeter than those pure mornings that seem, before broad day has brushed away their bloom, to have come straight from God, and thanksgiving wells up in my heart until the tears fill my eyes!

But I must not indulge in rhapsodies, but return to sober fact and the story of my first year's experiences.

October was warm and sunny until nearly its close, when two wet days brought me face to face with the fact that summer was gone and winter stood on the threshold.

I must confess (for this is a truthful history) that for one afternoon my heart failed me! Dismal reflections, founded on Eleanor's last speeches to me, crowded into my mind. I stood at my window and gazed at the green, rapidly becoming squashy; at the road, no longer respectable, hard, and inviting, but covered with a thick layer of mud; at the donkey, dirty and bedraggled; at the Mountfords' cottage, where through the open door I could discern Becky engaged in the dispiriting occupation of scraping the mud off the Lad's boots with a piece of stick, while he sat forlorn and shoeless in a chair.

My early dinner was cleared away, Amelia was busy with her pots and pans in the kitchen, the sky was of an unbroken grey, which now

and then delusively became a little brighter, as a prelude to the rain coming down harder than ever.

'Come,' I exclaimed to myself, 'this will never do, or dulness, and not I, will be the victor;' and I turned to my books. There they were, my ever-ready friends, but my brain was perversely not ready to greet them. I went to the window again, and my eyes rested for the second time on the Mountfords' abode. Still the Lad sat in his forlorn attitude, for now his mother was bustling about with pattens, mop, and pail, and according to the correct custom of the place (it being Saturday), was 'swilling' the brick floor with brisk dashes of cold water.

'Poor Lad,' I thought, as I beheld him reduced to lifting his feet up on the rails of the chair, which was pushed out into an unnatural position in the middle of the room.

Some impulse made me take down my hat, don galoshes, and, thus equipped, walk forth under an umbrella across the green. Certainly the clay soil did not belie its name, for it stuck to my galoshes and nearly dragged one off; however, I was soon over and at the Mountfords' door.

'May I have the Lad this afternoon?' I said to Becky, who was still placid, even under the exertion of 'swilling.' 'I should like to try and teach him to knit' (I believe that a glance at his shoeless feet, clad in thin cotton socks, suggested this latter remark).

He looked up at me brightly, and his mother readily produced his boots, which, she confessed, in a loud aside to me, she had hidden to keep him indoors. In a few minutes he was seated comfortably by my kitchen fire, enjoying the warmth, while I searched for some worsted. Somehow in our flitting it had been mislaid, yet as I had set my heart on beginning my teaching at once, I slipped on my things again, and sallied forth to the village shop, in spite of the rain, to try and get some. The mud again clung affectionately to my feet, causing some difficulty when I reached the hog-backed stile, as at that crisis my right foot remained rooted to the ground, while the other slipped backwards in a highly ungraceful manner! The pathway consisted of stepping-stones, *i.e.* islands in a sea of mud, and it was quite an athletic exercise to jump from one to the other, so that by the time I reached the last island, I was hot and glowing, and considerably revived in spirits.

The shop is kept by an elderly man, who bears the incomplete cognomen of Liger. I have never been able to ascertain whether Liger is a Christian name (an abbreviation of Elijah) or whether it is a surname; as the only time I ever saw his autograph, it consisted merely of the single word 'liger,' unadorned with capitals, but which answered the purpose, as nobody in Endale would have known him by any other name whatever.

Liger is of a cheerful disposition, which does not give way even

under the pressure of bad debts, and the difficulty of getting a mysterious being called the Travler to supply him with the variety of things his customers want. By way of making up for the Travler's deficiencies, he now and then makes a bold dash to the nearest town, and returns with a cart-load of bargains of the most miscellaneous character, which he shunts on to the floor of his shop, taking his time—which generally means a good deal of time—to sort and arrange them.

I should add that the shop itself is not very unlike a dungeon, as it was originally a stone shed, outside the dwelling-house, strongly built, without reference to any necessity for windows. The first time I entered this dark and doleful repository, on the quest for soap beforementioned, I ventured to observe mildly, that it would be an improvement to the 'shop' to have a window, adding that 'Shops generally *do* have windows, you know.'

'To be sure,' responded Liger, with undiminished cheerfulness, 'and ourn *have* a window, ma'am;' and he pointed to a pane of glass eight inches square in the door, which, being just then open, flat against the wall, I had not especially noticed!

On this particular day I begged him to find me some worsted, and he proceeded to search through a collection of miscellaneæ, aided on this dark afternoon by a tallow candle, stuck in an intoxicated manner in an empty penny ink-bottle.

While Liger was thus absorbed, I amused myself with reading the painted labels of a tall set of small drawers which stood against the wall, and which apparently contained everything that human nature could desire, from gunpowder to Epsom salts.

'I should like an ounce of those,' I said, pointing to the last-named drawer. 'Amelia isn't very well, and this will be the very thing.'

'Law, ma'am!' responded Liger, 'there's nought but tobacker and boot-laces and buttons in them drawers. I had them off a man, a sort of a chemist, as I'd used to have dealings with; there was a bit of money betwixt us, so the drawers was part payment. He let me have some physic in, though; he said as he *knowed* it were good; only as I was short of bottles, I were forced to mix 'em; not that there's any harm in that, for doctors mixtes their medicine; I've seen 'em do it. Just smell this, ma'am; it's uncommon strong.' So saying, he produced a large gouty bottle, and begged me 'to try that for the gurl' (maids of any age are called girls); 'and it 'ud be pretty sure to do her good. Why, only last week, Jane, agin' the blacksmith's, had a drop for the andicap and——'

'The what?' I asked, wondering whether it was an Endale complaint, unknown to science.

'The andicap or atticker, some people calls it' (query, sciatica?). '*I* haves it too, betimes, so I'm forced to have summat handy. We all has our trials, ma'am, at all ages,' remarked Liger, cheerfully.

'Certainly,' said I.

'At all ages,' repeated Liger, with a relish; '*and* stages,' he added, as though this latter word clenched the matter.

The search for worsted was at last successful, and he produced some balls which he called ''omespun,' but which, whether homespun worsted or not, proved to have one remarkable quality, that of twisting itself in an obstinate and corkscrew-like manner, and causing the Lad's subsequent performances in the knitting line, to exhibit divers patterns, quite unique of their kind. To say nothing of the other phenomenon we discovered, when the balls were unwound, that each contained a piece of coal wrapped up in newspaper!

The Lad had evidently some dexterity with his hands, for on that first afternoon he mastered the stitch quite as readily as an intelligent child would have done; and there was something so gentle and submissive and imploring about him, that he quite won our hearts.

From that time he became a tame animal about the house, coming in every day to help Amelia, or to sit in his quiet way by the kitchen fire, and toil at his knitting. Sometimes he sat in the parlour with me, when he would gaze in deep admiration at my pictures, especially at a photograph of the *Light of the World*, about which he had a remark always ready.

'Poor man! I would let him in, I would; isn't somebody inside the door? Ah, it's shut too tight,' with a shake of the head.

By and by he seemed to gain a dim comprehension of the allegory, for one day, when I had talked to him as though to a child, he said—

'*He* will be there with his light when the Lad goes up the path to Heaven.'

'What path?' I asked surprised.

He went outside my door and pointed down the valley to a distant hill, on which there was a vivid streak, probably really a high ridge or bank, but looking a little like a path in the far distance.

'There,' he said, it goes into the sky, and none of the other roads goes there, so that must be the one.'

Strange to say he was the only one of the family who at all resembled the handsome Spanish-faced father. The other four brothers all had apple cheeks, round heads, and black beady eyes, of the order that glitter brightly, but are not in the least pathetic. The Lad rather shrank from the crowd that seemed to fill the cottage at suppertime with corduroy legs and arms, and he confided to me that he liked those evenings the best on which the boys could go off digging on the 'lotment.' To do them justice they never ill-used or teased him, but in their vigorous boyish strength and spirits were simply too much for the delicate, undeveloped Lad.

It always seemed to me that he was not so much imbecile, as that there was a cloud over his brain, and that now and then a ray of light stole through it, as he grasped tardily some new thought.

At all events he interested me, and with teaching him, taking

vigorous walks, chatting with Nanny and old Bartlett's bedridden wife (who lived in the house with the excrescence), the days sped rapidly by, and my dreaded enemy Dulness was altogether routed and put to flight. And the evenings became delightful, when with bright fire and lamp, I set myself to real soul-satisfying study, for I felt I had wasted several years of my life, and had only a desultory acquaintance with authors I ought to have known well, the very same with whom I have now a tender, sympathetic friendship.

CHAPTER VI.

It must have been about the middle of January that I received a letter from Eleanor Pratt. She had kept up a fairly regular correspondence with me since I left Wellsbeach, but I was sure this letter boded something remarkable, as it was directed in a bolder, blacker, and more decided handwriting than usual.

She proposed paying me a visit the very next week, to 'see my new country home,' as she graciously called it, adding that this would give me an opportunity of returning to Wellsbeach with her for the rest of the winter, as no doubt I should not care to undertake the long journey by 'road and rail' (a neat expression after Eleanor's own heart) 'alone.'

'We shall see,' thought I; 'I have survived seven months here, and I have got through half the winter, for there is only February and March now, and nobody could call April winter.' So I wrote back to Eleanor offering her a warm welcome, but making no comment on the latter part of her letter.

She duly arrived the next Wednesday, brisk as usual, but looking a little pale from her winter exertions at Wellsbeach.

There had been musical *réunions* once a week it seemed, and the ladies had brushed up their music in quite a surprising manner. Besides this there had been quite as much charitable bustle as usual on the subject now of a Temperance Society, and the ladies had vied with each other in persuading everybody high and low to join it.

I listened, really interested in her account of the war with the sad evil drink, but I was not quite prepared for her suggestion after she had been with me a few days, that I should beg my neighbour John Mountford to take the pledge. Why? Because she had actually caught a glimpse of a pewter mug during the Sunday dinner in the act of being raised to his lips.

'My dear,' I answered, 'he is ever so much better and more self-denying than I am; how can I ask him?'

'It's a plain duty, *I* think,' said Eleanor, in an uncompromising tone.

'But surely he is quite as good a judge of the whole question as we are,' I pleaded. 'Only look at him,' for we were standing at my

window on Sunday afternoon and Mountford was sitting by his open door (Endale doors seem never shut!) with a restful air about him, and a sort of calm dignity that would not have ill-befitted a nobleman.

'Well,' said Eleanor, 'but without that dreadful pewter mug he would be still more interesting.'

'Would he?' I asked in a doubtful tone. 'I'm not sure. Is not moderation higher than total abstinence? Moderation implies mastery, doesn't it?

'I must give you our course of tracts to read, evidently,' said Eleanor, with a pitying smile.

I took no notice of this proposal for I felt vexed, with a vague undefined feeling, that a serpent had got into my paradise, my happy valley, as I fondly called Endale. I went on rather hotly,

'To my mind the life of such a man as Mountford is a beautiful one. Toiling early and late, unfretted and unwearied, and bringing up his family honourably without being beholden to anybody. I heard the other day he had saved enough to keep himself without help from the parish in his old age. Now I admire that trait intensely, more than I can express.'

I did not go on, for I felt I should vex Eleanor, if I said anything about the contrast to the dreadful dependence of the Wellsbeach poor.

'That is all very well,' said Eleanor; 'but as a teetotaller he would be quite perfect.'

It was of no use arguing the matter, and happily at this point Eleanor diverged to her own personal experiences after signing the pledge—the beautiful clearness of brain she now enjoyed, the absence of headaches, the general lightness and airiness of her sensations, only—my private opinion is, that if 'the pledge' had had exactly opposite effects to those she described, Eleanor, being an heroic woman, would still have cheerfully sacrificed herself for the good of the community.

I did not, of course, dare tell her an anecdote of old Bartlett, which has always struck me as very pathetic, how he leaned over his old invalid wife on their golden wedding-day and said, 'My lass, I should like a cup of beer to-day for thou and me, for fifty years ago to-day we were wed, and maybe it's the last we'll have together.'

I think there must have been something solemn about such a cup of beer as that, like the feast of venison and wine over which Isaac blessed Jacob before he was laid to rest with his fathers.

A day or two after that Sunday, as we were sitting cosily by the fire in the evening, Eleanor proceeded to catechise me on various topics.

'Hester,' she said, in her most candid tone, 'tell me the truth; *who* has called upon you?'

'Let me see,' I answered. 'Dr. Loder, the rector, called, and his sister Mrs. Morant, and her daughter came to see me several times in the summer, but they can never stand the winter here, and go off to Brighton as soon as the leaves show the least sign of turning. And,' I added, after a moment's pause, 'I knew Mr. and Mrs. Collins, a nice young clergyman and his wife, he had the parish at the other end of the valley. I think Miss Mercer asked them to call on me.'

'Why do you say you *knew* them?'

'Oh, because they have gone away now. I am very sorry, both for my own sake and because he was doing a good work in his parish. Mrs. Collins could not reconcile herself to the "banishment" as she called it; the fewness of the neighbours and the dirty roads, though I used to try and preach contentment. I was not much surprised when one day she came in quite triumphant, to tell me her mother's London doctor considered the clay soil damp and had ordered them south. "What a complaisant doctor," I really could not help saying, but she was rather offended.'

'Did they go south?'

'No, for the only exchange he could effect was with a clergyman whose living was on the outskirts of S——, a large inland watering-place. But she is quite happy, for there are thirteen families of gentlefolk in the parish and only a very few poor, who are not poor owing to the lavish charities. She adds that she has to spend a great deal more on clothes, for even the children have to be smart.'

'I cannot bear smart children,' said Eleanor.

'No, and these were such little dears, looking so rosy and happy and healthy at Northdale, in their brown holland pinafores. Now they are not nearly so strong she allows, owing to the air having a new defect. It is relaxing now, but *I* have a shrewd suspicion it is the unnatural dressed-up life that is relaxing, not the air.'

'But whom do you actually know in the way of neighbours?' said Eleanor, returning to the charge after a minute's pause.

'I am afraid that really *is* all,' I answered.

'All,' repeated Eleanor, in a tone in which astonishment, pity, and rebuke were mingled.

'Yes,' I said, with a smile. 'People do not come long distances to call on a middle-aged spinster living in a quiet cottage like this.'

'Not long distances, but surely that is a nice house on the brow of the hill. Don't you know anybody there?'

'If there were anybody to know! I have never seen that house occupied. The owner is always trying to let it but cannot, because it is so far from a railway station.'

'And it *is* a dreadful drawback,' quickly rejoined Eleanor, who had been a good deal shaken in her transit in the baker's cart.

I smiled, but did not venture to contradict my cousin when she pronounced an opinion in that tone. My smile, however, nettled her.

'I can't see why you should associate only with butchers and bakers and——'

'Candlestick-makers,' I interrupted. 'No, not even those, for trade is of a dreadfully mixed character here. Liger sells a little of everything, and could not be defined as a butcher or a candlestick-maker, and there is a carpenter who is a coal-merchant and baker as well. One could order one's coffin, coals, and funeral-cake at one and the same place, which you must allow is convenient.'

'Well you may joke about it,' sighed Eleanor, 'but it seems to me you have buried yourself in this dreadful valley, and some day you will find out your mistake, if you have not found it out already.'

'No,' I answered, looking steadily into my cousin's somewhat prominent eyes, 'I can assure you truthfully I have not. I have better health here, and I have long pieces of time instead of an infinite number of scraps. It seems to me that if things are worth doing at all they are worth doing continuously. I mean, for instance, really reading books. My mind used to be jerked through a number of magazines and was often fretted and wearied. Now I feel soothed and lifted up into a calm region when I steadily fix my mind on one subject. You know I never had a meteor-like intellect that could flash easily from one thing to another. And here I know a few poor people thoroughly and intimately, instead of being perplexed by the shortcomings of a whole street. One's mind used to be quite unhinged by the mere flittings and changes. Here, would you believe it, every family belongs to the place, and no stranger ever dreams of settling here. It is rather like one large family, each calling everybody by his Christian name, and Nanny Bridger is yet a step nearer primitive times, for she uses no names at all.'

'But the inconveniences,' said Eleanor, changing her line of attack, 'the want of shops, the want of comforts——'

She paused, quiet overwhelmed by the number of my unsupplied wants.

'I used to think life was a little too smooth at Wellsbeach,' I answered. 'I must allow that directly I heard you were coming I had to set negotiations on foot to get—let me see—a respectable joint of meat, some lamp-oil, some cocoa,—and imagine my feelings when Liger produced a packet he had got from Blessford with a large hole in the paper, and the cocoa issuing therefrom in a brown stream! And the only excuse he made was that some bass "besoms" had rubbed against it in his cart coming home. But there is an excitement in amassing eatables for one's friends, and I felt distinctly proud and conscious of achievement when Amelia sent up the first night's dinner. Since which, I must admit, we have fallen off a little.'

'Oh no,' said Eleanor, 'don't suppose I mind. But really now (resuming the candid tone), *do* bacon and eggs agree with you?'

'Oh, yes,' I said lightly, 'country air gives everything a zest.'

Finding I was not to be dislodged from my position, Eleanor again turned her mental eyes upon my neighbours, the objectionable inhabitants of Endale.

'Dreadfully rough creatures,' I imagined her saying to the select circle at Wellsbeach.

'I can understand your liking to have all your poor people about you,' she said, with an air of concession. (I don't know why, but the expression 'your poor people' irritated me.) 'Teaching that poor idiot, now, is a nice employment.'

'Just the thing for *me*,' I replied, with a touch of sarcasm in my voice, for I hated to hear the Lad called an idiot. Eleanor is a little thick-skinned, and went on complacently with her work. I had again a vague sense of my paradise being invaded, and then I felt how dreadfully uncharitable I was, to connect my large, discreet, business-like, and strong-minded cousin even in thought with a—no, for Eleanor is as good a soul as ever breathed, only she resents that anybody should escape from her management, and as this was exactly what I had done, she was hardly likely to forgive me just at first.

'What system of relief have you here?' was the question I *saw* hovering on her lips, some time before it came out.

'None,' I answered calmly, 'as far as I am concerned.'

'None,' she repeated, in a voice of dismay. 'No tickets, no system of allowances, nothing?'

'Nothing,' I replied.

'Then what do you do when the people come to you? Not give money, I hope?'

'They never do come to me to beg,' I said. 'I have never been asked for a single thing since I came here. If I and my friends interchange presents sometimes, it is nothing to anybody else. You must recollect Eleanor, what an utterly unsophisticated village this is. There never have been any gentry to spoil it with charities, for Dr. Loder has very peculiar ideas about almsgiving. It is refreshing to be in so entirely self-reliant a place. It delights me, I must say.'

'Do you mean that the people never think of borrowing from you, never ask to have money advanced, nor anything of that sort?'

'Never,' I replied. 'They are far, far too indepen——'

At this very moment, before I could finish my sentence, a very strange rumbling was heard outside. It approached nearer and nearer, and at last stopped just outside my door. Eleanor, who is not used to the country, started nervously, and looked at the bell-rope.

'It is of no use ringing,' I said, composedly. 'Amelia has been in bed an hour at least. (It was now eleven o'clock.) *I* will go to the door.'

I valiantly unbolted it, and peered out. It was moonlight, and, burglars or no burglars, curiosity was too strong for Eleanor; she followed to peep over my shoulder at the untimely arrival.

'What is it?' I called out.

'A coffin,' said Eleanor, in an awestruck whisper.

'Nonsense,' I responded boldly, yet feeling a little uncomfortable; 'we're neither of us dead yet, besides, it's too big.'

True, it *was* too big, yet 'it' was oblong, and of a sombre colour, also apparently mounted on wheels. At last the propeller of this strange compound of barrow and box spoke.

'I thought maybe, ma'am, as you wouldn't be abed, so I came to tell you how I've been sarved.' Here the voice rose to a high and indignant key.

'But who are *you?*' I asked.

'Liger,' was the answer. 'You knows me uncommon well, Miss Fairfax.'

'To be sure,' said I, relieved; 'but what's this?' I really did not know what to call the remarkable object on wheels, and was still less able to understand why Liger had called with it in the dead of the night, for such in fact it was, to the early inhabitants of Endale.

'I was going to tell you, marm.' No short cut would apparently serve Liger. 'It's porkets as done it.'

'Porkets!' exclaimed Eleanor, quite confounded.

'It's porkets, marm,' repeated Liger, regardless of the interruption. 'Only yesterday I paid down a sovereign to a man as said the porkets was beautiful, he says. I paid for 'em afore I had 'em, d'ye see, and a fool I was for my pains. Well, I waits and waits, and looks up the road and down the road, and narrer porket to be seen; and where's my sovereign, do you suppose? Gone, swallowed, gambled away at Blessford races, a chap told me as *see* him at it. And here's Toosday night, and no hope of porkets to-night, nor yet to-morrer, as I meant to have parted with to folks as had spoke for 'em, and money down, and there's the Travler a coming in the morning, and saying as he *won't* wait! So what was I to do? I looks round the house, and sees this here beautiful chest, and this here splendid-going clock as I picked up a bargain tother day.' Here he dived into the recesses of the chest (which we could now discern was of thick oak), and brought up a clock which he proceeded to 'strike' then and there regardless of the slumbers of the village. 'Ain't it loud, marm? A'most like the church, as I have heard say cost an 'underd pound. It ud keep you and the gurl alive, marm, if you'd just take these two articles, and give me a couple of pound.'

It seemed such a veritable crisis in the pecuniary affairs of Liger (whose dealings were certainly of the most miscellaneous character), that I consented to become the possessor of the oak chest and the loudly striking clock on the terms proposed, only bargaining that he should then and there transport the former to my lumber-room. On which there ensued a 'thumping and bumping and a good many 'steadys' from Liger, as he staggered up with the box, almost sinking

under its weight, yet with a gratified twinkle in his eye, at the success of his manœuvre, which nothing could quench! I conveyed the clock myself to a distant cupboard, hoping to conceal the whole transaction from Amelia, but my secrecy was punished, for to my horror the clock *would* strike in a muffled and awful manner all night long, it seemed to me; and Amelia was roused up at an unheard-of early hour, to see 'what robbers was a twanging the bells,' as if this were quite a natural and ordinary proceeding on the part of robbers.

And Eleanor, as may be supposed, had the laugh against me, and the 'sarcophagus,' as she persists in calling it, is a joke between us to this day.

CHAPTER VII.

THE spring advanced lovely and bright, and I was not unaware of a kind of triumph in my own mind, in having not only survived a winter at Endale, but in feeling braced and well, and also (surest proof of health, mental and bodily) interested in the little events of each day.

But I must hurry on to one more village episode, the last before I close this little history.

It was one day in May that the Lad did not come across as usual to help Amelia, and to sit, as he invariably did afterwards, in the chimney corner, with his knitting.

I went into the kitchen and saw his empty stool and his knitting rolled up upon the dresser, and a strange sadness stole into my heart. Amelia looked grave too, for the Lad, as she often said, 'suited' her with his gentle docile silent ways. What could be amiss with him?

I went across to the cottage, and there he was, crouching by the fire, white and shivering. Evidently he was ill, and his bright eyes had a woe-begone expression like that of some suffering dumb animal. His mother had provided him with 'tea-kettle broth,' *i.e.* bread and dripping sopped in hot water, but he had not tasted it. She smiled as placidly as usual, and then told me, in a loud aside, she feared 'death was upon him.'

I was startled, until I recollected that to take a tragic view of an invalid's case was quite the custom of our village; or perhaps the fact is, our people have no great choice of words, from their vocabulary being small; and no words at all to express nice distinctions and degrees of illness, so I took Becky's remark as simply conveying to me the fact that the Lad was really ailing.

He struggled through the next few days, until there came a morning on which he never rose from his bed, but lay quiet all day, gazing out of the window with his dreamy eyes at the distant hill, up which went the path he had talked about to me. Wonderfully beautiful were those May days, the fresh young green, the apple blossoms, the snowy

May trees, the luxuriant life all around, a contrast to the feeble human life that I now realised, was slowly fading away.

Once more, strange to say, he got up from his bed, and was dressed, and actually dragged himself across the green to my cottage. He sat down in the old corner, and took up his knitting. Then he said, in slow gasps—

'I thought—I should—feel better—here—but—' and he shook his head with inexpressible mournfulness. Then he stood up, looked all round, as though taking leave, tottered to the dresser, and there laid down his knitting for ever.

I helped him home, and he went straight to his bed, from which he never rose again.

It was on the morning of Midsummer day, so early that the twilight had not quite melted into day, that John Mountford came to call me, saying that the Lad was going fast.

I soon stood by his side; he was propped up opposite the window, which was open, and let in the sweet morning air and the view of the hills which every minute were growing brighter with the coming dawn. I took his hand as I entered, and tried to speak, but the words would not come. His mother stood up under the low roof near his head to wipe his brow now and then; his father's dark face was in the doorway, and the four black heads were clustered at the bottom of the bed, and there was an awestruck expression on the round faces as they watched *something* creeping over their brother, which they had never seen before.

The light grew stronger as the sun rose, when suddenly the hills were bathed in an ineffable rosy light. The lad stirred and opened his eyes, and evidently saw the wonderful picture framed by the little lattice window. His gaze grew more strained.

'The path is there,' I said aloud, and it was strangely distinct, a path of glory it looked, going up to meet the opal sky. He heard my words, and looked up bright and eager, with a new expression, it seemed to me, in his eyes. Was the cloud gone that had shrouded his brain so long?

'I am going,' he uttered, with great distinctness, 'where it ull be light.' And then he paused and looked a little distressed for a moment.

'You will not be alone, dear Lad,' I said. 'The Master will be very near you, although you cannot see Him.'

'Not see Him?' he answered, gently and naturally, but in a tone of surprise, and still gazing eagerly at the path. 'Why, I do see Him, plain,' and a smile broke over his face.

It was one of those mornings on which far-off objects seem vividly near, and as I looked I saw a sharply-defined shadow lying across the path, that bore a strange resemblance to a human figure. I cannot even now tell what caused the peculiar appearance, but it was wonder-

fully distinct in the clear morning light. The Lad moved his feet with a sort of impatience.

'Oh, let me go, mother,' he gasped; 'get my boots.'

Becky burst into sobs.

'No, you'll never put them on again, my Lad,' she cried out passionately.

'Hush!' said John Mountford, coming forward, 'we mustn't hold him back.'

He was pale, but composed, and his grave manner checked his wife.

The Lad lay back with his eyes closed, and we could see his features becoming sharper and more set. He moved his feet slightly, and murmured something, but it was very faint and low. Still the mysterious shadow lay on the grassy ridge, and the indescribable calm of those minutes I can never forget. Then, as I was watching, the dark shade suddenly vanished, the path was intensely light, and just at that moment the Lad's spirit fled to the Everlasting hills.

Almost mechanically, in the hush that followed, I repeated the words, 'Thou wilt show me the path of Life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy,'—and then my voice broke down.

His grave is green now, and the primroses have bloomed round it for more than one spring. Yet still we do not forget the Lad. No; his gentle life has passed into light, and the darkness is past.

When I look across the valley to the quiet hills, I am always reminded of him, and once I thought of setting forth on an expedition to try and find the mysterious path. But I refrained, after all, for I do not want the illusion dispelled. There it lies, the upland track far away, a continual allegory to remind us of the Way that leadeth unto Life.

And that, may be, is the Lad's legacy to us.

His only one, except a bundle of coarse knitting which Amelia has hidden away among her treasures.

The four boys have rather clung to me since their brother's death, and sometimes one and sometimes another of the black heads may be seen in the evening in my parlour. Their owners read and write and spell, and sometimes may actually be heard talking! Yes, although the boys all take after their father in disposition, and he is one of the most silent, though most worthy of mankind.

And I am thankful that my lot is cast among simple village folk for, like the Shunamite woman, I do not realise my need of gifts, for 'I dwell among my own people.'

'A LITTLE LESS THAN KIN, AND MORE THAN KIND.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LUCY AND CHRISTIAN WAINWRIGHT,' 'THE WYNNES,' ETC.

CHAPTER V.

'It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lordly steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

'Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;—
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

'Blessèd are those who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light—
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.'

A. A. PROCTOR.

ALL hopes of a good in-gathering of that good, once-promising crop, were quenched in the cold and constant autumn rains. Mr. Addison might be up and out early, and in late; and, except in the satisfaction of knowing that he had brought his best powers of body and mind to bear upon every point needing decision or supervision, felt he might as well have been sheltered from the inclemency of an autumn which came to its height on October 19th with bitter north winds and heavy snow.

'Fred, I am sure I heard you coughing up stairs,' said his wife, as he entered the dining-room in answer to the tea-bell that evening.

'Well, I have never so roughed it since the volunteering mania of that equally wet summer, 1860,' he answered cheerily. Angelica began to have belief in the cynical maxim that 'Words were given us to conceal our thoughts.' 'But snow is cleaner than rain, at any rate; and I'm glad to think little Fred is still safe away in his warmer west-country quarters.'

'Mrs. Wren wishes to keep him till the Christmas holidays. He is evidently quite a pet with them all! but that he could hardly fail to be,' said the mother, fondly.

'We mustn't let him be spoilt! Christmas is two months away; it seems long to be so long without the lad!' and Mr. Addison sank a little wearily into his chair. 'But he can hardly go to and from Bedford daily through the winter. Perhaps I could teach him myself.'

'Coach him up for a Winchester scholarship, father,' said ambitious Annie.

Mr. Addison smiled; his old school was still very dear to him; but

his wife said, 'Too rough a school, with all its horrible tunding and other unwritten "traditions," and in such a dreadfully damp locality for all but the strongest boys."

Mr. Addison laughed, saying cheerfully—'I survived it; and as to occasional floodings and fevers, we who live in glass houses mustn't throw stones,' and then the talk turned to some vicarage news of its favourite son at the Cape.

That night, as they sat in the warm-curtained dining-room —for a fire in the drawing-room was becoming a rare luxury— the master and mistress at a little table near the fire, the girls reading or working at the centre one, Mr. Addison coughed twice or thrice, and was hoarse when reading prayers. The next morning he had to pass the book over to his wife, finding himself virtually voiceless; and yielded quietly to her entreaty that he would not go out that morning, surely no one could need him in such weather; or Odell——

'Yes, if Odell and Joseph come in to speak to me, I shall not be missed,' he said gently; and after breakfast he turned into the study.

'Thank you, my dear,' as he met Angelica coming out, match-box and duster in hand. For the little room had not been used of late.

'Do you think you are wise to sit here, father? I put open the windows and door, and tried to air the room, but it smells fusty and unused.'

She had noticed he entered with his hand pressed to his side as in pain.

'You or some one has made me a roaring fire.' And he smiled.

'Yes, but as yet I think it's only drawing out the damp,' persisted his daughter, wondering at her daring, but nearer tears than smiles herself.

'Then I won't come here just yet,' he answered gently. 'I can see Odell and Joseph in the kitchen, and finish my *Standard* in the old house-place, whilst the maids are up stairs. I remember my old grandfather often talked to his keepers there, as more cheerful for himself and them.' And he went away again.

By night he confessed to a pain in his side, and went to bed early; the next day he did not get up. Dr. Appleton was sent for. Martha was not yet gone; and so, though that bed was kept three weeks with pleurisy, there were plenty to share the nursing without outer aid, and without overtaxing wife or daughter. Indeed, Angelica alone was allowed in any way to help in the sick room. Sally now and then came in to read, or work, and keep silent, and Annie just for a 'good morning' and 'good night.' But Angelica, who had all along made up her mind that that illness must be fatal, was surprised to find the day come when her father left his bed; another when he could be partially dressed, and at length that, when the house was all warmly shut up, and every draught excluded, he could come down for an hour after tea to the dining-room.

'You must not press on too fast,' said Dr. Appleton, a little anxiously, the first afternoon that he found his hitherto both prudent and patient patient down stairs, when he paid his now every other daily visit.

'When a man is his own bailiff and head shepherd, he may perhaps be excused a little hurry to be well,' said Mr. Addison; 'but I should not have come down stairs, without precise permission, had not the wind at last changed to south.'

Angelica had been in the drawing-room on Dr. Appleton's arrival, and though she now slipped out, had heard the doctor's words, and at least fancied she had seen the immediately subdued start betraying 'that you will never be again,' as her father gave his reasons for his especial anxiety to get about again.

'Why doesn't he let the Great Farm go to rack and ruin if it never can be let again,' thought Angelica bitterly; 'better, far better it should be covered with thistles and tares, as I suppose the one the poor Bunyans have given up at last—after waiting till it *had* ruined them—will be by next Midsummer, than wear out his heart in a useless struggle like this. And he—oh, by nature, a "king of men," who, if he'd stayed in the army, ought by now to have been a field marshal, and a K.C.B. at the least.'

But the drawing-room door opened, and Dr. Appleton came out.

'Your mother in?' asked the old friend cheerily.

'No, she is gone to the vicarage to inquire after Harry Scudamore; he was wounded in the last Cape engagement.'

'Ah! so I saw! Well, then, Miss Angel, you will do. You've good common sense of your own, I've seen well enough the last few weeks, and self-control too, and powers of influencing others. I find your father talking of coming down to dinner to-morrow, and if this mild weather continue, of getting out in the best part of the next day. If it's as mild as *May* he must not think of such a thing! Absolute madness—all his mother's family have a tendency to weakness of the lungs and chest, and he is as true as a Swayne, in some ways, as Addison in others.'

'Yes,' said Angelica aloud, adding, 'and thank God for it,' beneath her breath.

'Tell your mother what I have told you, will you? He began to excite himself, and bring on a tendency to cough again, when I ventured to hint he'd hardly be fit for work again this side of Christmas.'

'Surely he *never* will be again, really?' asked Angelica, raising her grey eyes to meet the doctor's, with outward steadiness.

'Well, *never* is a long day, one I don't know in my professional vocabulary;' and Dr. Appleton laughed. 'I have told him now not to go out till I have seen him again, if it become as hot as—as August *should* have been; and I shall not call for three days instead of two. Patience and water gruel, and all things nourishing and soothing, are the best recuperatives yet a while.'

This was on the Wednesday five weeks of Mr. Addison's seizure.

Perhaps even Dr. Appleton was surprised at the effect his few words as to the long need of prudence yet, had produced, when he read in his next Saturday's county paper, 'The Bury Farm, Rosemary End, Writtlemarsh. To be let, with prospect of immediate tenancy,' so many acres, substantial Queen Anne farmhouse, well established orchard, &c., so much pasturage, so much arable land, &c. &c.

'Eh!' the doctor whistled, rather disconcerted, 'did he read my real thought so well, if with never a quiver of a lip, or dropping of an eyelid? Well, all the Addisons, at least, *die* game. And this poor man—well, Fate has not made his life so sweet to him, I guess, (except domestically, and after all a man worth anything wants *more* than this to satisfy him) that he the king (no bad term for him, poor fellow!) should greatly care to leave it. Tennyson, eh? But who'll venture to dabble in Bedfordshire farming, with a clay soil, now-a-days. Ten years ago he'd have had twenty eager offers I daresay. Now—well, it's a good hunting country still, and that farmhouse has capabilities of being turned into a modern picturesque mansion. Rambling old-fashioned place; and I believe Potterill keeps this new melancholy Jaques of a young duke up to the old ducal tradition of buying any bit of the county that's ever sold.'

But Mr. Addison had no application for the Great Farm; he had strung himself up, the very afternoon of Dr. Appleton's last visit, to write and advertise it both in London and county papers. 'I will do it thoroughly once for all,' and the feverish effort had done him no good. One or two before the next week was out, came to look at the house, if without any intention of taking the farm.

'Always pick up a bit of old oak or china wherever I can,' said one such comer to another; 'and probably there'll be a sale here some day before long.'

The steward of the Duke of Swallowfield wrote and politely asked if Mr. Addison were inclined to *sell* the Great Farm estate in entirety? 'In that case he had standing instructions from his grace,' &c.

'No, enough of the county has gone already into that capacious jaw under that impersonal landlordism!' and a few conclusive, only severely courteous words, settled that matter, at least for the time. So they had done twelve years back, when his brother Robert's debts and difficulties had almost broken his mother's heart.

December came. Mr. Addison had ceased to talk of going out. Sometimes when he and Angelica were alone he would put out his hand to the girl, and she would sit holding it in both hers with a warmth and firmness of purpose that almost seemed to pass mental and bodily strength into the thin worn man. 'But I make you very idle, my love, and I know idleness is as irksome to you as it once was to myself,' he would say, and, with a kind apologetic smile, in a little while release it.

One day he asked whether Armigel talked of looking them up on his

way from Oxford to Wales; perhaps he would go down to Warwickshire and bring Fred home for Christmas.

'The Llewellyns are really at Bournemouth,' said Angel. 'Miss McCarthy is wintering there, and Una mentions meeting them. Aunt Llewellyn wishes Gladys and Armigel to spend Christmas there I know. That has made it easy for Gladie to stay on with the Wrens at Warwick since she left us until now.'

'It has been nice for Fred to have her all this time; she is a good girl, a good, sensible girl. So are you, my dear; you will be a real help to your mother when——'

'I'm gone,' his silence implied.

But Angelica broke in impulsively, 'When spring comes you will feel so differently, father,'

'Ah, maybe I shall; at rest, *seeing* how all was right that seemed most wrong, since it was His blessed will. My life is well insured. Thank God, I have managed to keep that up under every difficulty, so you won't, at least, be left with unpayable debts; and then—why the Duke must have the old Addisons' place at last, if he wills it. He and his have been hungering after it these hundred years.'

'May it choke them in the swallowing, then, if they do ever get it," said Angel, so solemnly, as well as spitefully, that Mr. Addison laughed, patted her hand, and said—

'But at times I think, with you, spring will do great things for me, and, perhaps for this very reason, I won't distress your dear mother with what may be but the sick fancies and forebodings of a man who has never before been kept forty hours in the house, instead of two-and-forty days as now. And so the weeks seem like years to him, leaden-footed as the avenging gods of the heathen.'

Angelica wrote to Armigel the same day; and he in return wrote to his aunt that the term ended Friday, December 17. Could he be of any use to them? Might he come for a few days on his way to Warwickshire? or should he go first to Warwick, and bring Fred back if he were to come home for Christmas? This latter plan was agreed upon, and Fred was thus restored to them, December 21, looking rosy and well; still child enough for all his morning's regret at leaving his kind new friends, to be at once forgotten in the pleasure of being at home again, and feeling his mother's arms around him.

'What do you think is Gladys' last whim?' asked Armigel, when, after a happy, but late tea, Mrs. Addison had carried her boy off to bed, 'real genuine governessing for six months to Lucy and Maggie, whilst Miss Lowder goes home to read up for some Cambridge local; to be paid, and pass the proceeds over to Miss Lowder to enable her to get properly coached, and not to feel a burden on her mother's poor resources.'

'Another Donna Quixota!' murmured Mr. Addison, but not displeased. He had Justin McCarthy's amusing novel of that name beside him.

'And then—unless—but really there is now no one but myself with *any* hold of authority over her.'

'And what is yours, my boy? You were never her guardian;—now, Dr. Wren was!' asked his uncle amused at the young man's tone.

'Well, none, except that I *am* "a man and a brother;" and even Gladys, with all her modern culture, is evidently weak enough to feel there is still something left inimitable in manhood.'

'But what *is* she going to do?' asked Angelica with interest.

'Go to Otter College, Chichester—did you ever hear of such a place?—somewhere in the southern counties, and be trained for a national school mistress; show how a good churchwoman can beat any of your School Board sectarianists.'

'Secularists,' suggested his uncle.

'Ah, that's the right word; but really every one talks now in such a jargon of scientific technicalities. And the idea of a girl who's had nothing but her own way the last two years—nor much else ever before—putting herself to school again, sleeping in a cubicle, eating cut slices of bread and butter, &c. Oh, I chaffed her well, told her she'd be running away like Miss Saurin from her convent, and writing indignation letters to the *Times*, in a week.'

'I can't think why *she* told *you* anything about it,' said Angelica, indignant for her friend.

'Nor can I, except that she does seem at last to have awakened to the fact that "woman is not undeveloped man but diverse," and the diversity of powers of sound judgment, not always, at any rate, in woman's favour.'

'Oh, Armie, you will never be anything but a *boy*, and a bother to us,' said Sally, with sparkling eyes, and her pretty little laugh.

Armigel grew suddenly grave, and made no retort. Angelica thought her father, at first amused and interested in their chatter, had grown weary, and so the conversation dropped. Mr. Addison was still the first to go to bed, Annie carrying up his candle for him, and then disappearing herself. He had given her many little offices to do for him of late, and Armigel found the girl less pert as well as more truly womanly than three months ago.

Sally was tired from an afternoon's skating with the Lavenders, and went away directly after prayers. Then Armigel could learn from Mrs. Addison and Angelica all he wished to know; and then Angela rose in her turn to leave the two alone for any especial confidences concerning her father or Fred.

The next morning came Mr. Addison's turn, when, about eleven, he came down as usual to the study, where the fire was always now lighted early, as the one room with south-eastern aspect, and so catching any winter sun there might be. This morning a ray was shining full upon his thin hands, when Armigel, as bidden, joined him there. It was almost a relief to the young man, so still was the sick man's position, that at length the hands were left in shadow, the ray of light

travelling on uninterrupted to the floor. And yet outwardly the lad sat immovably still, listening to the much of great interest being told to him.

'You are young—but not a "boy," as Sally said so cruelly, saucily, last night,' and a slight smile flitted across the pale lips. 'But I, even more gratefully than any sister can do, now feel you really a man, and I want you to take a man's part towards my wife and children, Armie. I must remake my will—my mother's death almost in itself necessitated that—and wish to make you fellow executor with Mr. Scudamore. And I may trust you to recognise the greatness of the confidence?' and he fixed his eyes on Armigel's, and read his answering promise, as he added, 'Fellow guardian, with his mother, to my boy.'

Armigel could only bow his head.

'My little Benjamin, the son of my old age,' he resumed, 'as you now almost seem the son of my youth. And yet I am not an old man, as far as years go—not fifty; and please God this winter and spring be not *very* bitter, may pull through yet! Will you go into Bedford for me, after dinner, and take these instructions to Mr. Wace? I would not give them without your knowledge and consent, but now that I have both would not lose an hour needlessly.'

What would not the young man have done for him?

'Not coming to skate with us, Armie?' cried Annie, incredulously, and bitterly disappointed; 'and our only day! You said you would, in the morning.'

'I have better things to do,' said Armigel briefly; but what he did next was to turn to Angelica with the seemingly irrelevant question, 'Did you really make that dress for Miss McCarthy?'

'Yes. If not, owing to dear granny's death, finished within the time I first named. It fitted her very nicely. She and Sally were photographed together before she left us—she in that very silk; and she promised to recommend me favourably to her friends,' and even Angelica smiled a little. 'They make a pretty pair.' And she opened her album and showed the representation of this pair of friends.

'To us who know them, and can supply all the lacking innocence, sweetness, and light.' And then Armigel took up his cap, and went out to his bicycle, half expecting to find Fred awaiting him as would-be companion—not sorry to find that Annie had carried the boy, in his stead, to the frozen meadows.

Mr. Wace came over the next afternoon, in compliance with the sick man's ardent wish that no further time should be lost in this final settlement of his earthly affairs. 'Unless, after all, I live to see son or daughter married,' he thought. And even those who had no clue to the cause could see that some burden of anxiety had been taken off his body or mind, and that that evening he was more cheerful, more like himself, than for a long time.

'Your visit has done us all so much good, Armie,' said Mrs. Addison

the next day, when Armigel was obliged to leave them, to meet Gladys and escort her to Bournemonth; 'and Fred's return will help on his recovery, I really believe also. He is already talking of helping him on with his Latin and Greek, and then this indoor life will be less wearisome to him.'

'Do you think if we got him to Bournemouth?' asked Armigel.

'He begged not to be banished from home. Dr. Appleton did once propose his wintering in the south, but did not press it when he saw how averse he was to any separation of our home party. Besides, the expense in itself would be impossible after the large outgoings and short incomings of the past year.'

'Expense should not stand in the way,' began the lad, eagerly.

'Believe me, it would, unless medically advised; then it would be a duty, and met. You know the Great Farm was advertised for a fortnight to be let? The only application was from a retired London butcher to buy the old house and the grounds immediately around it, to end his days in, or found a new family in, I forget which. And a polite note of inquiry from Mr. Poterill, on behalf of the duke, to ask to have the refusal were the whole Bury estate to be sold.'

'Worse! for he'd pull down the old house and those delicious old barns, and erect his hateful, nasty white-brick modern twin abominations in their place. Impudence!'

'But they say only three things are required to get on, in life, now—"Impudence, and *Impudence*, and IMPUDENCE."'

'I must cultivate the grace, then. Good bye—God bless you! I wish mother hadn't married again, then we should all three have been coming here for Christmas.'

She knew better, but would not hurt him by contradiction, so they parted. January dragged on, with its series of seasonable sharp white frosts, then terrible north wind, and finally the blinding snow of the middle of the month; deep drifts blocking up frequented railway lines as well as lonely country lanes; followed by severe, long-continued frost, which brought health and additional enjoyment of life to the strong, but doomed many a flickering life to extinction. Dr. Appleton condemned his Rosemary End patient to keep up stairs till the weather changed; and so Mr. Addison became his mother's successor in her pleasant up-stairs sitting-room, there taught Fred, and there looked through and tore up, or labelled and put by, his mother's stores of her parents' and childrens' letters, then did the same office by his own. There sat, many a dusky hour, in thought; his wife, working as long as daylight lasted, and sitting unoccupied and silent in the twilight, if he seemed comfortable, happy, or dozing; she, in her turn, beginning to wonder, and with dread, what would be the end of this long hovering between sickness and health—it could scarcely now be called convalescence.

When February 2nd came, the snow as pure and frost as severe

as ever, the three girls and Fred went off alone to the parish church, over the hard glittering roads, under that deep and brilliant depth of blue, Mrs. Addison for the first time staying away from morning service with her husband. He made no remark. But perhaps had noted it, she felt, when in that afternoon's dusk, he said—

'Would you object, Sarah, to my writing to the duke, to give him the refusal of the purchase of the Great Farm?'

'Oh, Frederick!'

'Yes—well—there is no immediate need for decision; but I cannot go on indefinitely playing at superintendence from a sick room. As spring comes on, real supervision and advice will be more and more needed everywhere and at every hour of the day. My dear,' and he stretched out his hand to her, 'I shall never be able to resume my last year's work. I am worn out.'

'*That* wore you out!' came the answer, in a bitter cry that such an endeavour should not have earned success.

'Yes; it was a vain struggle. But I think if the daily worry of feeling how wrong things must really be going were over, I might pull through yet, and as summer comes on be able to potter about and superintend the home farm as of old. Or if the duke gives me a fair price for these bad times for the Great Farm, I might turn Odell into a kind of little bailiff for the less, and we could all live in comfort, and at ease, once more.'

'Will you not try first once again to let it?' asked his wife, having regained composure with an effort.

'Certainly, dear, as I see you do feel strongly in the matter. What is it? The desire that Fred should receive his father's inheritance undiminished.'

'Oh, don't you wish it also, Fred?' she cried, almost aggrieved. 'Remember what we sacrificed, for this, the very year of his birth.'

'I do—I did—or I should never have entered on last year's struggle, when Spriggens threw up the farm, and in such ill condition. Even then Potterill sounded me about selling it.' And he could afford to smile to think how vast, but a year ago, had been his indignation at the man's 'impertinence.'

So the Great Farm was advertised once more 'to let,' but in vain. One or two nibbles, but never a bite.

'Don't write to Mr. Potterill yet,' said his wife. 'Sell it by auction, at any rate.'

'That would involve both more publicity and more expense.'

'Yes, but—but I cannot bear that the Swallowfields should have it!' and Mrs. Addison was a very woman in her wrathful abhorrence of the idea. 'I'd rather that the London butcher should buy it than they go on adding field to field, and buying up one old family—some better than themselves—one after another.'

'I fear they would pull down the old house—good enough for the

Addisons themselves, and when far richer than now, two hundred years ago; but all its accommodation now long out of date. Shall we go back there ourselves, and sell *this* house, with the land?' And he sat up, eager with the new thought, a flush of excitement on his cheek that brought back vividly to his poor wife's remembrance her earliest memories of 'handsome Fred Addison.' 'But then my mother lived and died here; we were all born here, and all the generation before us; all our married life has been spent here.'

'Oh yes, Fred,' she said, gently and very calmly, for she was at heart afraid of this excitement, 'it is far too dear to leave lightly, or at all, and the accommodation of the old Bury not at all sufficient for us. But cannot you offer the property in two lots—the Bury House and the garden and a paddock or two in one lot, and the bulk of the land in another? If the duke buys the land only, he will probably throw it into his present neighbouring farm, and build additional farm buildings there if needed. What do you think of writing to-morrow to Mr. Potterill, to offer the land without the house?'

'Ah yes, my dear; but I don't take in new ideas very quickly—can't think out the matter further just at present,' and he sank back exhausted in his chair.

Just then Sally entered opportunely with her father's afternoon tea; and but little more speech passed between himself and even his wife the rest of that day.

The next morning he wrote to Mr. Potterill, having acted on his wife's last suggestion, but not till the letter was gone did he tell her so. 'The best solution possible,' he added gratefully; but even this, when it came to the point, a very painful possibility to him.

Perhaps it was a relief to them both that the duke, or his agent, wrote back that his grace wished for the whole of the property or none.

'I shall have both put up to auction then, or at least advertise both for sale, without further delay. I find I cannot longer endure this suspense,' he added, with a faint smile at his own weakness; and the next Saturday's county paper announced the particulars of property and day of sale, 'unless either lot were disposed of previously by private contract.'

This brought a liberal offer from Mr. Potterill for the two lots valued separately.

'Shall I accept this proposal?' asked Mr. Addison, passing the letter to his wife. 'No, I am human, and *must* refuse, though, to use old nurse's phrase, it may be "cutting off my nose to spite my face."'

'And perhaps your brother George might like to purchase the Bury,' said Mrs. Addison, slowly. She could not wish for him as a neighbour, but Mrs. Addison's will had, she imagined, given him means enough to buy the old family home.

'Yes, I think, with you, my brothers ought to have the opportunity of purchase. The girls and Fred just growing up—I can't, alas! *wish* Charles or George to settle there. William I should rejoice to have,

or even Wynyard; but alas! naval officers with little private means are poorer perhaps than even farmers, and both brother and brother-in-law, like myself, have families to save and to be prudent for.'

'Shall I send a *Bedford Times* to each?'

'Yes, my dear; the details may be useful, and if not, interesting. But I have written to them all, even to Keith Hope,' the Indian brother-in-law; 'it was his and Kitty's due.'

'I am afraid the duke will get both after all!' sighed Mrs. Addison one day when off her guard. Who can bid against him? Not even that retired Aldgate butcher, I'm afraid.'

CHAPTER VI.

'Many, if God should make them kings,
Might not disgrace the throne He gave;
How few who could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave.

'I hold him great, who, for Love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will,—
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.'

Maximus.—A. A. Proctor.

'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.'

But the retired butcher came to look at the house, and was entertained to lunch at the manor farm; and another day brought down his wife. Alas! the lack of modern accommodation was at once palpable to her eye. 'My dear, no cook or footman would stay a week with us if you are run crazy with your new-fangled art-books about the real antique,' and he submitted, and gave it up.

Then George Addison came down to look over the place at leisure, bringing his eldest son, a tall, handsome lad of sixteen. 'Nice hunting for you, my boy, but——'

'What, father?'

'I should be moped to death in the country after twenty years of London life!'

'Then don't come,' said practical George, junior, quite contented.

'If I could afford two homes!' but he couldn't. Still every one was glad to have seen these two George Addisons; the elder in the new and becoming relation of fatherhood; the younger—well, every one at Rosemary Farm felt with his father that this lad *might* become some day the head of the family; and so he was of great, if sad, interest in their eyes.

'I don't quite give up all thoughts of the Bury House even now!' were the father's last words; 'a pity you sell, Fred, after sacrificing everything five-and-twenty years ago to keep the property untouched, —hampering yourself for years, to pay off all encumbrances, only to sell at last!'

Next came a London lawyer looking out for an old-fashioned house for a young client wishing, he believed, to be married. 'The cabbage-roses and great rosemary bushes, and ivy-grown outhouses would doubtless be exactly in his line,' but 'what the young lady might think of the front door opening into her best sitting-room, and one bedroom opening into another with no other communication, or her servants of such attics—!' Nevertheless, Mr. Conant wrote again, and George Addison did not; and finally made a definite offer for the house, farm-buildings, gardens, orchard, and surrounding fields; and no one else had made any.

'It is a very fair offer—very fair indeed,' added the owner, reading his wife's disappointment at the sum in her face; 'remember the Bury is a mile further from a town or station than ourselves; and how unusual and so great an hardship it is to be four miles from a railway now-a-days. Seriously, a great practical inconvenience. I rather pity the coming bride of this romantic-young "Corydon." Annie has invented a very handy name for Mr. Conant's client.'

'I am glad he is going to be married. I should not like an idle single man so near us. But the duke, in Mr. Potterill's separate valuations, offered more.'

'As a bribe! Or—perhaps, Sarah, we have much wronged him—with a better motive, that of helping an impoverished country gentleman out of his "slough of despond." Shall I accept Potterill's offer after all?'

'Ask George to make one?'

'Seriously?'

'No, not on further thought; that would be wilfully bringing him and his into our neighbourhood, and laying Annie and Fred under the influence of their idleness and fascinations. If he had chosen to use his family right of option of purchase, that would have been another matter. Now I think I would rather leave you to act exactly as you feel right, uninfluenced even by your wife,' she ended quietly. 'I shall be content.'

'Then I think Mr. Conant's offer ought to be accepted,' and it was: and in the next week's *Bedford Times* 'The Bury House, gardens, and paddocks,' were advertised as withdrawn from sale, having been privately disposed of. A great vexation to Mr. Potterill, who, in his first wrath at the pig-headed pride of those impoverished Addisons having again, and perhaps irrevocably, prevented the perfecting of his Grace's estate in this southern direction, vowed he should make no bid for the remainder of the property, and thus teach them to rue their suicidal folly.

But when the day of sale of the farm lands drew near, to obtain possession of this important residue was a temptation not to be resisted. Besides, a rumour had got afloat that Mr. Conant's client—or the young lady and her mother, no one seemed to know which—on going down *in-*

cognito after the purchase to look at the Bury House, had been far from pleased with the bargain. The rosemary bushes, though now in full flower and perfume, and nearly as high as their head, had not compensated for a mere modern lean-to as a kitchen; nor the cabbage-roses, now blossoming in sweet profusion, both in flower and kitchen-garden, shedding fragrance all around them, for the number of earwigs and spiders which they had found in the now long unused best bedroom.

'Can buy the Bury House soon enough from that young fool, I expect,' pondered Mr. Potterill; 'earwigs and cobwebs won't matter to me, for the whole place will come down, and they with it! Three neat model cottages—we have hundreds of them all over the estate now, all exactly alike, so I know their cost to a penny!—the trees and bushes cleared away, and some neat iron rails in the place of the heavy yew hedges,—why the duke won't know the place when he comes down to see it!—if he'll ever take the trouble to come! Not half the man his father and grandfather were in real interest in his property, nor half so keen even after this bit of land as I could wish—only remembers the place at all because of some curious old Dutch clock he's seen in it, and looks as if he'd give his right hand to possess! I shall wish that Red House at Ham and all its priceless gimcrackeries burnt down some fine night! Poor old Fred Addison, a good hundred years he and his have hindered the squaring of his grace's property at Writtlemarsh; but their day's done, at last, I take it!'

So he went to the sale of the remaining acres of the great Rosemary End Farm after all, and his agent made the first bid. George Addison was there, so were Armigel Mostyn and Captain Wynyard, James Scudamore from London, and many nearer friends. When bidding began in earnest, George Addison joined in 'to give the thing a lift.' So did an unknown country broker, whom the lesser possible buyers could only suppose did not know, as they did—and so were dumb—how vain it was to bid against 'the duke.' George Addison, who had come down mostly to give poor Fred a helping hand as far as might prove possible—'Potterill sha'n't, at least, just walk over the course and get the place for an old song!'—withdrew when he found there was another persistent counter-bidder, and with evidently a heavier purse than his own. 'If he flags, I'll step in. Potterill's set his heart on it; he'll buy it again of me to-morrow!—or, if too proud to lick the dust quite so soon, to-morrow year. Might have made a fine sum of the old house in that way, I believe, if I'd had but my wits about me; but I always do let luck slip through my fingers just when it's within my grasp!'

The unknown country agent ran up the duke's bidders to an exorbitant fancy price, but evidently reached the length of his tether at last, and stopped abruptly. The duke was at last the undoubted possessor of this long-coveted piece of ground.

'Naboth's vineyard! May the dogs lick up his blood therein!' muttered Armigel—most unjustly as far as his present Grace of Swallowfield was concerned. It had been coveted *for*, far more than *by*, one whose tastes were by nature most simple, except in the one matter of ancient Dutch art; who would not have been sorry to wake up any morning to find his ducal honours and possessions a dream, and himself at liberty to spend the next five years of his life picking up brass pots, kettles, and pans amid the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee; and would often far rather have spent Mr. Potterill's lavishly-bidden thousands in adding a 'Mabuse' or 'Van Eyck' to the walls of his private sitting-room in his favourite bachelor home—a perfect 'William and Mary,' old 'Red House' at Ham—than in rounding off the property in every direction imaginable.

Armigel and George Addison, so soon as the foregone conclusion of the day was accomplished, walked up to the Manor Farm together. Mr. Potterill followed George Addison—with whom he had often in old days, ridden, shot, and hunted—and touching his hat, held out his hand, and asked if he could oblige him with the name of the purchaser of the Bury Farm.

'Don't know it,' was the frank response; 'wish I'd had the wit to be the purchaser!—had the first offer! for, however little poor Fred may have cause to love his troublesome brethren, they can't say that they, any more than any one else, ever found him anything but a gentleman in his dealings with them! Might have cleared cent. per cent. at this moment, eh?' and he laughed good-naturedly.

'It would complete his grace's property in this direction,' and Mr. Potterill looked back longingly at the old house; 'and then we could have turned all our energies towards its completion upon the Hertfordshire border. However, doubtless it will soon be in the market again. We must have patience! I don't suppose that "love in a cottage" will survive a twelvemonth, if one winter, of such complete isolation, seclusion, and deprivation of all the comforts and elegancies of life!'

'What the —— is it to you, sir, whether it does or does not!' cried the unheeded young Welshman walking beside them. George Addison started and laughed; Mr. Potterill stared, lifted his hat, and retired. So Armigel remained master of the field, if rather ashamed of himself. 'But it was enough to make any fellow swear! The cad seems to think the whole county's made for his duke!—a squinting, dyspeptic young gander, if report be true, who spends all his spare hours burnishing up brass warming-pans!'

'Take care, my young sir, you're not fined for bad language, or expelled bodily from the house, if you indulge in such unguarded expressions at the Manor Farm,' said George Addison; and the hint was needed. Seldom had Armigel felt more thoroughly ruffled; and seeing Hector in the yard he called to him, and took a run, half a mile down the

fields and back, in order to recover mental serenity before entering Rosemary End.

'There is still some luncheon left for you. Where have you been?' said his aunt, clearing a space for him.

The two brothers were sitting near the little fire, which Mr. Addison still found cheering in the northern dining-room, however fine the day, talking with a happy return of old brotherly feeling.

'Fancy Potterill will think he's paid a little *too* dear for those remaining heavy acres when he's grown a little cooler on his success,' George Addison was saying. 'Well, I congratulate you, Fred; you're well rid of a thankless inheritance, and got half as much again as its real market value, I should say.'

'More than the duke offered for it a month ago, certainly, if I got less by the private sale of the Bury.'

'*Less*, uncle?' said Armigel.

'Yes; but it had a special value to his grace. Only mamma here couldn't bear that the Addisons' sun should set *entirely* behind the ever increasing beams of the Swallowfields.'

'Nor I,' said Armigel; 'quite right, aunt, even were you a pecuniary loser. But I think your modern monster landowners forget that they're becoming—something as Nero would fain have had Rome—one-necked, to be slain at one stroke!' and he went on with his dinner.

'But Potterill thinks the new owner repents of his bargain already, and evidently reckons on the place soon being in the market again. Who is the purchaser, Fred?'

'I really don't know his name. Mr. Conant evidently delighted in the constant repetition of "our client," and we have all got into the way of calling the purchaser "Young Corydon." Sometimes I think Mr. Conant at sixty-seven is himself thinking of—"love in a cottage," did you say Potterill called it?—if so, I do pity the young lady, left alone every day in that country solitude! We must take care all be kind to her, Sarah.'

'Ah! that "our client" is like in Dickens's, oft-quoted but really long-deceased senior partner,' and George laughed. 'Well, but I must be off,' and he rose.

'Not yet, George; there's no real hurry these long days, is there?'

'Thanks. Well, I'll take a walk about the old place, and come in again to tea, if I may;' but, after one walk round the shrubbery, he really went down the two miles to the churchyard to lay on his mother's grave the bunch of cabbage-roses and forget-me-nots which he had gathered at the old Bury Farm.

Mr. Addison looked and was tired; and Armigel left him more than half asleep when he slid noiselessly out of the dining-room, his own meal over. Where were the girls? Annie and young George

Addison—who had grown tired of the sale, and come up to the Manor Farm in time for the regular early dinner—playing at lawn-tennis; Fred still at Bedford; Angel busy gardening; Sally—'Where is Sally?' he asked.

'You, Armie!' and Angelica started. 'So you came down to see the poor farm sold?'

How sad she looked! and her eyes red-rimmed, though with tears kept resolutely back, till they could fall to no one's hindrance but her own.

'Yes; but not that I did not feel it, Angel.'

'It seems like parting with part of one's own self. Who has got it? Oh, of course "the duke" has got it!—as if there hadn't been Addisons of Writtlemarsh Bury long before any Dukes of Swallowfield had been created to grab at all they can get or rake up from the misfortunes of their betters! However, this young man squints, and his father died blind; his next heir is his twentieth cousin, the Honourable Gobbo Gobble——'

'Captain Lancelot Gobell, &c., V.C. My dear Angel, his innocent grace is making you *less* angelic than did his agent myself an hour ago, when he'd the impudence to ask who had bought the Bury House, evidently thinking he'd only to say "the duke wanted it," for the purchaser to beg to be allowed to re-sell it to him at once, and cheap! He made *me* swear; but I don't like to hear you imitating the "Ingoldsby" magpie, maledicting monks — or myself — *quite* so nearly.'

'Who *is* the purchaser—did you hear? I believe it's that Aldgate butcher after all,' said Angelica, trying to recover calmness, and turning back to her carnation layering. 'Oh, I'd rather have done anything—let everything and gone right away and economised abroad if needful—to have left all untouched for Fred!'

'Dear Angel, I think it will be the saving of your father's life to have that unremunerative clay land off his hands!' and Armigel spoke with grave, earnest sympathy. 'I am sure Fred, when he's old enough to understand matters, won't grudge him then, any more than now, the relief of being free of the daily fret and worry that was killing him last year. You saw it yourself, then.'

'Yes. Oh, I am very inconsistent—very foolish! But you see I am "only a woman" after all!' and she tried to look up and smile through her tears.

'Perhaps you may have pleasant neighbours at the Bury Farm—nice cheerful young people. You have had so much care and sorrow the last year, Angel, I'm afraid you feel years, instead of only months, older than I am,—and not because women grow on the sunny side of the wall.'

'Nice cheerful young people! Well, I don't call Mr. Conant or the Aldgate butcher "young,"' said Angelica, ignoring the latter part of

his sentence; 'I hope "they" may be "nice"—they ought to be to turn father and mother out of their very seat in church!'

'Oh, never!' cried Armigel, with horror at the bare idea.

'Yes they will; that pew belongs to the Bury House. This place was only a cottage till our great-grandparents chose to move up here. I believe the seat under the northern gallery where our servants sit is what belongs to this house. You were asking for Sally—here she is,' and she turned back once more to her gardening; and Armigel went a few steps on to meet her sister, making a pretty picture under the shrubbery yew-trees, her fair hands full of damask roses for the sick little cousin Katherine about whom Uncle George had been telling them at luncheon.

Sally glanced at Angelica wistfully. 'She is so sad,' she began, half in a whisper, 'it is hard for her; she loves it all so dearly, to every shrub and stone.'

'Yes, and because she thinks the new purchasers of the Bury Farm will turn your father and mother out of their old seat in church, amongst other evils. Do you think they will, Sally?'

'No, I should think not,' said Sally, simply; 'but if they did, and it was their right, it could not hurt us, could it? Papa does not mind such things at all; he would be the first to show Mr. or Mrs. "Corydon"—I really don't know their proper names,' she said, parenthetically, with a pretty little gesture of apology—'into their proper seat, and open the door, and stand by for them to pass, were old Master Quenby not there to do his duty.'

'You really don't know the purchaser's name? *Est-il possible?* If so, never has secret ever yet been so well kept. Oh, Angel—Sally! I bought it! How *could* I let it be sold away from you all!'

'You, Armigel! You must have ruined yourself!'

'Nay; I have my scholarship, and brains, and a few investments left also. And Gladys——'

'Oh, is *she* your wife!' cried Angelica, standing erect, delighted. 'Are you really coming to live so near us? You dear, "nice, cheerful young people!"'

'No, she is my sister; but she bade me not scruple to draw on her means if needful; but it was not needful. I'm only afraid Mr. Conant drove too sharp a bargain for his nameless "client" to be fair to you; but Gladys told me to come down here to-day and bid her whole little fortune against the duke, which I did vicariously—I thought your father would rather I didn't in person—of course, Potterill outdid her. And although she has her *real* wish—that of making him pay dearly for his plot of ground—she could not really have farmed, or even kept it.'

'Oh, wait a moment!—there's mother calling me,' cried Angelica. 'Do wait to tell the rest till I am back.'

'The rest? What "rest" is there, unless it be the name of the

young wife who is to find the Bury Farm so dull, its spiders so distressing?' and he walked a few paces further from the lawn-tennis ground with Sally. 'Do you think any young girl must be very unhappy there?'

'No, oh no! We all liked it so much better than this.'

'Liked?'

'When it was our own to like, I mean; and a few weeks ago Angel and I went all over it, and tried to persuade mother we could all get in, and nicely; we thought perhaps father would sell this and go there; but now that he *has* sold it, we had better just forget all about it, except how nice it is that you have got it.'

'Forget! Don't you think you and Angel could like it again?'

'Oh, we must always like it!'

'And—and—— Oh, Sally, Angel has always laughed at me for wearing, with all my English training, my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at! Even Gladys thought last September I must have some very different "idea" than the happiness I had just begun to see might some day be mine, yet could not *wish*, knowing how it would wring all your dear hearts such power could have arisen. "Nothing in the world so sweet as love's young dream!" Nonsense! What if there's no young wife in the matter?'

'Oh, but Armie, we never did think any such nonsense as—as——'

'That any one would be so foolish as to marry me? let alone burying herself in the spidery solitudes of the Bury Farm? Ah, Sally! none ever so severe as candid friends. But you are a faithful friend to your great big boy of a brother, after all. Nothing sweeter than "life's young dream"? Indeed, yes. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And such a new blessing to myself, and done for those so dear.'

He had lowered his voice; and Sally was silent a few minutes. Then said simply, 'But, Armie, it is still yours.'

'Mine! indeed no! What do you think I bought it for.'

'Father has had the purchase money'; but he continued, hardly heeding her interruption, 'Just to keep the place, and hug it to my own heart, and think all the time I'd done a generous action; and when I'm afraid the mere purchase money wasn't as much as it *might* have been! There *are* some advantages in being of age, Miss Sally, even if one still looks a mere boy! Shall I tell you? only you as yet. Miss Angel might fly off at a tangent, and set up a village shop with "Angelica Addison, mantua-maker, and dealer in tea, tobacco, and snuff," over it. Yet—no, I won't tell you, any secret would be a burden to your dear innocent girl soul. Thank you, dear, for listening so kindly. I—I suppose it is childish to say it, if not feel it; but it *is* sweet to think I have not given that which has cost me nothing. That my own life must be a good deal harder than it need

have been; and marriage, if ever, a good deal longer delayed in it. But I want to have a talk with your father, and here's Fred looking for you.'

He had caught sight of Mr. Addison standing at the hall door, in the warm pleasant afternoon sun, evidently doubting whether to venture out or not. Seeing Armigel turn his steps towards the house, he took down his cap and met him to propose a stroll. Once safe beyond Annie's sharp hearing, Armigel plunged at once into his confessions—his purchase of the past week, his vexation that Mr. Conant should have tried to drive a bargain about it.

'You bought it, my boy!' But Armigel saw that it was deep pleasure as well as surprise that brought such a sudden bright colour to Mr. Addison's cheek, an additional sparkle into his now always too bright eyes. There was a pause; and then he added quietly, 'But it was a very bad investment for your money, lad! What did Dr. Wren say? Of course you consulted him?'

'Of course I didn't, uncle, because I meant to do it! and would not ask advice only to mean approbation! I told Gladys, and she said "Bravo!" and her opinion is quite as good as a man's any day!'

'But Dr. Wren knows now?'

'Yes; but he also knows better than to try to interfere with a man who's been nine months his own master,' and Armigel drew himself up to his not very tall height, and did his best to look important and dignified. 'No, really at heart he was pleased—enough of a Welshman to have a warm heart as well as warm temper.'

'I fear you have crippled your own start and prospects in life, and most seriously. Even were you ever anxious to re-sell a place which I do believe you, like our own selves, really value the better for its old-world drawbacks and isolation, I can't flatter you or myself that I or any of mine will ever be in a position to re-purchase it. I daresay, now, you cannot believe that either the need or the will to part with it can ever arise. But if either do, and I am dead and gone, and can't say so then, remember you will do me and mine no wrong by parting with it, even to Potterill himself. We should have nothing to forgive,' he added kindly, seeing the young man's cheek grow hot, his manner embarrassed, and fearing he had pained him in an over-anxiety to deal justly by him.

'I—I—' and Armigel stammered as when as a boy guilty of some hot action, and fearing to meet a few sharp unwelcome words of reproof from the man whom he had, till of late, feared quite as much as he had loved, if with a very wholesome and old-fashioned 'honour.'

'I hope I have not been impertinent, too presumptuous,' he began again, regaining control of voice and manner with an effort. 'Oh! I did not buy it for myself—that would have been a mean thing to do at best, and no sacrifice, loving all Rosemary End as I do. I thought —I felt sure—it was Angel, and Sally, and Annie's future you felt

most anxious about. And that if Gladys is as good as a man, why so is Angel also! and she, like myself, of age.'

'What do you mean, Armigel?' asked Mr. Addison, sharply, suddenly stopping in the walk, growing far too hurried for his uncertain breathing, to face his impetuous companion.

'That I have left it to Angel—that could be done at once!—that I should like with as little delay as possible,' and his tone wavered again a little under the keen eyes fixed on him, 'to make an immediate deed of gift of it to her.'

'Impossible! Never! She should not—and would not accept it!'

'I would not ask her to do so unless there were need,' said Armigel humbly, but with decision.

'You are as determined to kill me off as poor Angel herself, last winter!' said Mr. Addison briefly, with a curious smile; but he took the lad's arm again. 'No, put all idea of a deed of gift out of your head, my boy; how did you ever hear of such a thing? and as to your will, when you marry, remake it, and probably by that time all knowledge of the generous intention of your hot youth will have perished. I shall never breathe a word of it to any one, and I *well* know *how* uncertain my life is, my lad.'

'I shall never re-make that part of my will, as regarding one or other of your family, uncle; and as to the deed of gift, Conant has it all in train already, and Gladys would look on me as a thief for ever—unstabler than the unstablest water—if I changed my mind there. I did not want to tell you; but I felt as if I ought—I hoped it might be some comfort to you. I knew you would be hurt and angry.'

'Nay, I must forgive any hurt for the sake of your good loyal heart, my lad! Perhaps it is the first time in my life that gratitude has left me mourning. I don't think such mourning comes too often in a man's life nowadays, especially caused by any acts of the younger generation—perhaps our own fault, too! Promise me to give up all idea of any deed of gift.'

'No! one thing you taught me too well for your present purpose, sir, *never* to make rash promises! But we have walked far enough.'

'And perhaps talked more than enough,' said Mr. Addison, with a gasp and a cough that went to Armigel's heart. 'We will walk home in silence; but I do not give up my point, though I will ask you to give me an arm.'

'Ask Aunt Addison! Do not decide against me so quickly.' And then they turned home slowly to see Mrs. Addison and Sally busy at the strawberry beds gathering and arranging the rich fruit and green leaves temptingly for George Addison's little Katherine. Armigel, finding consolation in the belief that after all no one's consent to a deed of gift could be needed but the donor's; and, with this conclusion, he quickly recovered his spirits. 'For after all, I should have felt it as mean to have done it without telling him, as to have

pretended to give way now. But I hate opposing him even in a trifle.'

'I shall not ask even my wife,' said Mr. Addison, gently, as he let go his arm on reaching the house gate. 'I was never a believer in "second thoughts are best." First impulses as to duty come straight from above, to most men; even to the wicked, for, as some one has well put it, with them right sentiment often survives right principle.'

'Yes, we are of one mind there, uncle,' and then Mrs. Addison met them, and Armigel sauntered away to the lawn-tennis players.

'One thing I forgot to tell you,' he cried at parting, 'that I have already let the Bury House, for the rest of the summer at any rate! I hope you will be kind to the poor London-spoilt people! I'm afraid they *mayn't* quite know what living in the depths of the country, in an old-fashioned farm-house, which sounds so delightful, really means.'

'Your tenants will always have a claim upon us,' began Mr. Addison with some formality of courtesy as well as his old cordiality of courtesy, towards this new fellow-landowner.

'Is it Mr. Conant and a bride after all?' cried Annie. 'If so, we must all be very careful at once to drop our useful Corydon.'

'No!' and Armigel sprang up on the dog-cart beside Mr. George Addison to fling his parting shaft, 'Una McCarthy and her aunt! Oh, the happy plots we planned together at Bournemouth! And were ever happy Christmas possibilities and Easter Day dreams brought to such happy issues! But I *do* pity the victimised old lady! No wonder she and her pretty young lady's-maid did take a little alarm, when they paid that surreptitious visit to the Bury! but when they got back to London, Una assured her it was too late, in honour, to draw back!' and he laughed, and lifted his hat, as George Addison whisked him away.

Angelica went back to the drawing-room to finish the answer which she had begun to write before tea to Mary Lavender's warm-hearted letter of sympathy at that day's sale. And sympathy in especial, that, after all, Mr. Potterill should thus at last have become possessed of the broad acres of the old Bury Farm. 'Dear little Fred is a darling, and I am sure will live to be the greatest comfort to you all; but won't be exactly another Warren Hastings to win it back again! All Writtlemarsh feels injured with you,' the loyal Mary Lavender added as a postscript, 'and so grieved!' and then had, later, feared Angelica would be far from grateful for this general sympathy of pity, if even for her own.

Angelica had already written so far as 'really this evening we are not feeling sorry but glad,' meaning to tell the Lavenders of Armigel's purchase of the Bury House and its gardens. Now, on her return, she went to the open window and stood a few minutes gazing out on

the soft summer scene; unwontedly idle, as well as interrupted, as had been her day already.

She was thinking of that wet gloomy September afternoon nine months ago, when she had broken into Una and Sally's little talk of Armigel to say that, at least, in such little matters as home manners as we sow we reap.

'I was thinking bitterly of the far greater things in which father had sown only to reap nought. But it was *I* that was blind, not God that had failed of His Word in a far higher than a mere material sense. "Dat Deus Incrementum." I like that old Westminster motto. "He that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously." "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure!" And I don't think there can be in this world *better* measure than the loyalty of an honest and good heart, and to feel that one has helped to give ballast to such a warm and generous, but impulsive and once unstable nature as Armigel's. "This penniless orphan with no possible claim upon you," as I remember hearing Uncle Robert once say, and with anger, though I did not then understand either the words, or his meaning. Armie is a dear good fellow! Half a year ago mother could call him "as good as an elder son." "Do good, hoping for nothing again"—and they did it! and when the struggle against coming poverty was very hard, and to give was very far from costing them nothing, though it might be only food and shelter. You want me, father?' she asked, with a sudden start, awakened from her unwonted fit of meditation by finding him beside her.

'If you have finished copying that letter, my dear, I will put it by, before going up stairs for to-night, for I'm tired, that's all.'

'But I have not even begun it! You said I might finish answering Mary so as to catch Ruth Lack on her way home; but I have not even done that! Oh, I am so sorry!' and Angelica turned at once back to her desk with such true contrition and shame on her face that Mr. Addison's softened eyes watched her for a few moments with even a flicker of amusement in them before he followed her to say—

'My dear, if there were any *real* need for such sorrow, I should do what Dr. Hook called "that very high church thing" and forgive you. But I am glad you should have had a mental holiday, as well as given your hands some rest, just for once in a way, you know! This does seem a kind of Sabbath of physical rest now all is over, after long months of loss and worry, and trying to kick against the really kindly pricks of conscience as to the one honest course left me to pursue. We won't grudge the duke—even Potterill—his victory, will we, my good girl?—my true "Angel in the house," these last long weary months,' and he put his hand upon her shoulder, a very rare caress, and meaning more than many kisses from many other, and, perhaps, if not better, richer-natured men.

'No father,' and she laid her head one moment on his shoulder.

'That's right as well as wise. He gave, He has taken away. 'Tis upon you, and not on Fred, that this day's blow has really fallen.'

'Oh, father! on *you* most—far most of all!' she cried.

'Has it?' and he smiled a smile recalling that of Sunday, September the fourteenth. 'I have been so well buffeted throughout life, I think I must have grown case-hardened; this, now accomplished, grieves me so wondrous little. Twelve years ago I sacrificed more than you can ever know to save those very acres!' He took his hand from off her shoulder, and walked away a few paces, till he could come back to her and smile and say, 'You are my only child as yet of what lawyers call "full age." I want your consent to doing one thing more this day?'

'Yes, father?' Angelica looked, as she felt, a little puzzled.

'You remember the old Dutch clock at the old Bury House? brought into the family by Angelica Fagge, I believe, and probably brought from Flanders by "fighting Fagge," her grandfather; but left behind her when this home was ready, as already out of date, and perhaps past going even then. I saw the duke cast one envious eye upon it—nay, but half-a-moment's wishful look,—the day the great storm had driven us both there for shelter.'

'And you would like to give it to him, father?' and Angelica looked him full in the face. She understood him now.

'Yes, if you, her namesake great-granddaughter, have no objection? Not if it really grieve you, dear.' He hardly understood the smile, partly sad, partly amused, partly admiring, upon her lips. 'Fred has no taste that way; it will be no possible wrong, or matter of after-regret, to him.'

'Nor shall it be to me,' and Angela spoke firmly, and kissed softly the hand once more laid upon her shoulder; then, on Annie's entrance, both started asunder, like two guilty things, Mr. Addison saying, quietly—

'I will write my own letter in the study, then; will you bring your copy of the other there when finished? Thank you,' and was gone.

'You shall have his grace's answer for your autograph book, Angel,' he said as the next day he asked her to take this especial letter to the post.

And a truly gracious acceptance it proved; and not dashed off in modern haste, or, in the least, *de haut en bas*. 'All these things did Araunah as a king give unto the king,' had the young man unconsciously murmured on re-reading Frederick Addison's letter after despatching his own; and felt that, in spite of all the unusual pains he had expended on this correspondence, the real victory lay not with himself.

A. C. D.

(*Concluded.*)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

My mother declared that Madame d'Aubépine would fare the better if we left her alone and did not excite the jealousy of Madame Croquelebois, who would be quite capable of carrying her off into the country if she were interfered with.

Indeed it was not an easy or a pleasant thing to go about Paris just then, and we were obliged to stay at home. The town was in a restless state, mobs went about, hooting or singing political songs, or assembled in front of the Louvre to abuse the Cardinal, and any one who was supposed to belong to the Court party might at any time be mobbed. Annora and I much missed the explanations that our brother, Lord Walwyn, used to make to us; and the listening to his conversations with M. Darpent. The Duchess de Rambouillet and her family had wisely retired to their estates, so that there were no more meetings in the Salon Bleu; and after what my brother had said to me, I durst not make the slightest demonstration towards Clément Darpent, though I continued to give my weekly receptions to our poor hungry cavaliers as I had promised Eustace that I would do. It was from one of them, Sir Andrew Macniven, a clever man who had been a law student in Scotland and at Leyden, that we came to some understanding of what was going on around us.

Under the great Cardinal Richelieu the Crown had taken more authority than ever, and raised taxes at its will. The Parliament was only permitted to register the edicts of the Crown, but not to refuse them, as it claimed to do. As nobody who was noble paid taxes, the *noblesse* did not care, and there had hitherto seemed to be no redress. But at this moment, when the war taxes were weighing more heavily than ever, and the demand of a house-tax had irritated the people of Paris, there were a very large number of the nobility much incensed against Cardinal Mazarin, and very jealous of his favour with the Queen Regent. What they would endure from a French nobleman like Richelieu, they abhorred from a low-born foreigner such as Mazarin was; and it seemed to the Parliament that this was the moment to make a stand, since they had the populace on their side, and likewise so many of the Court party. There was the Bishop of Corinth, the coadjutor to the Archbishop of Paris who had been mortally offended

by the way in which the Queen had treated him on the day of the barricades; there was the handsome, fair-haired Duke of Beaufort, a grandson of Henri IV., who used to be called '*Le roi des halles*,' he was such a favourite with the market-women; there was the clever brilliant Prince de Marsillac (you know well his maxims written after he had become Duke of Rochefoucauld). He could do anything with Madame de Longueville; and she was thought able to do anything with her brothers, the Princes of Condé and Conti. Every one had been watching to see what side the Prince would take, but at this time he seemed inclined to the Crown, though it was not likely he could go on long without quarrelling with Mazarin. All this made the Frondeurs hope much from beginning to resist; but I remember Sir Andrew said that he did not think that much would be done, for he did not believe that these nobles and princes cared in the least for relieving the people, but merely for overthrowing the Cardinal, and he could not find out that the Parliament had any definite scheme, or knew what they wished. In fact, Sir Andrew dreaded any movement. He had been so much disappointed, and so brokenhearted at the loss of friends and the ruin of the country, that his only thought was to leave all alone. And above all he so thought, when every letter from England told how the enemy were proceeding to hunt down his Sacred Majesty.

What a change it was when my son and I had to go into waiting at the Louvre! Before the Queen Regent there was nothing but vituperation of the Parliament, but the Duke of Orleans hated the Cardinal quite as much as the Parisians did; and his daughter, Mademoiselle, wanted him to lead the Frondeurs, which he had not courage to do. She thought me a Frondeuse, and chattered to me of her plan of leading the party, together with the Prince of Condé, whom she eagerly desired to marry if his poor wife could be divorced. I used to shake my head at her, and say I knew she was too good at the bottom to desire anything so shocking, and she took it in good part. She was much better than she chose to seem.

Thus the eve of the Epiphany came, and there was a feast for the King and his little companions. Gaspard had the bean, and the Queen crowned him and made him King of the night. King Louis himself had to bend the knee, which he did with the best grace in the world. (You must all have seen the little enamelled bean-flower badge that your father received on that night.)

Every one went to see the children at their feast, where the little English Lady Henrietta sat between her two royal cousins, looking like a rosebud, all ignorant, poor child, of the sad disaster which was falling on her. Her mother was looking on, smiling in the midst of her cares to see the children's glee.

The Queen Regent was in the highest spirits. We had never seen her dignity so relax into merriment as when she set the little

ones to dance together after the supper was over; but she sent them to bed early, much earlier than her sons desired. We heard his real Majesty saying to Gaspard, 'M. le Marquis, since you are King of the Bean, command that we should be like all other revellers, and sit up till morning.'

My boy looked up to me, and read in my face that he must not presume.

'Ah! sire,' said he, 'though we are called kings, these ladies are the higher powers.'

It was applauded as a grand witticism, although Gaspard meant it in all simplicity, and had no notion of the meaning attributed to it. Nay, he thought all the praise was approval of him as a good boy inducing the King to be obedient.

After the children had gone to bed, including Mademoiselle's three little half-sisters, dull little girls of whom she spoke contemptuously but always treated very kindly, she led the way to the apartment where her father was sitting by a great fire, fretful with gout, and wanting the amusement which she tried to give him by describing the children's diversions. Some one came and whispered something to her, and in the tone of one who has an excellent joke to rehearse she went up to the Duke of Orleans, exclaiming—

'Monsieur! Here is news! We are all to start for St. Germain this very night!'

Monsieur made no answer, and immediately after bade her good night. She then went to her stepmother's room, and I remained with some of the other ladies, who were pretty well convinced that it was a true report, and that the Queen had been only waiting the arrival of the troops from the Low Countries to quit Paris and crush the resistance of the Parliament. What was to become of us we did not know, whether we were to stay or go; but as we heard no more, and Mademoiselle came out and went to bed, we followed her example.

Between three and four we were all awakened by a loud knocking at the door, and Mademoiselle's shrill voice calling out to her maids to open it. Through the ante-room, where the Comtesse de Fiesque and I were sleeping, there came M. de Comminges. Mademoiselle, in her laced night-cap, rose on her pillows and asked—

'Are we going?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle,' was the reply. 'The King, the Queen, and Monsieur, are waiting for you in the court, and here is a letter from Monsieur.

She put it aside, saying she did not want Monsieur's orders to make her obey those of the Queen, but he begged her to read it. She glanced at it, and then declared that she would be ready immediately. M. de Comminges departed, and then began the greatest bustle imaginable, everybody dressing at once in the greatest confusion,

putting on each other's things by mistake, and Mademoiselle talking —talking through all.

They were afraid to leave her behind, she said, lest she should have headed a party. No doubt M. le Prince dreaded her influence, and so did the Queen. They had made her father issue his commands without warning, lest she should disobey.

In fact she had the greatest desire to disobey, only she did not quite venture, and we her ladies had no notion what we were to do, whether to stay or go, while I was in great anxiety as to what they might have done with my boy.

Somehow or other we all found ourselves in the court of the Louvre, strongly lighted by flambeaux, and by the windows of the building. There stood a row of carriages; Mademoiselle called for hers, but it was not forthcoming, and M. de Comminges, bowing low, offered her his own; but another gentleman came up and handed her into the royal one, where already were the King and Queen, the two Princesses of Condé, the Prince of Conti, and a lady.

I heard Mademoiselle asserting her right to one of the best seats, and then declaring that she yielded 'as the young must give place to the old,' a little cut at the Princess Dowager of Condé. She bade Madame de Fiesque follow with her carriage and properties, and we were left in the most wonderful confusion in that dark court, the carriages moving away one after another, the mounted servants carrying torches and the guards trampling and clinking behind them; servants, gentlemen, and ladies running about wildly, some of the women crying and wringing their hands. Among these was Madame de Fiesque, who was of a timid nature, and was frightened out of her wits at the notion of having to follow, whither she did not even know, while I was equally wild, though I hope I did not make quite so much noise, about my son.

One of the gentlemen at last came and spoke to us, and told us that the King and Queen were gone to St. Germain. It had all been determined upon for some time past (as soon in fact as the Queen knew that the Prince of Condé would support her, and that the troops were near enough to be of use), and this night had been chosen because she could get off more easily in a time of revelry. Monsieur had known it all the evening, but had been afraid to tell his daughter because of 'her ideas,' which meant that he was by no means sure that she might choose to obey, unless she were taken by surprise, but might want to represent the House of Orleans at Paris. The Queen of England was not gone; and, as to M. le Marquis de Nidemerle—

That question was answered by sound of bare, pattering feet, and a cry of 'Mamma, mamma!' and my little Marquis himself, with nothing on but his little white shirt and black velvet breeches, his long hair streaming behind him, came and threw himself on me, followed by two or three more little fellows in the same state of deshabille. 'Oh,

mamma!' he cried, 'we thought they were all gone, and had left us to be murdered by the cruel Parliament; and then I saw you from the window in the court.' So there they all were, except one little Count from Burgundy, who slept serenely through the tumult.

By this time we could recollect that it was a January night, and that we had better retreat into the great hall, where the fire was not out. I had a great mind, since we were thus deserted, to return home with my son, but my poor princess could not be left without a single attendant, or any clothes save what had been huddled on in haste, nor perhaps even a bed, for we knew that St. Germain was dismantled of furniture, and no preparations had been made for fear of giving alarm.

Madame de Fiesque declared that she should die if she tried to pass the streets of Paris, where we began to hear loud cries. The maids seemed to have all run away, and she implored me to go, with all that was most necessary, to Mademoiselle.

'You are English! You are a very Gildippe. You have been in the wars—you fear nothing,' said the poor woman. 'I implore you to go!'

And as I had my son with me, and it seemed to be a duty or even a charity that no one else would undertake, though it was not likely that any harm could come to us, I sent Gaspard to dress himself, with my faithful Nicole, who had come to light. The gentleman undertook to find us Mademoiselle's coach, and we hurried back to get together what we could for our mistress. I laugh now to think of Madame de Fiesque and myself trying with our inexperienced hands to roll up a mattress and some bedding, and to find the linen and the toilet requisites, in which we had but small success, for the *femmes de chambre* kept everything, and had all either run away or slept too far off to hear us. We managed at last to fasten up the mattress with the other things in it, tied by a long scarf at each end, and dragging it to the top of the stairs, we rolled it down each flight. At the second it upset an unfortunate lackey, who began to yell, firmly persuaded that it was a corpse, and that the Frondeurs had got in and were beginning a general slaughter.

How we recovered from the confusion I do not know, but Gaspard joined me at the top of the stairs, bringing with him a page of his own age, the little Chevalier de Méricour, whom he entreated me to take with us. All the other boys had relations close at hand; but this child's mother was dead, and his father and brothers with the army. Being really a cousin of Harry Merrycourt's he had always seemed like a relation, and he was Gaspard's chief friend, so I was very willing to give him a seat in the carriage, which came from somewhere, and into which the mattress was squeezed by some means or other. Off we set, but no woman of any rank would accompany me, for they said I had the courage of an Amazon to attempt to make my way through the mob that was howling in the streets.

It certainly was somewhat terrible when we came out into the street thronged with people carrying lanterns and torches, and tried to make our way step by step. We had not gone far before a big man, a butcher I should think, held up a torch to the window, and seeing my son's long fair hair, shouted, 'The King! the King! Here is the Queen carrying away the King and the Duke of Anjou!'

The whole mob seemed to surge round us, shrieking, screaming, and yelling; some trying to turn the horses, others insisting that we should alight. No one heard my assurances that we were no such personages, that this was Mademoiselle's carriage, and that the Queen was gone long ago; and, what was more fortunate, their ears did not catch young Mericour's denunciations of them as vile *canaille*. A market woman mounted on the step, and perceiving the mattress, screeched out, 'The Cardinal—they are carrying off the Cardinal rolled up in a mattress!'

Their fury was redoubled. I began to untie it to show them there was nothing, but we had drawn the knots too tight, and Gaspard's little sword would not of course cut, nay, the gleam of it only added to the general fury. I really think if the Cardinal had been there they would have torn him to pieces. They were trying to drag open the doors, and would have done so much sooner but for the crowds who were pushed against them and kept them shut. At last there seemed to be some one among them with a more authoritative tone. The pressure on the door lessened, and it was to my dismay torn open; but at that moment my son called out 'M. Darpent! Oh, M. Darpent, come to my mother!' Immediately M. Clément Darpent, unarmed and in his usual dress, with only a little cane in his hand, made his way forward. Before I saw him I heard his welcome voice calling, 'Madame de Bellaise here! I am coming. M. le Marquis! The Queen! *Bêtise!* I tell you it is a lady of my acquaintance.'

'The Cardinal! She is carrying off the Italian rolled up in a mattress! Down with the fox!' came another terrible outcry; but by this time M. Darpent had been hustled up to the door, and put himself between us and the throng. He could hear me now when I told him it was merely Mademoiselle's bedding, which we were carrying out to her. He shouted out this intelligence, and it made a lull; but one horrid fellow in a fur cap sneered 'We know better than that, monsieur? Away with traitors! and those who would smuggle them away!'

'Oh! show it to them!' I cried; and then I saw a face that I had known in the hospital, and called him by name. 'Jean Marie, my good friend, have you your knife, to cut these cords and show there is nothing inside?'

The man's honest face lighted up. 'Hein! the good tall lady who brought me *bouillons!* I warrant there is no harm in her, brothers! She's a good Frondeuse, and has nothing to do with foreign traitors.'

He ranged himself beside Clément Darpent, offering a big knife, wherewith in a moment the bands were cut, and the mattress held up to view, with a few clothes inside.

I made my two defenders understand that they were Mademoiselle's garments, and when this was repeated there was a general shout—'Vive la bonne dame! Vive Mademoiselle! Vive Monsieur! Vive la Fronde!'

Jean Marie, who had worked in a furniture shop, would have rolled up the bed in a trice much better than before, but M. Darpent observed that as we were not yet out of Paris it might bring us into trouble, and, inconvenient as it was, he advised us to keep it open till we were beyond the gates. He asked permission to accompany me to prevent any further annoyance, and Jean Marie, to the extreme disgust of the servants, mounted the box, to serve as an additional guard.

No one could be kinder than M. Darpent. He was very sad about this flight of the Court. He said he feared it was the beginning of a civil war, and that he had thought better of the blood royal and *noblesse* of France than to suppose they would assist a Spanish woman and an Italian priest to trample down and starve their fellow-countrymen in the name of a minor king. He expected that there would be a siege, for he was sure that the temper of the people was averse to yielding, and the bourgeois put their trust in the archers.

I asked if he thought there would be any danger, thinking that I would either join my mother and sister or endeavour to fetch them away, but he assured me that they would be perfectly safe. Was not the Queen of England left, as I assured him, and the Duchess of Longueville? M. le Prince would allow no harm to touch the place where lived the sister he so passionately loved. I might be secure that the Hôtel de Nidemerle was perfectly safe, and he would himself watch to see that they were not annoyed or terrified. He gave me the means of writing a billet to my mother, from his little Advocate's portfolio, and he promised himself to convey it to her and assure her of our safety, a message which I thought would make him welcome even to her. He was most kind in every way, and when we came near the gate bethought him that the two little boys looked pale and hungry, as well they might. He stopped the carriage near a baker's shop, which was already open, and going in himself, returned with not only bread, but a jug and cup of milk. I think we never enjoyed anything so much; and in the meantime the excellent Jean Marie rolled up our mattress so close that, as Gaspard said, it could hardly have been supposed to contain a puppy-dog.

They saw us safely through the barriers. M. Darpent gave his word for us, and out we went into the country while scarcely the dawn was yet seen. At a turn in the road we saw only the morning star hanging like a great lamp in the east, and I showed it to the little boys, and told them of the three kings led by the Star to the Cradle.

I heard afterwards that the little Chevalier thought we saw the real Star in the East sent to guide us to St. Germain, forgetting that it was the wrong direction; but he had been very little taught, and this was the first he had ever heard of the Gospel, which was familiar to my boy. They both fell asleep presently on the cushions, and I think I did so likewise, for I was surprised to find myself at St. Germain in broad daylight. Everybody was gone to mass for the festival, and we crept in after them.

Mademoiselle was delighted to see me, and always believed we had made our passage so safely in consequence of the respect paid to her and her carriage. It was a strange day; no one did anything but run about and hear or tell news of how the people in Paris were taking the departure of the Court, and wonder when the troops would come up to begin the siege, or, what was more pressing, what was to be done for food and for bedding? We ate as we could. Eggs and fowls were brought in from the farms, but plates and dishes, knives and forks, were very scarce. Some of us were happy when we could roast an egg in the embers for ourselves, and then eat it when it was hard enough, and I thought how useful Annora would have been, who had done all sorts of household work during the troubles at home. But we were very merry over these devices.

The night was a greater difficulty. Most of the windows had no frames nor glass in them, and hardly any one had a bed. Mademoiselle slept in a long gallery, splendidly painted and gilt, but with the wind blowing at every crevice through the shutters, no curtains; only a few marble tables against the wall by way of furniture, and the mattress spread upon the floor for her and her youngest sister, who would not sleep unless she sang, and who woke continually.

I rolled up my two little boys in my great fur cloak, which I had happily brought with me, for no one seemed disposed to take any charge of poor little Méricour, and Nicole fetched me the cushions from the carriage, so that they were tolerably comfortable.

As to us ladies and gentlemen, we rejoiced that at least faggots could be had. We made up a great fire, and sat round it, some playing at cards, others playing at games, telling stories, or reciting poetry, interspersed with the sillier pastime of love-making. Every one nodded off to sleep, but soon to wake again,—and oh! how stiff we were, and how our bones ached after two such nights!

And the saddest and most provoking thing, at least to many of us, was the high spirits of the Queen Regent. To be sure, she had not been without a bed in an unglazed room all night, and had a few maids and a change of clothes, but she had probably never been so much out of reach of state in her life, and she evidently found it most amusing. She did not seem to have an idea that it was a fearful thing to begin a civil war, but thought the astonishment and disappointment of the Parisians an excellent joke. Grave and stately as

she was by nature, she seemed quite transformed, and laughed like a girl when no gold spoon could be found for her chocolate and she had to use a silver one. Yes, and she laughed still more at the ill-arranged limp curls and tumbled lace of us poor creatures, who had sat up all night, and tried to dress one another, with one pocket-comb amongst us all!

All that day and all the next, however, parts of different peoples' equipages kept coming from Paris. Mademoiselle's were escorted by Madame de Fiesque, who had been so civilly treated that Mademoiselle gave passports for the Queen's waggons to come through Paris; and it was considered to be a great joke that one of the bourgeois, examining a large box of new Spanish gloves, was reported to have been quite overcome by the perfume, and to have sneezed violently when he came to examine them.

We were in a strange state up there on the heights of St. Germain. Some of the Court had no hangings for their great draughty rooms, others had no clothes, and those who had clothes had no bedding. Very few of us had any money to supply our wants, and those who had soon lent it all to the more distressed. The Queen herself was obliged to borrow from the Princess Dowager, even to provide food, and the keeping up of separate tables was impossible. We all dined together, King and Queen, Monsieur, Madame, and all, and the first day there was nothing but a great *pot au feu* and the *bouilli* out of it; for the cooks had not arrived. Even the spoons and knives were so few that we had to wash them and use them in turn. However, it was all gaiety on those first days, the Queen was so merry that it was every one's cue to be the same; and as to the King and the Duke of Anjou, they were full of mischief; it was nothing but holiday to them to have no Court receptions.

At eight o'clock in the evening there came a deputation from Paris. They were kept waiting outside in the snow while the Queen considered whether to receive them; and she could hardly be persuaded to allow them to sleep under shelter at St. Germain, though on the road at that time of night they were in danger from brigands, travelling soldiers, and I know not what!

They were at last admitted to the ranger's lodgings, and had an interview with the Chancellor, who was harsh and peremptory, perhaps feeling himself avenged for his troubles and fright on the day of the barricades.

When I heard that the President Darpent was among the deputation, I sent Nicole to find out whether his son were there; and by and by I received a little billet, which excited much more attention than I wished. Some told me I was a Frondeuse, and M. le Baron de Lamont pretended to be consumed with jealousy. I had to explain publicly that it was only from my sister, and then they pretended not to believe me. It was in English, a tongue of which nobody knew a

single word, except that scandal declared that the Duke of Buckingham had taught the Queen to say 'Ee lofe ou;' but it said only 'We are quite well, and not alarmed, since we know you are safe. We had heard such strange rumours that my mother welcomed our friend as an angel of consolation.'

I translated this to all whom it concerned; but M. de Lamont annoyed me much with his curiosity and incredulity. However, when I found that the unfortunate deputies were permitted to spend the night in the guard-room, I sent Nicole to see whether he could be of any use to the Darpents. Truly it was a night when, as the English say, one would not turn out one's enemy's dog, and the road to Paris was far from safe, but the ranger's house was a wretched place for elderly men more used to comfort than even the *noblesse*, whose castles are often bare enough, and who are crowded and ill-accommodated when in waiting at the palaces.

At that moment a bed was to ourselves a delightful luxury, which Madame de Fiesque and I were to share, so Nicole could not do much for poor old Darpent, whom he found wet through from having waited so long in the snow, melting as it fell; but he did lend him his own dry cloak, and got some hot drink for him. Clément professed himself eternally grateful for this poor attention when in the morning I sent my son with another note in return to be sent to my mother and sister; and he promised to watch over them as his own life.

This was the last communication I had with my family for two months. The Queen had declared that her absence would be only 'a little expedition of a week;' but week after week passed on, and there we still were on the hill. The troops could not entirely surround Paris, but they cut off the chief supplies of provisions, and we were promised that this would bring the city to submission in a day or two; but no such thing. I think we were, on the whole, more hungry than those whom we blockaded.

As each set of officials finished their time of waiting, they retired, and nobody came to replace them, so our party became smaller from day to day, which was the less to be regretted as our Lent was Lent indeed. Nobody had any money, and provisions ran very short; everybody grumbled but the Queen and Cardinal, and Mademoiselle, who enjoyed the situation and laughed at everybody.

In the intervals of grumbling, every one was making love. M. de Juvizy actually was presumptuous enough to make love to the Queen, or to boast that he did. Mademoiselle, I am sorry to say, was in love, or, more truly, in ambition with the Prince of Condé; M. de S. Maigrin was said to be in love with the Princess, M. de Châtillon with Mademoiselle de Guerchy, and so on.

Even I, who had always declared that it was a woman's own fault if she had a lover, did not escape. I had not my mother to shield me, and nobody had anything to do, so it was the universal fashion; and

M. de Lamont thought proper to pursue me. I knew he was dissipated and good for nothing, and I showed the coldest indifference; but that only gave him the opportunity of talking of my cruelty, and he even persuaded Mademoiselle to assure me that he was in earnest.

'No doubt,' said I, 'he would like to meddle with the administration of Nid de Merle. I have no doubt he is in earnest about that!'

But there was no escape, as we lived, from being beset. We had all to attend the Queen to the Litanies at the chapel. She used to remain in her little oratory praying long after they were finished, Mademoiselle with her, and, by her own account, generally asleep. I am ashamed to say how much chatter, and how many *petits soins* went on among those waiting outside. I used to kneel, as I heard people say, like a grim statue over my chair, with my rosary hanging from my hands, for if I did but hear a rustle and turn my head, there stood M. de Lamont with a *bonbonnière*, or a bouquet, or an offer to shield me from the draught, and I could hear a tittering behind me.

Yet there was enough to make us grave. In a fight with the Frondeurs for Charenton, M. de Châtillon, one of the handsomest and gayest of our cavaliers, was killed. He was the grandson of the Admiral de Coligny, and was said to have been converted to the Church by the miracle of the ducks returning regularly to the pond where the saint had bound them to come. I think he must have made up his mind beforehand. But it was a great shock to have that fine young man thus cut down the day after he had been laughing and dancing in our gallery. Yet all people seemed to think of, when everybody went to condole with his young widow in her bed, was that she had set herself off to the best advantage to captivate M. de Nemours!

And then came the great thunderbolt—the tidings of the death of the King of England! I knew it would almost kill Eustace; I thought of my poor godmother, Queen Henrietta, and there I was among people who did not really care in the least! It was to them merely a great piece of news, that enabled them to say, 'Yield an inch to the Parliament and see what it will come to.'

That kind, dignified, melancholy countenance as I last saw it was constantly before me. The babble of the people around seemed to me detestable. I answered at haphazard, and begged permission of Mademoiselle to keep my room for a day, as I thought I should be distracted if I could not get out of reach of M. de Lamont.

She gave permission, but she said it was an affectation of mine; for how could I care for a sombre old prince whom I had not seen for ten years?

(*To be continued.*)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXXVII.

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

1589—1596.

AGE made no difference in the enmity of Philip II. to Elizabeth, which indeed he held to be hatred to the enemies of Heaven. England, Holland, and Huguenot France were in his eyes the accursed lands that he was called on, as the champion of the Church, to reduce, and sitting at his table in his study, he continued to issue his commands, as though his ships were not shattered and his greatest captains dead. He had vowed that he would be revenged for the destruction of the Armada, even if he had to pawn the last candlestick from his own chapel, and with indomitable perseverance he kept his word. The wooden walls of old England remained her chief protection.

It is curious to review and contrast the great mariners who were then their leaders, and in whom the Sea King was by no means extinct. Foremost was the veteran High-Admiral Lord Howard of Effingham, a stout old noble, who fought by sea much as he would have done by land, because the Queen commanded him there to serve her, and who was wise, wary, and cautious, often forced to appeal loudly to her for mere maintenance for his vessels and his sailors, and for that very reason not willing to try her parsimony too far by expense or by enterprise.

His secretary was old Sir John Hawkins, one of a family in whom the pirate, the merchant, and the patriot were as strangely combined as in any Viking of olden time. They were valiant and skilful, but avaricious and cunning, and all these qualities met to the utmost degree in Sir John, who was at this time specially enraged with the Spaniards, who were keeping his son Richard a prisoner in Peru.

Sir Martin Frobisher, whom the Queen trusted the most of all as a naval commander, was an admirable seaman, honest, upright, and only moderately rapacious, but illiterate, and nothing more nor less than a loyal sailor.

Sir Francis Drake was something more, though likewise bred to the sea, and most at home upon it. He had larger views and more resource, and not only had signalised himself by his voyage round the world, but by supplying his native town of Plymouth with water conducted from Dartmoor in a long channel called the Leat.

These were the chief professional seamen, and to them must be added the gentlemen who might be viewed as amateurs. There was

George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, the grandson of the shepherd lord, a perfect sea-king of romance, most magnificent by sea and land, honourable and punctilious as any of Spenser's knights though he thought robbing the Spaniards perfectly right service, and often fantastically courteous. Once when the Queen had dropped her glove, he picked it up and restored it to her on his knee, whereupon she bestowed it on him. He adorned it with gold and diamonds, and wore it on state occasions in his plumed hat, in which his portrait was taken. His point of honour was so delicately punctilious, that it was not thought good often to entrust him with commissions in the public service, but Elizabeth made him her champion to represent her at all tournaments.

But he was 'in stern fight a champion grim,' and he delighted in the sea. With small aid from the Queen, he fitted out ships at his own expense in which to go privateering in his own way, when, as his biographer says, 'his fleet was bound to no other port than the port of honour, though touching at the port of profit in passage thereunto.'

The 'port of profit' had its allurements for the ablest and most many-sided man of them all, Sir Walter Raleigh, or, as the Spaniards called him, the Corsair Gualteral. Scholar, author, and thinker as he was, he cared not only for England's supremacy, but looked on the strange new world with the eyes of an observer of the marvels of creation, and of a philosopher forecasting its future. He alone of all the discoverers of the reign had the ability to profit by the customs of the natives, or to import their productions, but his satirical and haughty manner gained him enemies at home, and want of means and of rank made his talents far less available than they should have been.

The other Devon knight, Sir Richard Grenville, was of a more common type, brave and faithful, but violent and rapacious.

To these must be added the Queen's spoilt darling, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, to whom a voyage of adventure or a command in the French camp were delightful relaxations from the tedious task of acting as something between lover and son to an old lady of nearly sixty years, who tried to keep a wild falcon like a tame bullfinch. But with all their faults, what sovereign ever had a more gallant array of servants?

The Spanish treasure ships, called carracks, loaded from the mines of Rio de la Plata, Peru, and Mexico, were wont to assemble at Panama, to be convoyed home by ships of war sent out from Spain with freights of iron and all manner of commodities, even Papal Indulgences, which the colonists were prohibited from buying from any one but the King, To catch these ships on their way was the exciting sport of the English, and was in their eyes by no means piracy, but was at once pious, patriotic, and profitable.

To harass the Spaniards and enrich themselves and the Queen by

their feats at sea was the delight of Elizabeth's great sailors. Sir Martin Frobisher cruised in the Channel, and fought, though he could not spell, and the despatches in which he communicated his successes

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are curious specimens. He relates that 'in sendynge the Moune tou Ostedynde she hathe taken a Lonnedragare and a Spanyare in her bounde for Donkerke, and the Spanyarde caste ovare borde tou paketes of Letares.' This is believed to mean that the good ship *Moon*, on her way to Ostend, took a *l'homme de guerre*, with a Spaniard on board!

He prays for the Queen's 'longe and prosperous rene ovare hus,' 'and for the hellthe of the Lor heye tresarare.' His letters must have been far harder tasks than the capture of Lonnedragare!

In 1589, Sir Martin received a commission to sail 'to the westwards' with five ships, one of them commanded by a namesake of his, probably a nephew. They made first for Cape St. Vincent, and at Castel Sagres, a port a little to the south, captured a Biscayan ship, though not without damage, and then crossed to the Azores, where he lurked till the Spanish fleet from America came in his way, eighteen in number. He took the Admiral's and Vice-Admiral's ships, but lost the former in a storm off the Eddystone.

Frobisher caused some one to write at his dictation a long letter to Lord Burghley, urging that the best way to cripple the Spaniards and prevent them from collecting another Armada, was to fit out a considerable fleet, so provided as to be able to wait for the treasure ships if their sailing were delayed. Sir John Hawkins, then seventy years old, always eager for gain, commanded one of them. He obtained, in 1590, twelve ships, but they could not obtain the provision he wanted, and Philip, learning intelligence of the expedition, prevented his new ships from coming out to give battle, and his carracks from leaving Havanna and becoming a prey, since Frobisher could not wait for them for want of provisions; but though the English lost their prizes, the Spaniards underwent much damage from their detention at Havanna. Old Hawkins excused the want of success by quoting the text about Paul planting and Apollos watering, whereupon Elizabeth broke out, 'The fool went out a soldier, and is come home a divine!'

Frobisher however had obtained wealth enough to purchase an estate and marry a knight's widow. The Earl of Cumberland hovered about the Azores with a fleet of his own fitting out, and year by year met with varying success. There too Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Richard Grenville watched in 1591 for the carracks, but instead of meeting them were attacked by the fleet under Don Alfonso de Bassano, whom Philip sent out on discovering their purpose.

The English were carelessly awaiting the galleons, when from behind the island, the huge fleet of fifty-three sail appeared so near them that they had hardly time to weigh anchor. Many of the men were sick, many on shore, all was confusion, but Howard contrived to get away with all the ships save that of Grenville, who wanted to get the men ashore on board, refusing to forsake them, and thus 'dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ships.' He then proceeded with his one vessel, the *Revenge*, to fight his way through the whole of the enemy's fleet. Five vessels attacked him at once. Again and again he beat off his assailants, sorely damaged, and for fifteen hours kept up the fight, till his masts being shattered, his tackle gone, his powder spent, forty men killed, himself desperately wounded, he bade the master-gunner to sink the ship, lest it should fall into the enemy's hands. The survivors however took the matter into their own hands and surrendered. Don Alfonso wished to remove Sir Richard from the *Revenge*, which was like a slaughter-house, but he refused to leave it with his own consent. However, with all honour he was taken on board a Spanish ship, where he died two days after, saying 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, having ended my life as a good soldier ought to do.'

He further said that those who had deserted him were but dogs, and would be a reproach for ever. It seems, however, that Howard would have come to his aid, if the sailors would have consented, but Raleigh, who wrote the account of this splendid act of courage, and who was a friend of Grenville's, thinks the attempt would have been only a waste of brave men. Tennyson has a fine poem on this loss of the *Revenge*.

Raleigh himself burnt to be at sea, and with great effort fitted out thirteen ships, and persuaded the Queen to lend him two more, wherewith to sail to the Isthmus of Darien. He set sail on May 9th, 1592, but he was too great a favourite to be spared, and he was followed the next day by a pinnace containing Sir Martin Frobisher with orders to take the command, and send him home, though old Frobisher might sail where he chose. However, Raleigh was bent on the expedition to Darien, and the two captains proceeded together till there was a great storm off Cape Finisterre, which did the ships so much damage that Raleigh saw that by the time they were repaired, it would be too late to proceed to the Isthmus. He therefore divided his vessels into two squadrons, sending one with Frobisher to watch the Spanish coast, and prevent the escort from going out to meet the carracks, and the other with Sir John Burroughs to capture these same carracks at the Westward islands. They had good success, Frobisher capturing an outward-bound ship with 7,000*l.* worth of iron ware, and Burroughs the *Madre de Dios*, a seven-decked ship with 230 brass cannon, the largest that had yet been brought into Plymouth harbour.

But meantime Raleigh had fallen into disgrace. He had committed

the offence of marrying Elizabeth Throgmorton in secret, and with some circumstances discreditable to him; the affair had become known and the Queen had sent him to the Tower, whence he wrote deplorable letters to Sir Robert Cecil for her Majesty's perusal, describing his chief misery to be his seclusion from the presence of the Queen. 'I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like an Orpheus.'

Pretty well for a lady aged fifty-nine! When he saw from the window her barge going by on the Thames, he fell into a theatrical passion, struggling with his keeper, not for a sight of his young bride but of the elderly Queen, threatening to be an Orlando Furioso, if deprived of his Angelica. On the tidings of the arrival of the huge prize, and the commotion it excited in Plymouth, Angelica sent her Orlando down, but with Mr. Blount as a keeper to watch over him, to look after his interests and her own. The port was like a fair, for the sailors had all tried to abstract whatever they could of the precious freight, and merchants of all kinds were there to purchase. Sir Robert Cecil went down also, and wrote to his father that whenever he met any persons whose luggage smelt of musk or ambergris, he had them to Exeter and searched them, by which means he recovered a bag of seed pearls, divers pieces of damask, and the like, thus smuggled out of the *Madre*.

She had been taken to Dartmouth, and there Raleigh came on board, very pensive and melancholy, and calling himself the Queen's poor captive, although he was greeted with such delight by the sailors, and was so popular and powerful among them that Cecil declared himself quite amazed thereat. Finally the Queen, for her share in the adventure, obtained 72,000*l.* out of the prize, Lord Cumberland half that sum, and the other adventurers, including Raleigh, divided 36,000*l.* between them. Perhaps it was partly in consideration of his claims that Elizabeth not only relieved him of her displeasure, but when he coveted the manor of Sherborne, she made the Bishop of Salisbury grant her a ninety-nine years lease of it for him, and on the vacancy of the see, made the appointment of the new Bishop conditional on his granting the manor to Raleigh in perpetuity. But as we shall see, the sacrilegious gift did not thrive with Sir Walter or his family.

Philip now sent orders that with a few quick sailing vessels from Dunkirk 3,000 or 4,000 troops should be taken across to Rochester, there to burn the English vessels in their harbour! But such an imitation of Drake was made impossible by Sir Martin Frobisher, who had been placed in command of the fleet in the Broad Seas, as the North Sea was named, in distinction to the Narrow Seas, or h annel, also then called the Sleeve, as the French still term it La

Manche. Stout old Sir Martin was the commander in whom the Queen placed most confidence.

Meanwhile there had been maturing in the Netherlands a man of great ability, though not of attractive character, Maurice of Nassau, who, born and bred among tempests, had learnt to trim his boat with the utmost wariness and discretion. His father's cognomen of The Silent was far more suited to him, for he waited with taciturnity that no one penetrated, while he studied mathematics and engineering as no general had hitherto considered needful, and awaited the moment to act, while bringing his army up to a pitch of discipline and precision such as had seldom been seen since old Roman days. Moreover the Dutch paid them punctually, so that there was no fear of mutiny for pay in the face of the enemy. Nobody was left capable of really making head against Maurice, who had already gained several cities by siege while Parma was absent in France.

In 1593, he besieged Gertruydenberg, keeping his soldiers in such perfect order that the peasants ploughed and sowed without fear of violence, and not so much as an egg was taken without being paid for. Counts Peter Ernest Mansfeld, and Hohenlo, vainly tried to relieve the garrison, or to tempt Prince Maurice out to give them battle. He kept his men in the camp and in the trenches, undermining the great bastion, yet after all, the city was taken almost by an accident. Three captains reconnoitring, crossed the ditch on planks, and with half a company of soldiers, climbed into the fort. No one saw them till they were well within, and when some of the garrison discovered them. Then there was a struggle in which sixteen of the assailants were killed, and nine of the garrison, but there was such a panic that the citizens sent out into the camp in haste to offer to surrender the place. Maurice thought at first that it was a trick, and Count Mansfeld first learned what had happened when he saw the camp illuminated for joy.

Then followed the equally successful siege of Groningen, in which the English allies under Sir Francis Vere did their part. By this time Philip was ready to appoint a new governor. He had long intended for this purpose the Archduke Ernest, the second of his Austrian nephews. There was strong allegiance in the house of Austria to the direct representative of Charles V., or else the influence of his daughter, the Empress Marie, must have been very strong; for though the gentle, tolerant, kindly Maximilian II. was so utterly diverse from his cousin Philip, he had thought fit to send all his sons to be educated at Madrid, where the gloomy Spanish nature they derived from their mother was fostered, and they were moulded to be obedient servants to their uncle.

Rudolf, the eldest, was reigning as Emperor, a victim to superstitious fears. An astrologer had told him that he would be murdered by his nephew, and he therefore was most unwilling that any of his brothers should marry. Archduke Ernest had however been

intended by Philip to marry the Infanta Clara Eugenia, and to reign over France; but the League had shown so plainly that if they accepted the Infanta it must be as wife to either the heir of Lorraine or the Duke of Guise, that the scheme had to be abandoned, and Ernest was sent alone to rule the remnant of the Low Countries that remained to Spain. He was of a gentle disposition, melancholy like most of his family, suffered much from gout, and had no property of his own; so that, devoted as he was to Rome and to his uncle, he was not likely to retrieve the cause of Spain. Philip paid his travelling expenses, and they must have been heavy, for he brought 670 gentlemen, pages and cooks, and 534 coach-horses. Coming from Austria, he showed himself distrustful of the Spanish officers, and offended many of them; but he was all the time managed by the cleverest of them all, Fuentes, who had been at Brussels ever since the recall of Alva, and was the most cunning politician of them all, while the Governor of Brussels, Ybarra, and his secretaries, kept a close watch on every movement of the Archduke, and reported them to King Philip.

The most extraordinary and pedantic pageants were prepared at Antwerp and Brussels. Ernest's effigy stood on a scaffold fifty-five feet high, and represented Apollo hurling his darts at a python who grasped in one claw a city, in another a burgher. Elsewhere he was shown as Perseus releasing Andromeda, namely Belgium, and as Vulcan forging darts in the crater of Mount Etna. All the virtues, and very odd ones some of them were, came out to welcome him; and most extraordinary Latin poetry was perpetrated, while the poor prince endured it all, half dead with fatigue and gout.

He was harmless enough, and was trusted with none of the plans that were hatched between Fuentes and Ybarra, with the King's full complicity.

The Count of Fuentes had charge of the department of assassination, and it is absolutely known that the King had furnished him with a list of persons to be thus made away with, among whom Elizabeth and Henri IV. had the foremost places. A poisoned nosegay is said to have been administered by Andrada, a Portuguese adept, to Henri, but without effect.

Elizabeth had in her service a Portuguese Jew physician named Lopez. Jews had not been suffered in England since their expulsion by Edward I., but this man had been recommended to her by Don Antonio, the pretender of Portugal, and she had great confidence in him. He was the only living model Shakespeare could have possibly had for Shylock. A splendid ring of rubies and emeralds was conveyed to this man by means of Andrada, to bind him to the service of Philip, and he was further promised as large a sum as he might choose to ask, if he would destroy Elizabeth at once, and procure for his employers 'a merry Easter.'

Dr. Lopez undertook the work for 50,000 crowns, but he further demanded large marriage portions for his daughters. While they were haggling, Antony Bacon, secretary to Essex, received a hint from a fugitive secretary of Philip's that dangerous letters were passing between Brussels and London. Enough was discovered to make the Earl hurry to the Queen, who would not believe him at first, because Lopez had brought her a jewel which he said had been sent with intent to corrupt him; but Essex declared it was a mere blind, and she permitted an inquiry to be made by him and the Cecils, father and son.

Sir Robert Cecil was always the personal enemy of Essex, and the result of the investigation in the house of the Jew was that the accusation was false. Elizabeth sent for the Earl, and rated him well as 'a rash temerarious youth who had brought a slander on an innocent man.' He was very angry and shut himself up in his room in a rage, but before many days had passed, letters were intercepted showing that the deed was only delayed, because Lopez wanted his fee paid down, and Philip, equally prudent, would give nothing before the work was done. The plan for burning the fleet was also disclosed. The Queen was much overcome at finding how great her danger had been, and exclaimed, 'My times are in Thy Hand.' Essex was of course treated with all affection and gratitude; but Sir Robert Cecil did not love him the better for having been in the right.

Lopez was executed, confessing the correspondence, but denying all murderous purposes towards the Queen, whom he said he loved as he did the Christian Saviour. The crowd believed him to mean that he hated both alike, and shouted forth their maledictions, which seem to have been justly deserved.

Poor Ernest was quite guiltless of all this. He was a good man, but fit only to be a monk, and died on the 20th February, 1595, when the Government passed to Fuentes, a far more able and active man.

The Spaniards had taken advantage of their alliance with the League to build a fort at Crozon, one of the wild rocky points that inclose the harbour of Brest, a place of vantage where a second Armada hoped to rally for a fresh attack on England. Here they kept a garrison under Don Juan d'Aguila; and Marshal D'Aumont, the President of the States of Brittany, represented to Elizabeth how much it was for her safety to drive these enemies away. She summoned Sir John Norris from Holland to report upon the matter, and his account decided her upon sending 5,000 men, with six ships, and two pinnaces, but demanded Brest as a pledge. The Dutch contributed 1,500 men. Frobisher took the command, and while cruising about in preparation, made his will, leaving all his property to his nephew Peter, Martin being dead. Norris was ready on the 29th of August, 1594, but he showed himself very doubtful of the character

of his troops, and not altogether satisfied that the sailors would be good for aught but plunder.

It was an arduous undertaking, for the fort of Crozon stood on a little peninsula strong by nature, and fortified with all the science of the time. Norris laid regular siege on the land side, Frobisher fired away at sea, but without producing much effect; and Norris's first assault was unsuccessful, being beaten off with great loss, for which the prudent old Queen reprimanded him. 'The blood of men ought not to be squandered away at all adventures,' she wrote. Angry as were the English at their repulse, they had to wait eighteen days while a mine was being made beneath one of the great bastions under the direction of Marshal d'Aumont, and meantime the sailors were starving. It was not by Elizabeth's fault this time, but that of her officer Darnell. Large stores of meat, bread, cheese, and beer were ready and spoiling at Plymouth and Dartmouth because no transport chartered by her Majesty was at hand, and this punctilious gentleman would neither hire vessels nor even deliver the provisions to the captains of two ships whom Sir Martin sent home to fetch them. The men were put on short rations, but in spite of hunger, when the mine was sprung on the 7th of November, they stoutly scaled the western walls with ladders, while Norris and the land forces entered by the breach. D'Aumont was ill, and forced to give up the command.

Frobisher was shot in the hip, but pressed on until his bastion was won and the Spanish banner hauled down. The place was taken, and with grievous slaughter, for quarter was neither asked nor given, and only five or six prisoners were made. The Queen was delighted at the news, and wrote her thanks in her own hand to the Admiral, calling him her 'trustie and well beloved.' The letter met him at Plymouth, whither he had been carried, dying, not so much of his wound as of unskilful surgery. He rejoiced over the letter like a true Elizabethan servant, but it could not save his life, and he died on the 22nd of November, 1594, leaving a gallant name behind him.

Meantime Sir Walter Raleigh, at Sherborne, was, to the discomfiture of his poor young wife, meditating a grand voyage. In a remarkable letter she begged Sir Robert Cecil to 'draw *water* from the east rather than help him to the sunset,' but Cecil was in favour of his going, and Elizabeth had not so condoned his offences as, in spite of his outrageous flattery, to be unable to dispense with his presence. So in February, 1595, he set forth with a squadron of five ships to explore the mouths of the river Orinoco. He wrote the history of his expedition himself, and it is full of delight at the beauty of the scenes, —flowers and trees of such variety as were sufficient to make ten volumes of herbals, and birds of all colours. In his intercourse with the Indians Sir Walter was gentle and kindly, and kept his men 'of the meaner sort from spoil and stealing,' making compensation whenever damage was done. The natives of Guiana, a friendly and gentle

race, were entirely conciliated, kept him well supplied with provisions, and gave him all the information they could. Beyond, at the source of their rivers, they talked of a golden city, and wonderful lands of gold and silver, the El Dorado of the Spaniard, being no doubt a confused account of the wealth of the Empire of Peru. An old chief named Topiawari was specially friendly, and counselled Raleigh how to conquer 'the Emperor Inga,' who reigned over this wonderful country; but clothes, provisions, and stores being exhausted, Raleigh was forced to return home, hoping to collect a force sufficient for such an undertaking, leaving two men with Topiawari to learn his language, and carrying home the chief's only son, who went willingly. He arrived in August, 1595, but his descriptions could not prevail on his countrymen to undertake any expedition on so large a scale as he desired.

He arrived at Plymouth just as old Sir John Hawkins with Sir Francis Drake were starting on a less peaceful expedition to the west, with twenty-seven ships and 25,000 men. Their plan was to fall on and destroy Nombre de Dios, where Drake had won so much glory previously, and then to march on to Panama, and lay hands on the treasure collected from Peru. Just, however, as they were setting off they heard that all the treasure ships were safe in Spain, except one galleon, which had been obliged to wait at Puerto Rico. They were advised to secure it, but Drake wished to begin by an attack on the island of Teneriffe, and this was done, against the advice of Hawkins. The attempt was unsuccessful, and in the meantime the galleon was escorted safely to Lisbon, the English were beaten off from Puerto Rico, and the two captains had a hot dispute over the cause of failure. His passion seems to have been too much for Sir John Hawkins, who was more than half way between seventy and eighty; a fever came on, and he died off Puerto Rico a day or two later. Drake, whose nature was a good and kindly one, grieved much over the death of his old patron, but he went on to Panama, and reaching it at Christmas made a descent on it, in vain, and returning on board gave way to a settled melancholy, sickened with low fever, and died on the 28th of January, 1598. He was only fifty-one years of age.

A CONVERSATION ON PICTURES.

BY C. M. YONGE.

Spider. So, Arachne, you have for once been at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and can talk it over instead of depending on your Spiders for descriptions?

Arachne. One afternoon's sight, even with a private view, scarcely qualifies one to judge; but at any rate we can talk over our impressions. Let us try to class things a little.

Spider. Beginning with the historical pictures. They, at least, are the most amusing to describe, if not always the best.

Arachne. No; there was nothing that I can call a really *great* imaginative picture, though there was much that was excellent, interesting, and amusing. What do you start with?

Spider. The Wail of the Valkyrs? (833.)

Arachne. History or pre-history? An ambitious subject for a lady. It is more wild than effective to my mind, and hardly tells its story enough. I've *Clytemnestra* in my catalogue, but I do not remember her; so we will go on to 692, Percy Macquoid's piteous picture of the poor dogs wailing on the shore at Athens when their masters were sailing away to Salamis, and the city was left to the Persians.

Spider. Poor fellows! Fine wolf-hounds they are, and beautifully done in their melancholy attitudes. I should be very sorry to live with such a picture; and I can't think why any one should paint it.

Arachne. No. I think all art should adopt the maxim in the Welsh triad that the objects of poetry should be increase of goodness, increase of understanding, and increase of delight.

Spider. You would not exclude everything melancholy?

Arachne. Certainly not, when it leads to increase of goodness and of understanding.

Spider. Well, next in point of date, are Motte's delightful *Geese of the Capitol* (582). What a dark night it is on those heavy grey masses of rock and the high wall, one Gaul just craning up to the top of the parapet, supported on the shoulder of the other, and the geese with their necks far out of a sort of balcony, cackling away with all their might. One can almost hear them. And there is the dull light of some fire in a grating behind.

Arachne. I like that picture. It is full of spirit.

Spider. What do you think of 558, old Siward dying in his armour? I had fancied he insisted on being placed on his feet, though the quotation in the catalogue does not say so.

Arachne. The fussy distress of the nurse, and the real grief of the

daughter, are well done, as well as the rugged, ashy-grey face of the old man.

Spider. I see some historical pictures in the catalogue; but I don't remember them, except that 533, *Queen Margaret and the Robber*, is of the shadowless sort.

Arachne. You have passed a much better one, by Marks, 242, *Lord Say before Jack Cade.* There he stands with his grave, aquiline, Norman face, quite motionless and cold; and we can see how the contempt of it irritated Cade, who is clenching his fist. Another man brandishes a sword, but the rest of the peasants look irresolute, and as if without Cade no violence would be offered. It is a very clever picture.

Spider. 252, by Pettie, is a Palmer, with his hands so stretched out that at first I thought he was blind; but it was only his gesture in narrating his adventures. The son and heir of the castle, a little boy, stands entranced, the lady-mother sits listening intently, and her husband looks as if he had thrown himself down in a careless attitude, and cannot help being interested.

Arachne. The news of the relief to starving Florence, 1767, with Romola giving the children bread, may, I suppose, be called historical?

Spider. I did not much care for 551—Waller's *Sweethearts and Wives* receiving the moss-troopers after a border foray. They were very conventional, especially the lady in the yellow hunting-dress, not looking at all fit for a border castle.

Spider. The Tudor times are the best represented. Do you remember 830, where little Princess Mary is so diligently and dutifully playing her virginals to the two crimson ambassadors, looking benignantly at the little maiden? And then again, 649, poor little Edward VI. interceding so eagerly for his whipping boy, who is gravely unbuttoning his doublet, while Dr. Cox is holding back the king.

Arachne. Mr. Stacey should have made Edward slighter and more delicate, as he always appears under Holbein's hands.

Spider. Then in 845 we have Sir Philip Sydney borne back wounded in his barge to Arnheim. Moreover, what is droll is, that there are two pictures of Court favourites. Seymour Lucas's 628 is certainly Leicester leaving Elizabeth's chamber after a rebuff, as he does in Kenilworth; but Pott's 566 does not seem to be any special person, only the man making himself as absurd as the monkey before him.

Arachne. I did not quite understand that picture. The next noticeable historical one is the Defence of London in 1643, with the women bringing baskets of earth.

Spider. And oh! most unbearably painful is the sight of (30) the Duke of Monmouth with his hands tied behind him, and the cords cutting into them, grovelling along the floor before the unfeeling James

II. I suppose it is a fine study of the position, but it certainly disobeys all the canons of your triad!

Arachne. Assuredly! I had rather not have seen it.

Spider. Sundry Waterloo pictures.

Arachne. I doubt if they can be adequate; but the Hougoumont is the best.

Spider. What do you think of Mrs. Butler's *Floreat Etona*, the two officers charging at Laing's Neck, and one going down?

Arachne. It disappointed me by looking theatrical. I do not believe any picture can properly draw with the action of a single moment. Altogether history and even fiction are not so well represented this year as usual. There are few imaginative pictures.

Spider. Oh, there is Rivière's, the *Magician's Doorway*. He must be a grand Ariosto magician, living in a palace with a broad marble step, and a carved portal, with the horn hanging ready to be sounded—if—oh, if any one dares to go up between the two grand crouching leopards on either side, and a blood-stain on the stone!

Arachne. There is poetry too in 314, where Mr. Herbert shows retribution coming on the Arab spoilers of the tomb, who are examining their treasure, all unconscious of the lion and lioness stealing up to spring on them.

Spider. And Rivière's diploma picture, 466, *The King Drinks*, with the grand old lion crouching to drink at the pool among the rocks.

Arachne. That *Memphis* of Goodall's, 212, with palm-trees, pools and ibis, and the statue tower by the Nile, is memorable.

Spider. Did you not like 4, *The March Past*, where some little German or Flemish children are playing at soldiers before the old grandfather in the sunny courtyard of a fine old house?

Arachne. I never saw so little done in the way of sacred subjects. Esther might as well be any one else; Jephtha's history in six divisions is not very effective, and the most interesting picture, 302, is by Long, of Sisera's mother watching. Her keen, handsome, withered old face is admirable, and there is a slave crouching with a child in a corner, looking as if she may have once been shared 'to every man a damsel or two,' and could pity the expected new comer.

Spider. The portraits are charming. The children and dogs especially so. I am in love with 43, the dear little girl and her dogs, whom Millais has given us, and scarcely less so with Rivière's black poodle in *Cupboard Love*. His eyes are wonderful as he waits while his mistress unlocks the sideboard.

Arachne. 353, little Princess Marie knitting her stocking, is a very real looking portrait, but the most noble-looking pictures of all are Millais' *Sir Henry Thomson*, and Owliss's *Sir Frederick Roberts*.

Spider. I suppose 31, *The Venetian Bead Threader*, by Hilda Montalba, is a portrait. It is a splendid head.

Arachne. One of the most suggestive pictures is 522, by Walter

Horsley, two Mahometans faithfully saying their sunset prayers on the deck of a ship, where two Europeans lounge idly on the benches, an old English clergyman reverently bares his grey head.

Spider. And 163, the maiden at the golden gate, by Prinsep, standing, leaning and warning, seemed to me a very good picture.

Arachne. I like it better than that strange one, the *Dreamers*, in the new and modern style, three ladies asleep on the sofa in exactly the same attitudes. It is a good specimen of its class, but that is one I do not much like. Of course I cannot attempt to discuss all the pictures. These are only what live in my memory, and we must by no means forget 677, Ansdell's charming picture of the great heavy woolled sheep driven in to their shearing by their keen old shepherd and his wise dog, reminding me of the charming description in *Riverside Sketches* by Mr. Hoppus, a book with several such beautiful papers in it that it is a great pity it is spoilt with three morbidly sad ones.

Spider. I remember those delicious sheep. I suppose the other scene you mean was a Highland Auction, which at first I took for an Irish Eviction, till I saw it was all in good humour. I liked too the Norman boys and girls going through the corn, in 134, by Hennessy.

Arachne. And did you see another going through the corn, in 428, by Mr. White? The corn is the gold, the sea the silver; but the effect of the silver waves unfortunately falls short.

Spider. And on that wonderful 506, Brett's *In the Grey of the Morning*, only it should have been 'In the Blue of the Morning,' sea and sky are delightful; but are mussel-covered rocks ever so gentianella coloured?

Arachne. Unfortunately I never saw them at sunrise on a summer morning, and I must take it on trust.

Spider. And the shadows of the clouds in 722, Halswell's *Three Counties from Whetham Hill*, are charming.

Arachne. We must break off now, with the picture that touched me most of all by its suggestiveness and quiet beauty. It is 737, by H. W. Leader, and is called, *In the Evening there shall be Light.* In the background there is a sheet of water, I imagine one of the floods of last year. The water is continued into the ditch surrounding the old wall of a country rustic church, and it fills two long wheel-ruts in the rough lane outside. The sky is covered above with clouds, but over the western horizon the sun has broken out, and there is a long line of ruddy and golden glory, lighting up from below the trunk, branches, and foliage of the churchyard yew-tree, reflected in the church windows, and on the inundation, and making the waters, in the ditch and the ruts, gleam with lights, while all the under-sides of the little clouds above are touched with a pale delicate flame colour. It is perfect truth to nature, yet full of meaning, the picture above all whose image I am glad to have carried away with me.

GREEK TESTAMENT FOR LADIES.

III.

THE 'poverty of the English language' is very conspicuous when we compare the numerous inflexions of the Greek article, substantives, adjectives, and pronouns, not to mention verbs, with the English words which are obliged, in default of others, to serve as their only equivalents. In many passages where the English may have more than one meaning, the *right* meaning is fixed for a Greek reader even of most moderate attainments.

Thus in the account of the massacre of the innocents, we might suppose, if we relied only upon the English version, that Herod, in indiscriminating fury, ordered that *all* the babies at Bethlehem, whether boys or girls, should be put to death. And turning to the Greek, we find a noun of common gender (though more frequently masculine) used, of which 'children' is the translation; but besides this noun there is the article, of which a *masculine* inflexion is used, thus showing that 'the *male* children' is intended. And this is the rendering suggested in Dean Alford's proposed revision.

Owing to the modern use of 'you' in the singular number, where 'thou' and 'thee' were employed two centuries ago, it may occasionally escape the notice of an English reader that the 'you' of the Bible is always (we believe) in an oblique case of the *plural*, the nominative of the plural being 'ye.' Thus the distinction between the 'you' and 'thee' of the following passage is perhaps sometimes missed:—'Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have *you*, that he may sift (*you*) as wheat: but I have prayed for *thee*, that *thy* faith fail not,' &c. No reader of the original could fail to observe that what is meant here is that Satan desired to make a prey of *all* the Apostles, not of the weak S. Peter only.

Again, in 2 Tim. iii. 6, 7 'of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth,' it is by no means certain, at first sight, *who* are the subjects of the last two clauses;—whether it is *the women* who are 'led away' and 'ever learning,' &c., or those who 'creep into houses.' But any uncertainty with regard to this disappears in a moment when reference is made to the Greek of S. Paul; for there we see that the participles led away,' 'learning,' &c., all agree in gender, &c., with the noun translated 'silly women'; which noun, by the way, is not feminine, but *neuter*, since the term the Apostle adopted was a contemptuous

diminutive of the neuter gender; just as the Greek word for *child* is neuter, like the German *kind*.

Let us now turn to another large class of cases where the Authorised Version may be said to be at fault, viz., where one Greek word is rendered by different English words in different places; or, *vice versâ*, where one English word appears for different Greek words. Professor Plumptre, in his most valuable article on the Authorised Version in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, says that these two forms of error, 'which meet us in well-nigh every chapter,' taken together, 'make the use of an English concordance absolutely misleading'; and in a foot-note he recommends the *Englishman's Greek Concordance*, published by Walton and Maberly, as a useful help to English readers in overcoming this difficulty.

One striking example of this deficiency on the part of our translators has already been given—the 'Lovest thou me,' thrice repeated, and S. Peter's three answers. And this suggests a well-known instance of the opposite error, viz., the rendering 'charity,' throughout the famous chapter 1 Cor. xiii., instead of 'love,' by which the same Greek word *agape* is continually translated in other places, notably in S. John's Epistles. We will give further examples, but in doing so we cannot by any means say that our translators are wrong, or even 'unfortunate' in their choice of English equivalents, in *all* such cases. 'While,' observes Professor Plumptre, 'it would be simple pedantry to lay down unconditionally that but one and the same word should be used throughout for one in the original, there can be no doubt that such a limitation is the true principle to start with, and that instances to the contrary should be dealt with as exceptional necessities.'

The word rendered 'gentleness' among the fruits of the Spirit, in Gal. v. 22, occurs in 2 Cor. vi. 6, and Col. iii. 12, where it is translated 'kindness,' and in Rom. ii. 4, 'despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance,' &c., where it figures as 'goodness.' Perhaps 'kindness' would be best in all four places. The adjective from which the Greek substantive is derived, as 'kindness' is from 'kind,' is translated by 'kind' in Luke vi. 35, 'He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil.' This adjective, again, is derived from a verb which means 'to make use of,' and its proper signification is 'useful,' or 'serviceable.'

The citation of this instance suggests an example of the opposite error. For among the fruits of the Spirit, in Gal. v. 22, is 'goodness,' which, as we have just seen, is the translation of a *different* Greek word in Rom. ii. 4. But the 'goodness' in Galatians is derived from the adjective *agathos*, 'good,' and is always rendered 'goodness,' as in Rom. xv. 14, Eph. v. 9, and 2 Thess. i. 11.

The word translated 'variance,' among the 'works of the flesh,' in Gal. v. 20, is given as 'strife' in Rom. xiii. 13, and 1 Cor. iii. 3, and 'debates' in 2 Cor. xii. 20. So the 'seditions' of the 'works of the

flesh' are 'divisions' in Rom. xvi. 17, 'mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and in 1 Cor. iii. 3, 'whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions'; where the margin gives 'factions.' In this case it is to be regretted that 'seditions' has taken the place of 'divisions' (which accurately represents the derivation of the Greek noun) in the celebrated passage in Galatians: for the harm and sinfulness of divisions or schism are not sufficiently recognised.

Again, the noun which our translators have represented by 'mind' in Eph. ii. 3, 'fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind'; and Col. i. 21, 'alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works'; is rendered 'understanding' in Eph. iv. 18, 'having the understanding darkened.' In the first of these three passages it occurs in a plural form, and 'thoughts' seems therefore its best equivalent in this place. In the others 'understanding' is preferable to 'mind,' as better representing the idea of perception and discrimination which is involved in the derivation of the original.

The verb from which the noun just alluded to is derived, affords another example of apparently inconsistent translation. For in Eph. iii. 4, 'ye may *understand* my knowledge,'; Matt. xxiv. 15 'whoso readeth, let him *understand*'; Rom. i. 20, 'being *understood* by the things that are made'; and 1 Tim. i. 7, '*understanding* neither what they say,' &c.; it has one English equivalent; while in 2 Tim. ii. 7, '*Consider* what I say,' it has another; though here also 'understand' would be the better translation.

These examples, which are taken almost at random from a multitude of the same sort, show that the inconsistency, so to say, of the translators, was, in general, harmless. We shall have occasion, however, presently, to draw attention to a very serious mistranslation, which might come under this heading, but deserves a place of its own. Professor Plumptre states that the translators acted on principle in these cases, imposing upon themselves a 'law of fairness,' viz., 'to admit as many English words as possible to the honour of representing one in the Hebrew or Greek text.' And this law, he says, 'has, as might be expected, marred the perfection of their work.'

Besides those sources of difficulty which we have here attempted to classify, the student of the New Testament will meet with many cases of inadequate translation, of some of which it would not be too much to say that they are blunders, and *all* of which, it is to be hoped, will be corrected in the revision of the Authorised Version, in its ultimate form. In most cases the mistranslation cannot be said to affect doctrine at all materially, but in some there may be a danger of this to those who depend only upon their English Bibles.

For our first example we will cite the well known commission to the Apostles in Matt. xxviii. 19, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name,' &c. A very slight acquaintance with

Greek suffices to show that 'teach all nations' is but a poor rendering of the original, and that 'make disciples of all the Gentiles' (or 'of all the nations') is its real meaning; but it was not so much of this clause as of the important preposition in the next, that we wished to speak. 'Baptizing them *in* the Name,' &c., seems to mean, as a 'Comment' in *Church Bells* (June 26, 1875) very well points out, 'that Baptism is administered by authority, or on behalf, of the Trinity, or else to imply that the baptized is professing faith in the Holy Trinity; a doctrine and a profession which are very important, but which is not what is primarily implied in the words of Christ. That is concerned less with the authority BY which, or the profession ON which, than with the purpose FOR which, the person is baptized.'

For the preposition unfortunately translated *in*, means *into*, implying motion or change;—a change from one state into another, from wrath into grace, from death into life. 'I baptize thee *into* the Name,' &c., as the words of administration ought unquestionably to run, means that the candidate is then and there passing 'out of something into something else,' and that this 'something else' is 'of the very highest importance, as involving a new relation to God through Christ.' To write *in*, where the Greek has, so plainly that he who runs may read, INTO, was a very serious error on the part of the translators, and has a *primâ facie* appearance of an attempt to water down a highly important doctrine of the Church. The same mistranslation is committed in 1 Cor. i. 13, where we *ought* to read 'were ye baptized *into* the name of Paul?' but the proper force is given to the Greek preposition in Rom. vi. 3, 'so many of us as were baptized *into* Jesus Christ,' &c.; Gal. iii. 27, 'as many of you as have been baptized (aorist, *were baptized*) '*into* Christ,' &c.; Acts xix. 3, 1 Cor. x. 2, and xii. 13, where the literal translation is, 'we were all baptized into one body.'

As an instance of an unfortunate rendering which concerns the other Sacrament, we may cite the well-known text, 'he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself' (1 Cor. xi. 29). Here, for damnation, 'judgment' is given in the margin, and it is sincerely to be hoped that revisers will substitute 'judgment' in the text. Bishop Tomline, as quoted by D'Oyly and Mant, asserts that the word 'damnation,' when the Bible was translated, meant no more than condemnation; any sentence of punishment whatever. Their quotation from Archbishop Secker says, 'There is so great danger of the word "damnation" being understood here in too strong a sense, that it would be much safer and exacter to translate it (as it is often translated elsewhere, and once in a few verses after this passage, and from what follows ought undeniably to be translated here) "judgment," or "condemnation";' and Alford observes that the Greek noun *crima* used here 'is not *damnation*, as rendered in our English Version, a mistranslation, which has done infinite mischief,' but *judgment*. The same noun, which is derived

from *crino*, 'to judge' or 'decide' (whence the English words *critic*, *crisis*, *crime*, &c.), is found, as Secker remarks, in verse 34 of the same chapter, 'if any man hunger, let him eat at home; that ye come not together unto *condemnation*';—where the margin again gives 'or *judgment*.' It occurs also in Rom. ii. 2 and 3, 'we are sure that the *judgment* of God is according to truth against them which commit such things. And thinkest thou this, O man . . . . that thou shalt escape the *judgment* of God?' But it is again rendered *damnation* in Rom. iii. 8, 'whose damnation is just'; Mark xii. 40, 'these shall receive greater damnation,' and the parallel passage, Luke xx. 47.

Greek, like German, abounds in compounds, many of which tell their own story as plainly as *handschuh* shows that it means *glove*. But our translators have not always preserved the force which the sight of its derivation gives to a compound word. 'The law was our *schoolmaster* (to bring us) unto Christ,' in Gal. iii. 24, does not convey the meaning of the Apostle. The noun he used, which is Latinised into *pædagogus* (English, pedagogue), means obviously 'child-leader,' and was applied, not to the schoolmaster, but to the slave who took the child to the schoolmaster. The slavish Law brought us to the real Master, Christ.

Sometimes, also, the reader of the original will see more force in the many words compounded with prepositions than the Authorised Version expresses. For instance, S. Paul frequently employs a compound word where the translators have written 'knowledge.' 'Full-knowledge' would better express the meaning of the Apostle. He uses the word in Col. i. 9 and 10; also in Col. ii. 2, where it is rendered 'acknowledgment': but in the verse which follows the simple word *gnosis*, from which the compound *epignosis* is derived, is used for knowledge, being no doubt a word in frequent use among the Gnostics. It is as though the Apostle would teach them that all the *gnosis* of which they talked was in Christ (as he says in verse 9 of the *pleroma*, which was another of their terms), of whose will, &c., he wished the Colossians to have not merely a bare *gnosis*, but rather an *epignosis*, an *embracing knowledge*.

So also the well-known text 'looking unto Jesus' (Heb. xii. 2), beautiful as it is, falls short of the idea conveyed by the Greek participle, which is a compound, and means 'looking off' or 'looking away.' The writer would urge us to look *away from* 'every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us,' and turn the eye of faith to Jesus Himself. There are some good stanzas on this idea, each beginning, 'Looking off unto Jesus,' which are published as a tract, but we have not seen them in any collection of hymns.

In taking leave of our subject we feel that it is well-nigh impossible to give English readers an adequate notion of all that is to be gained by a careful examination of the original text. Nothing has been said of two very important matters, the order of words, on which

emphasis so largely depends, and the 'various readings,' a most interesting topic, but one which should not be allowed to interfere with the hard work which Greek grammar will entail. And as to Lexicons, nothing can be more satisfactory, upon the whole, than *Liddell and Scott*, where the true *history* of a word is given, and, when necessary, its peculiar signification in the New Testament. This applies to the smaller edition, price 7*s.* 6*d.*, as well as to the larger.

A. M. W.

P. S.—As was mentioned in the January number, these papers were written before the publication of the Revised Version, and have not been altered since.

(*Concluded.*)

A TANGLED TALE.

ANSWERS TO KNOT VII.

Problem.—Given that one glass of lemonade, 3 sandwiches, and 7 biscuits, cost 1*s.* 2*d.*; and that one glass of lemonade, 4 sandwiches, and 10 biscuits, cost 1*s.* 5*d.*: find the cost of (1) a glass of lemonade, a sandwich, and a biscuit; and (2) 2 glasses of lemonade, 3 sandwiches, and 5 biscuits.

Solution.—This is best treated algebraically. Let x = the cost (in pence) of a glass of lemonade, y of a sandwich, and z of a biscuit. Then we have $x + 3y + 7z = 14$, and $x + 4y + 10z = 17$. And we require the values of $x + y + z$, and of $2x + 3y + 5z$. Now, from *two* equations only, we cannot find, *separately*, the values of *three* unknowns: certain *combinations* of them may, however, be found. Also we know that we can, by the help of the given equations, eliminate 2 of the 3 unknowns from the quantity whose value is required, which will then contain one only. If, then, the required vanishing is ascertainable at all, it can only be by the 3rd unknown value of itself: otherwise the problem is impossible.

Let us then eliminate lemonade and sandwiches, and reduce everything to biscuits—a state of things even more depressing than 'if all the world were apple-pie'—by subtracting the 1st equation from the 2nd, which eliminates lemonade, and gives $y + 3z = 3$, or $y = 3 - 3z$; and then substituting this value of y in the 1st, which gives $x - 2z = 5$, *i.e.* $x = 5 + 2z$. Now if we substitute these values of x, y, in the quantities whose values are required, the 1st becomes $(5 + 2z) + (3 - 3z) + z$, *i.e.* 8: and the 2nd becomes $2(5 + 2z) + 3(3 - 3z) + 5z$, *i.e.* 19. Hence the answers are (1) 8*d.*, (2) 1*s.* 7*d.*

The above is a *universal* method: that is, it is absolutely certain either to produce the answer, or to prove that no answer is possible. The question may also be solved by combining the quantities whose values are given, so as to form those whose values are required. This is merely a matter of ingenuity and good luck: and as it *may* fail, even when the thing is possible, and is of no use in proving it *im*possible, I cannot rank this method as equal in value with the other. Even when it succeeds, it may prove a very tedious process. Suppose the 26 competitors, who have sent in what I may call *accidental* solutions, had had a question to deal with where every number contained 8 or 10 digits! I suspect it would have been a case of 'silvered is the raven hair' (see 'Patience') before any solution would have been hit on by the most ingenious of them.

Forty-five answers have come in, of which 44 give, I am happy to

say, some sort of *working*, and therefore deserve to be mentioned by name, and to have their virtues, or vices as the case may be, discussed. Thirteen have made assumptions to which they have no right, and so cannot figure in the Class-list, even though, in 10 of the 12 cases, the answer is right. Of the remaining 28, no less than 26 have sent in *accidental* solutions, and therefore fall short of the highest honours.

I will now discuss individual cases, taking the worst first, as my custom is.

FROGGY gives no working—at least this is all he gives: after stating the given equations, he says 'therefore the difference, 1 sandwich + 3 biscuits, = 3*d.*': then follow the amounts of the unknown bills, with no further hint as to how he got them. FROGGY has had a *very* narrow escape of not being named at all!

Of those who are wrong, VIS INERTIÆ has sent in a piece of incorrect working. Peruse the horrid details, and shudder! He takes x (call it 'y') as the cost of a sandwich, and concludes (rightly enough) that a biscuit will cost $\frac{3-y}{3}$. He then subtracts the second equation from the first, and deduces $3y + 7 \times \frac{3-y}{3} - 4y + 10 \times \frac{3-y}{3} = 3$. By making two mistakes in this line, he brings out $y = \frac{3}{2}$. Try it again, oh VIS INERTIÆ! Away with INERTIA: infuse a little more VIS: and you will bring out the correct (though uninteresting) result, 0 = 0! This will show you that it is hopeless to try to coax any one of these 3 unknowns to reveal his *separate* value. The other competitor, who is wrong throughout, is either J. M. C. or T. M. C: but, whether he be a Juvenile Mis-Calculator or a True Mathematician Confused, he make the answers 7*d.* and 1*s.* 5*d.* He assumes, with Too Much Confidence, that biscuits were $\frac{1}{2}d.$ each, and that Clara paid for 8, though she only ate 7!

We will now consider the 13 whose working is wrong, though the answer is right: and, not to measure their demerits too exactly, I will take them in alphabetical order. ANITA finds (rightly) that '1 sandwich and 3 biscuits cost 3*d.*,' and proceeds 'therefore 1 sandwich = $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3 biscuits = $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1 lemonade = 6*d.*' DINAH MITE begins like ANITA: and thence proves (rightly) that a biscuit costs less than 1*d.*: whence she concludes (wrongly) that it *must* cost $\frac{1}{2}d.$ F. C. W. is so beautifully resigned to the certainty of a verdict of 'guilty,' that I have hardly the heart to utter the word, without adding a 'recommended to mercy owing to extenuating circumstances.' But really, you know, where *are* the extenuating circumstances? She begins by assuming that lemonade is 4*d.* a glass, and sandwiches 3*d.* each, (making, with the 2 given equations, *four* conditions to be fulfilled by *three* miserable unknowns!) And, having (naturally) developed this into a contradiction, she then tries 5*d.* and 2*d.* with a similar result. (N.B. *This* process might have

been carried on through the whole of the Tertiary Period, without gratifying one single Megatherium.) She then, by a 'happy thought,' tries half-penny biscuits, and so obtains a consistent result. This may be a good solution, viewing the problem as a conundrum: but it is *not* scientific. JANET identifies sandwiches with biscuits! 'One sandwich + 3 biscuits' she makes equal to '4.' Four *what?* MAYFAIR makes the astounding assertion that the equation, $s + 3b = 3$, 'is evidently only satisfied by $s = \frac{3}{2}, b = \frac{1}{2}$'! OLD CAT believes that the assumption that a sandwich costs $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ is 'the only way to avoid unmanageable fractions.' But *why* avoid them? Is there not a certain glow of triumph in taming such a fraction? 'Ladies and gentlemen, the fraction now before you is one that for years defied all efforts of a refining nature: it was, in a word, hopelessly vulgar. Treating it as a circulating decimal (the treadmill of fractions) only made matters worse. As a last resource, I reduced it to its lowest terms, and extracted its square root!' Joking apart, let me thank OLD CAT for some very kind words of sympathy, in reference to a correspondent (whose name I am happy to say I have now forgotten) who had found fault with me as a discourteous critic. O. V. L. is beyond my comprehension. He takes the given equations as (1) and (2): thence, by the process [(2)—(1)] deduces (rightly) equation (3), viz. $s + 3b = 3$: and thence again, by the process [× 3] (a hopeless mystery), deduces $3s + 4b = 4$. I have nothing to say about it: I give it up. SEA-BREEZE says 'it is immaterial to the answer' (why?) 'in what proportion $3d.$ is divided between the sandwich and the 3 biscuits': so she assumes $s = 1\frac{1}{2}d., b = \frac{1}{2}d.$ STANZA is one of a very irregular metre. At first she (like JANET) identifies sandwiches with biscuits. She then tries two assumptions ($s = 1, b = \frac{2}{3}$, and $s = \frac{1}{2}, b = \frac{5}{6}$), and (naturally) ends in contradictions. Then she returns to the first assumption, and finds the 3 unknowns separately: *quod est absurdum.* STILETTO identifies sandwiches and biscuits, as 'articles.' Is the word ever used by confectioners? I fancied 'What is the next article, Ma'am?' was limited to linendrapers. Two SISTERS first assume that biscuits are 4 a penny, and then that they are 2 a penny, adding that 'the answer will of course be the same in both cases.' It is a dreamy remark, making one feel something like Macbeth grasping at the spectral dagger. 'Is this a statement that I see before me?' If you were to say 'we both walked the same way this morning,' and *I* were to say, '*one* of you walked the same way, but the other didn't,' which of the three would be the most hopelessly confused? TURTLE PYATE (what *is* a Turtle Pyate, please?) and OLD CROW, who send a joint answer, and Y. Y., adopt the same method. Y. Y. gets the equation $s + 3b = 3$: and then says 'this sum

must be apportioned in one of the 'three following ways.' It *may* be, I grant you: but Y. Y. do you say 'must'? I fear it is *possible* for Y. Y. to be two Y's. The other two conspirators are less positive: they say it 'can' be so divided: but they add, 'either of the three prices being right'! This is bad grammar and bad arithmetic at once, oh mysterious birds!

Of those who win honours, THE SHETLAND SNARK must have the 3rd class all to himself. He has only answered half the question, viz. the amount of Clara's luncheon: the two little old ladies he pitilessly leaves in the midst of their 'difficulty.' I beg to assure him (with thanks for his friendly remarks) that entrance-fees and subscriptions are things unknown in that most economical of clubs, 'The Knot-Untiers.'

The authors of the 26 'accidental' solutions differ only in the number of steps they have taken between the *data* and the answers. In order to do them full justice I have arranged the 2nd Class in sections, according to the number of steps. The two Kings are fearfully deliberate! I suppose walking quick, or taking short cuts, is inconsistent with kingly dignity: but really, in reading THESEUS' solution, one almost fancied he was 'marking time,' and making no advance at all! The other King will, I hope, pardon me for having altered 'Coal' into 'Cole.' King Coilus, or Coil, seems to have reigned soon after Arthur's time. Henry of Huntingdon identifies him with the King Coël who first built walls round Colchester, which was named after him. In the Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester we read:—

> 'Aftur Kyng Aruirag, of wam we habbeth y told,
> Marius ys sone was kyng, quoynte mon & bold.
> And ys sone was aftur hym, *Coil* was ys name,
> Bothe it were quoynte men, & of noble fame.'

BALBUS lays it down as a general principle that 'in order to ascertain the cost of any one luncheon, it must come to the same amount upon two different assumptions.' (*Query.* Should not 'it' be 'we'? Otherwise the *luncheon* is represented as wishing to ascertain its own cost!) He then makes two assumptions—one, that sandwiches cost nothing; the other, that biscuits cost nothing, (either arrangement would lead to the shop being inconveniently crowded!)—and brings out the unknown luncheons as 8*d.* and 19*d.*, on each assumption. He then concludes that this agreement of results 'shows that the answers are correct.' Now I propose to disprove his general law by simply giving *one* instance of its failing. One instance is quite enough. In logical language, in order to disprove a 'universal affirmative,' it is enough to prove its contradictory, which is a 'particular negative.' (I must pause for a digression on Logic, and specially on Ladies' Logic. The universal affirmative 'everybody says he's a duck' is crushed instantly

by proving the particular negative 'Peter says he's a goose,' which is equivalent to 'Peter does *not* say he's a duck.' And the universal negative 'nobody calls on her' is well met by the particular affirmative '*I* called yesterday.' In short, either of two contradictories disproves the other: and the moral is that, since a particular proposition is much more easily proved than a universal one, it is the wisest course, in arguing with a Lady, to limit one's *own* assertions to 'particulars,' and leave *her* to prove the 'universal' contradictory, if she can. You will thus generally secure a *logical* victory: a *practical* victory is not to be hoped for, since she can always fall back upon the crushing remark '*that* has nothing to do with it!'—a move for which Man has not yet discovered any satisfactory answer. By the way, I think it might be a good thing to try a *logical* knot in the next chapter, instead of an *arithmetical* one. All who would like it, please hold up their hands. Now let us return to BALBUS.) Here is my 'particular negative,' on which to test his rule. Suppose the two recorded luncheons to have been '2 buns, one queen-cake, 2 sausage-rolls, and a bottle of Zoëdone: total, one-and-ninepence,' and 'one bun, 2 queen-cakes, a sausage-roll, and a bottle of Zoëdone: total, one-and-fourpence.' And suppose Clara's unknown luncheon to have been '3 buns, one queen-cake, one sausage-roll, and 2 bottles of Zoëdone:' while the two little sisters had been indulging in '8 buns, 4 queen-cakes, 2 sausage-rolls, and 6 bottles of Zoëdone.' (Poor souls, how thirsty they must have been!) If BALBUS will kindly try this by his principle of 'two assumptions,' first assuming that a bun is 1*d.* and a queen-cake 2*d.*, and then that a bun is 3*d.* and a queen-cake 3*d.*, he will bring out the other two luncheons, on each assumption, as 'one-and-nine-pence,' and 'four-and-ten-pence,' respectively, which harmony of results, he will say, 'shows that the answers are correct.' And yet, as a matter of fact, the buns were 2*d.* each, the queen-cakes 3*d.*, the sausage-rolls 6*d.*, and the Zoëdone 2*d.* a bottle: so that Clara's third luncheon had cost one-and-sevenpence, and her thirsty friends had spent four-and-fourpence!

Another remark of BALBUS I will quote and discuss: for I think that it also may yield a moral for some of my readers. He says 'it is the same thing in substance whether in solving this problem we use words and call it Arithmetic, or use letters and signs and call it Algebra.' Now this does not appear to me a correct description of the two methods: the Arithmetical method is that of 'synthesis' only; it goes from one known fact to another, till it reaches its goal: whereas the Algebraical method is that of 'analysis:' it begins with the goal, symbolically represented, and so goes backwards, dragging its veiled victim with it, till it has reached the full daylight of known facts, in which it can tear off the veil and say 'I know you!'

Take an illustration. Your house has been broken into and robbed, and you appeal to the policeman who was on duty that

night. 'Well, Mum, I did see a chap getting out over your garden-wall: but I was a good bit off, so I didn't chase him, like. I just cut down the short way to the Chequers, and who should I meet but Bill Sykes, coming full split round the corner. So I just ups and says "My lad, you're wanted." That's all I says. And he says "I'll go along quiet, Bobby," he says, "without the darbies," he says.' There's your *Arithmetical* policeman. Now try the other method. 'I seed somebody a running, but he was well gone or ever *I* got nigh the place. So I just took a look round in the garden. And I noticed the foot marks, where the chap had come right across your flower-beds. They was good big foot-marks, sure-ly. And I noticed as the left foot went down at the heel, ever so much deeper than the other. And I says to myself "The chap's been a big hulking chap: and he goes lame on his left foot." And I rubs my hand on the wall where he got over, and there was soot on it, and no mistake. So I says to myself "Now where can I light on a big man, in the chimbley-sweep line, what's lame of one foot?" And I flashes up permiscuous: and I says "It's Bill Sykes!" says I.' There is your *Algebraical* policeman—a higher intellectual type, to my thinking, than the other.

Little Jack's solution calls for a word of praise, as he has written out what really is an algebraical proof *in words*, without representing any of his facts as equations. If it is all his own, he will make a good algebraist in the time to come. I beg to thank Simple Susan for some kind words of sympathy, to the same effect as those received from Old Cat.

Hecla and Martreb are the only two who have used a method *certain* either to produce the answer, or else to prove it impossible so they must share between them the highest honours.

CLASS-LIST.

I.

Hecla. Martreb.

II.

§ 1 (2 *steps*).

Adelaide.
Clifton C. . . . .
E. K. C.
Guy.
L'Inconnu.
Little Jack.
Nil desperandum.
Simple Susan.
Yellow-Hammer.

§ 2 (3 *steps*).

A. A.
A Christmas Carol.
Afternoon Tea.
An appreciative Schoolma'am.
Baby.
Balbus.
Bog-Oak.
The Red Queen.
Wall-flower.

§ 2 (*continued*).
WOOLLY ONE.
§ 3 (4 *steps*).
HAWTHORN.
JORAM.
§ 4 (5 *steps*).
A STEPNEY COACH.
§ 5 (6 *steps*).
BAY LAUREL.
BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE.
§ 6 (9 *steps*).
OLD KING COLE.
§ 7 (14 *steps*).
THESEUS.

III.

THE SHETLAND SNARK.

The Editor kindly allows me a little extra space to make a request to my lady readers. I am thinking of trying whether a selection of Shakespeare's Plays can be produced, in which many of the beauties should be preserved, and yet the whole made so absolutely free from objectionable matter, whether in plot or language, that any English mother might, without scruple, put it into the hands of her daughters from the age of 10 or 12 up to 16 or 18. Younger girls would not be likely to understand or appreciate the greatest of poets: and older ones may safely be left to read Shakespeare in any edition, expurgated or not, they may prefer: but it seems a pity that so many children should be debarred from a great enjoyment for want of an edition suitable to them. Neither Bowdler's, Chambers', Brandram's, nor Cundell's 'Boudoir' Shakespeare, seems to me to meet the want: they are not sufficiently expurgated to suit children.

I hope to produce a cheap and handy volume, containing about 15 plays, and shall be much obliged to any lady who will send a list (founded on recollections of her own girlhood, or on observation of her daughters' reading) of the plays she thinks suitable. When there are several ladies in one family, if each would draw up an *independent* list, each such list would have its own value as a separate piece of evidence. And a list arranged *in order of merit* would be even more useful: but this, I fear, would entail some trouble. Mistresses of girls' schools could give, probably, more information than any private individual as to which plays are most liked by girls.

LEWIS CARROLL.

P. S.—I am sorry that S. S. G.'s answer was accidentally mislaid, and did not reach me in time to be included with the others. His proper place is in § 3 of the second class. I beg to thank him for an algebraical problem, leading to a quadratic equation, but I fear it is hardly suitable for my purpose, as it does not admit of any choice of method, that I can see.

L. C.

THE SEA.

I.

The sea shall be no more in heaven above.
No more shall patient women wait, and weep
For news of one upon the stormy deep,
Husband, or child, or brother—one they love;
Who loves them well, yet went afar to rove,
And sends no tidings; for the tempests sweep
Above the waves, that close the secret keep
Of those who rest in every coral cove.
From Arctic iceberg to the torrid zone,
The sea has taken toll from every shore;
It will not spare for orphaned baby's moan,
Nor to the lonely wife its prey restore,
Yet all shall meet around the great white throne,
In heaven, where the sea shall be no more,

II.

And there in heaven the sea shall be no more.
No more? the sea hath been my earliest friend;
I love long hours by its side to spend,
I love to watch the ripple on the shore,
I love in storms to hear the breakers roar;
And must this love and friendship have an end,
Forgetful? Nay, in heaven doth extend
A sea of glass the great white throne before.
No tempest ever ruffles that calm sea,
Now drowning man in vain for succour prays;
We through its depths shall roam, it well may be,
Explore its wonders, and its Maker praise;
With a new face our old friend we shall see,
And love Him better for His wondrous ways.

M. A.

DANTE.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

Thou stern sweet singer of a troublous age,
Like lightning through the dusky cope of night
That shrouded thine own Italy, their might
Thy keen words flashed! and from the lurid page
We cannot yet our rapt souls disengage;
Thy verses, writ in blood and tears, are bright
With deathless beauty, and portray the fight
Of Faith triumphant o'er all worldly rage.
We wander with thee through the fearful land,
Zone within zone, where sin is punished, foes
Lie whelm'd; then midst * the lightsome blissful Rose
Of Paradise awestruck at length we stand,
Our poet-guide withdrawn, in perfect rest
We find our Beatrice among the blest.

DARTMOOR.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

Dim silent wastes of heather, rising far
To circling hills where granite oft breaks through
And stands in giant piles, as if 'twould view
The wonder of a land at endless war
With kindly nature—these the portals bar
Of Dart's famed birthplace. When the moonlit blue
O'erhead is vocal with the 'wisht hounds,' few
Would roam where cairns and lichened cromlechs star
These dreary wilds. Be mine in August's glow
To tread its purple plains ablaze with gold
Of cheerful gorse; when frequent snowflakes, roll'd
With mists here gather heap and north winds blow,
Let none his threshold cross! for cruel Dart,
So runs the proverb, 'yearly claims a heart.'

* See *Paradiso*, Cant. xxx. 116, 124.

Spider Subjects.

In the poppy tribe Eyebright's botany is best; Bubbles's associations, cannot be put in for want of space. Why have we so few answers? Epaminondas is a noble subject, yet only Bubbles, Metelill, Daffodil, Nightingale, and Cirro Cumulus have attempted it.

POPPIES.

'Red soldier of the golden corn!
Such wert thou called in childhood's days,
When, standing out at sunny morn,
Thou seemed to set the field ablaze.'

Thus does the poet address the common red poppy (*Papaver Rhœas*) the most intensely brilliant and, with the exception of the succory, the most transient of our wild flowers. During some favourable poppy seasons the effect of these red soldiers crowded in serried ranks over a neglected field, lying like a lurid sunset cloud against the horizon, is so gorgeous, that one can hardly believe them to be flowers. Not even the tropical hibiscus surpasses them in colour. Yet, though they form one uniform sheet of scarlet, any one who examines them closely will see in them a variety of shades, from a splendid rich crimson to almost brick-dust. Surely the theory, so true in other cases, that nature is chary of brilliant colour, placing only a speck or a dash in a prominent position, is here incorrect. Some poppies have black spots at the base of the petals; all are crumpled and creased from their close imprisonment in their calyx, and sadly want ironing. The colouring matter has been used as a dye, but it is too fugitive to be of much good, except to impart an agreeable hue to medicines. 'Poppy' is supposed to be derived from the Celtic 'papa,' *i.e.* pap, but the derivation is very doubtful. A powerful poison is, as every one knows, prepared from the half-ripe capsules of the *P. somniferum;* the seeds, strange to say, are quite harmless. This opium poppy, with white or purple blossoms, is a native of Persia and Asia Minor, and common in gardens, from which the splendid Oriental poppy must be fast banishing it. Among other red poppies we have the *P. hybridum*, the mongrel poppy, with far smaller blossoms than *P. Rhœas*, and *P. dubium*, the long smooth-headed poppy, which flowers in June. The *Glaucium luteum*, the common yellow-horned poppy, is almost as handsome as those that 'stand like Ruth among the corn.' Of a beautifully clear yellow, the petals are, I think, slightly thicker than those of its red distant cousin; and its curious horn, sometimes bending back on itself like a whip, and its glaucous leaves, make it a very characteristic plant. It grows within sound of the sea, and is associated with the little rough blue *anchusa* and the fœtid plum-coloured hound's-tongue. The rare Welsh poppy (*Meconopsis Cambrica*) is also yellow, but I imagine smaller and paler. Less gorgeous than the common field-poppy is the *Papaver argemone*, which I have reserved till the last. This is the prickly-headed poppy, the smallest of all, the one described with so much enthusiasm in one of Mr. Ruskin's books.

Growing half-starved on a stone wall, nothing can be prettier than this refined little creature, with its small rough leaves and blossoms of the tender scarlet of the pimpernel; a lovely, short-lived, little fairy companion of the wall forget-me-not and the lowlier mosses.

EYEBRIGHT.

EPAMINONDAS.

EPAMINONDAS, the most celebrated general of Thebes, was born of poor but noble parents towards the close of the fifth century before the Christian era. In his boyhood he became skilful in gymnastic exercises and in playing upon the flute, but he found greater pleasure in the pursuit of science and philosophy, and early imbibed the Pythagorean doctrines from Lysis of Tarentum. According to Plutarch, his first military experience was gained while fighting in a Theban contingent on the side of Sparta at the battle of Mantinea (B.C. 385), and on that occasion by defending Pelopidas at imminent risk to himself, he laid the foundation of their life-long friendship; for, striking as is the contrast between the characters of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, they were closely bound together by the common desire to deliver Thebes from Spartan domination. Epaminondas took no prominent part in public affairs until he was almost past his prime, but in these years the object of his life was not forgotten, and in addition to his careful self-education by continual study, he exerted himself to raise the spirit of the Theban youth, and to incline them to independence.

A Pythagorean scruple as to the possible shedding of innocent blood withheld Epaminondas from joining the enterprise of the patriotic party in Thebes for the recovery of the Cadmeia (B.C. 379), though when the revolution had been fairly begun he eagerly embraced the popular cause. In B.C. 371 he represented the Theban interests at the negotiations at Sparta, and showed the result of his long and careful training in the eloquence and ready wit with which he urged the claim of Thebes to the supremacy of Bœotia. This being refused by the Spartans, Thebes was excluded from the general treaty, and Cleombrotus invaded Bœotia. The result was the battle of Leuctra, in which the Thebans under Epaminondas, by their superior tactics, inflicted a crushing defeat upon a Spartan force of twice their number. This proved the first decisive blow against that sovereignty which Sparta had exercised in Greece for nearly five hundred years. The Thebans proceeded, by the advice of Epaminondas, to fortify their position by forming alliances with the neighbouring states and by assisting Arcadia to assert her independence. In B.C. 369 Epaminondas shared the command of an invading force, which ravaged Laconia even within sight of the Spartan capital, and placed a permanent thorn in her side by the restoration of the Messenians to their dominions. On his return to Thebes, however, an unexpected danger assailed Epaminondas, for the citizens, actuated by the fear that their newly-acquired liberty might degenerate into a tyranny—a fear sharpened no doubt by jealousy—impeached him and Pelopidas on a capital charge of having retained their command beyond the legal term. Epaminondas did not attempt to justify himself, but with great eloquence he recounted his services to the state, and expressed his willingness to die, provided that it were recorded that he, unauthorised and by his own authority, had humbled Sparta and taught his countrymen to face and conquer their

foes. He was acquitted with universal applause, and it is to his credit that in an age when vengeance was regarded as a right, he did not retaliate upon the originators of the charge. When the party in the state hostile to his advancement declined to bestow any higher office upon him than that of Tetrarch, he consoled himself with the reflection that 'the office does not show the man, but the man the office,' and devoted himself diligently to its duties. In the spring of B.C. 368 he made another but less successful expedition into the Peloponnesus. He repulsed a considerable force which opposed his passage over the Isthmus, and obliged Sicyon and Pellene to renounce their Lacedæmonian alliance, but on his return he was defeated in an attack upon Corinth. In the same year he took part, in a subordinate position, in the disastrous attempt to deliver Pelopidas and other Theban captives from the hands of Alexander of Pheræ, and it is alleged that the whole army would have been destroyed had not the common soldiers, too well assured of the incapacity of their generals, forced Epaminondas to assume the command during the retreat. This disastrous expedition convinced Thebes of the worth of her general, and Epaminondas was given the command of a new expedition for the deliverance of the imprisoned Thebans. Such, we are told, was the terror of his name that the tyrant Alexander restored the captives to him without his having occasion to strike a blow! In B.C. 366 he again entered the Peloponnesus, with a view to strengthening the relations of Thebes with Achaia and the neighbouring states. Peloponnesus had now had some experience of the Theban connection, and found her supremacy little less galling than that of Sparta. Since the dissolution of the Lacedæmonian alliance constant disturbances and jealousies had arisen between the petty states of Greece. Arcadia, in particular, was now avowedly dissatisfied with Thebes, and symptoms of schism in the confederacy appeared in more than one place. By the authority of Thebes a democratic government was now introduced into all the cities of Achaia, but these governments were perpetually being overthrown by counter revolutions. On his return to Thebes an event occurred which has thrown some discredit on the reputation of Epaminondas for prudence and justice. The oligarchical party in Arcadia had brought about a peace with Elis, a state favourable to Sparta, to which treaty the Theban officer in command of the garrison at Tegea had at first consented, but afterwards, under pretext of having discovered a plot to deliver Tegea into the hands of the Lacedæmonians, he closed the gates of the city, and arrested a number of the revolutionary citizens. This act of violence caused so much resentment among the Arcadians that the Theban, fearing the consequences of his rash conduct, soon released the prisoners, with an apology. But this did not satisfy those whom he had wronged, who sent an indignant protest to Thebes, demanding the death the offender. But, to their surprise, Epaminondas, who then held the chief office of Thebes as Bœotarch, returned the haughty answer that the harmost of Tegea had better attended to his duty in arresting the prisoners than in releasing them, and expressed his intention of entering the Peloponnesus to aid those Arcadians who remained faithful to the Theban alliance. The tyrannical nature of this message excited the greater part of the Peloponnesian states to an assertion of their independence, and when, true to his word, Epaminondas led a numerous army across the Isthmus (B.C. 362), he

found himself supported only by a few of the smaller cities, while a powerful coalition of states, with Athens and Sparta at their head, were assembling their forces at Mantinea, prepared to question the Theban supremacy. After an unsuccessful attempt to surprise the Spartan capital in the absence of her king and the greater part of her army, Epaminondas fell back upon Tegea. But the fact that the time of his command was nearly expired, and the necessity of striking a decisive blow, did not permit of delay, and Epaminondas soon ordered a general advance in line of battle upon the enemy, who were drawn up on the plain of Mantinea. Arrived in sight of the enemy's lines, he caused his troops to lay down their arms, as if intending to encamp there. By this feint the opposing army was thrown off its guard, and when after a brief halt the Thebans suddenly moved on to the attack, some had laid aside their arms and left the ranks, while the cavalry had unbridled their horses. In this battle on the plain of Mantinea, the scene alike of his last battle and of his first, Epaminondas successfully displayed the peculiar tactics which he is said to have originated, and which since his day have been so frequently practised, of concentrating the chief force of the attack upon a given point in the enemy's line. The Mantineans and Lacedæmonians, hard pressed by this irresistible mass of the Bœotian troops, first gave way, and the rout soon became general. But the victory was dearly bought, for in the full career of triumph Epaminondas fell fighting in the front rank, pierced by a javelin from an unknown hand. His fall occasioned such consternation among his troops that they failed to use their advantage, so much so indeed that the Lacedæmonians subsequently laid claim to the victory and set up a trophy on the spot! Epaminondas, mortally wounded, was borne to the rear, and learning that death would inevitably ensue from the extraction of the spear-head from his wound, he would not allow this to be done until he was satisfied that his shield was safe and the battle won, and until he had given his parting directions to the Theban officers.

Thus died Epaminondas, in whose praise all antiquity is unanimous as one who fulfilled the ideal of heathen virtue, and who raised his country from a state of servitude and dependence to be in great measure the arbiter of Greece. In later times some have questioned the integrity of his conduct, and have attributed his actions wholly to ambition and a desire of glory; but even if we admit him to have cherished 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' his conduct under the neglect and jealousy of his fellow-citizens, and his willingness to serve his country in a subordinate position, attest his patriotism—a patriotism confined indeed to a narrow sphere, such as the petty states of Greece alone admitted of, but a patriotism none the less ardent. And while to us the Theban spirit of aggression and interference, unchecked and even encouraged by Epaminondas, seems unjustifiable, we must recollect how widely different was the criterion of political right and wrong two thousand years ago to what we may adopt at the present day. Truthful, so that no false word crossed his lips even in jest, temperate, brave, just and generous, skilled alike in the science of war and the arts of peace, we cannot wonder at the verdict of Cicero, even if we accept it with some reservations, 'Epaminondas princeps, meo judicio, Græciæ.'

BUBBLES.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Of *Anemone* and *Viola*, the subject for March, twenty-nine packets of specimens and descriptions have been received; and the exercises are for the most part very creditable performances. All the British *Violæ* are represented. The beautiful Pasque flower, *Anemone pulsatilla*, has been found by two or three members. M. W., *e.g.*, sends a lovely specimen, in perfect condition. The same may be said of a specimen of *A. ranunculoides* (from a plant not strictly wild, but transplanted from its native habitat), sent by another member. This species is interesting, as constituting the connecting link between *Anemone* and *Ranunculus*. *A. apennina*, which the botanists of 150 years ago used to find at Wimbledon and other places round London, does not seem to have been met with.

The subject for May exercises, due June 15th, comprising four families of the Leguminous tribe, will be found specially interesting.

No vacancies at present.

VERTUMNUS.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

What remarkable events have been supposed to be connected with comets?

Express in French or in German—

'Sweeter 'tis to hearken
Than to bear a part;
Better to look on happiness
Than to carry a light heart.'

Stamps received from Eyebright, Karshish, and Anita.

Notices to Correspondents.

TEN members wanted for an MS. magazine, in which prizes are given; also five drawing members wanted. Subscription, 2*s.* per annum. Rules forwarded on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Address—*Trefoil*, 18, *Park Lane, London.*

The words which *Maude* quotes in the April number of the *Monthly Packet* are by Miss Charlotte Elliott. I believe there is only one verse of six lines, of which I have not a copy, and I must therefore trust to memory; but they are, I think, as follows:—

'Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living, bright Reality;
More present, to Faith's vision keen,
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.'

—*Kangaroo.*

S. D. wishes for a copy of a short poem by the Rev. Charles Wolfe (author of the *Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore*) on the decease of his wife (?). Mr. Wolfe's *Remains* were published in 1823, but are now out of print. The poem is in a volume of extracts by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Wanted a piece of poetry for children beginning—

'There was a robber in Hexham Wood.'

Address—*Miss Yonge, Elderfield, Otterbourne, Winchester.*

M. E. A. will feel much obliged to any one who will tell her of a book on the Holy Land describing scenery, manners, and customs simply, so as to make it a reality to young children. [Mrs. Finn's *Home in the Holy Land.*]

Daisy Chain Cot.—Acknowledged with thanks from Two Jacobites, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Sister-in-Charge of All Hallows Mission gratefully acknowledges the following:—Anon., 1*l.*; G., 10*s.*; Anon., 10*s.*; Mrs. Wentworth Erek, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. J. Russel Baker, 10*s.*; Mrs. Servantes, 5*s.*; H. M., 1*s.*; Miss A. Lascelles, 12*s.*; J. G. M., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss E. Drummond, 5*s.* 6*d.*; Anon., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Surbiton, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Bayne, 10*l.* Parcel of clothes, A. E.

OUR readers have been sometimes interested in the Madagascar Mission, which is at present in sad trouble from the death of Mrs. Kestell-Cornish, and from Miss Woodford's being obliged to return home. We cannot but ask their help for Miss Lawrence, who is keeping her school for native girls at Tamatave with much energy and success. She has eight or ten boarders, and from thirty to forty day scholars, and only two rooms for day or night! 60*l.* would enable her to make her quarters more healthful and comfortable. Of this 25*l.* is promised. Will our readers assist us to raise the rest? Sums will be gladly received by the Editor.

THE Art College for Ladies at South Wimbledon has prospered beyond the most sanguine hopes of those who instituted it, both as to the number of students and the progress made by them. Mr. Beresford Hope has consented to become the president, and an influential committee of gentlemen, as well as one of ladies, is being formed. Miss Bennett is still the Lady Superintendent.

S. ANDREW'S CONVALESCENT HOME, FOLKESTONE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Packet.

DEAR EDITOR,—You have sometimes been kind enough to find room in your pages for short accounts of some of the various works carried on under the care of the Sisterhood of S. John Baptist, Clewer.

May I ask for a short space in which to try and interest your readers in S. Andrew's Convalescent Home at Folkestone?

Like the Firs Home, Bournemouth (about which we read in your pages last month) in the loving care bestowed on all who come there to be nursed, it is unlike in this respect, that it deals almost entirely with *hopeful* cases, and since its commencement (now seven years ago), has proved a Home in a very true sense to many a poor patient, as numbers have there regained health and strength, and returned to their life's work all the better, we trust, not only in body, but in soul, for their short sojourn at Folkestone.

The work has hitherto been carried on in hired houses, situated not very near the sea, which has been somewhat of a drawback, but now a new Home is just begun to be built on the East Cliff, close to the sea, and overlooking the harbour. H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh has most kindly consented to lay the memorial stone of this new building.

My chief object in writing these few lines is to ask for help towards this new building fund, about half of which has been most generously contributed by two kind friends; but for the rest the Sisters earnestly ask for contributions, and sums however small will be gladly received and acknowledged by the Sister-in-Charge.

Hitherto the work has been only for men and women, but in the new building there will be a children's ward as well, and the 'little ones' will no longer have to be refused admission for lack of room.

Those of your readers who are looking forward to a visit to the sea-side this next summer will surely not enjoy it less for some small effort made for our Master's sake, to give the like blessing to those who sorely need it. The Home not only gives to these poor sufferers the change to the fresh sea air, but also the skilled nursing, good food, and loving care without which the air alone would in many cases be but of little avail.

M.

MAY I be permitted to contribute a few lines on the subject of the 'most cowardly action' known? Arachne suggests that of Cranmer in signing the recantations, on the ground of its being 'simply to save himself—that it belied the convictions of his life, and as showing a fear uncommon in such circumstances.' Surely there is a much *stronger*, yet most similar case in St. Peter's denial of our Lord—*it*